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J. E. Griffin
January

NATURE-STUDY.

'Give me to learn each secret cause;
Let numbers, figures, Nature's laws,
Reveal'd before me stand:
Then to great Nature's scenes apply,
And, round the globe, and thro' the sky,
Disclose her working hand.'

AKENSIDE.

Yours very truly
Henry Dircks

NATURE-STUDY;

OR

THE ART OF ATTAINING THOSE EXCELLENCIES IN

POETRY AND ELOQUENCE

WHICH

ARE MAINLY DEPENDENT ON THE MANIFOLD INFLUENCES OF

UNIVERSAL NATURE.

BY

HENRY DIRCKS, C.E. LL.D. F.R.S.E. M.R.S.L.

AUTHOR OF 'LIFE OF THE MARQUIS OF WORCESTER,' 'LIFE OF SAMUEL HARTLIB,' ETC.

Parcus Decorum cultor, et infrequens,
Insanientis dum sapientiæ
Consultus erro ; nunc retrorsum
Vela dare, atque iterare cursus
Cogor relictos—

HORACE.

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TO

RICHARD MONCKTON, BARON HOUGHTON,

ETC., ETC., ETC.,

OF

FRYSTON HALL, FERRYBRIDGE, YORKSHIRE,

Poet, Philosopher, and Statesman.

THE MODERN

MECÆNAS OF LITERATURE;

AND

ONE OF ITS MOST PROFOUND CRITICS;

THIS BOOK IS

DEDICATED BY PERMISSION

WITH FEELINGS OF THE UTMOST RESPECT AND ESTEEM

BY HIS MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,

HENRY DIRCKS.

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PREFACE.

THE once celebrated, and not even now entirely forgotten Imlac, the companion and friend of Rasselas, in the history of his life, declared to the Prince of Abyssinia, while resident in the Happy Valley, that:—

'Being now resolved to be a poet, I saw everything with a new purpose; my sphere of attention was suddenly magnified; no kind of knowledge was to be overlooked. I ranged the mountains and deserts for images and resemblances, and pictured upon my mind every tree of the forest and flower of the valley. I observed with equal care the crags of the rock and the pinnacles of the palace. Sometimes I wandered along the mazes of the rivulet, and sometimes watched the changes of the summer clouds. To a poet nothing can be useless. Whatever is beautiful, and whatever is dreadful, must be familiar to his imagination; he must be conversant with all that is awfully vast or elegantly little. The plants of the garden, the animals of the wood, the minerals of the earth, and meteors of the sky, must all concur to store his mind with inexhaustible variety: for every idea is useful for the enforcement or decoration of moral or religious truth; and he who knows most will have most power of diversifying his scenes, and of gratifying his reader with remote allusions and unexpected instruction. All the appearances

of Nature I was therefore careful to study; and every country which I have surveyed has contributed something to my poetical powers.'

He went on to say: 'The business of a poet is to examine, not the individual, but the species, to remark general properties and large appearances: he does not number the streaks of the tulip, or describe the different shades in the verdure of the forest. He is to exhibit, in his portraits of Nature, such prominent and striking features as recal the original to every mind; and must neglect the minuter discriminations—which one may have remarked and another have neglected—for those characteristics which are alike obvious to vigilance and carelessness.'

'But,' he adds, 'the knowledge of Nature is only half the task of a poet;' he must not only study human character and modes of life, but also—'many languages and *many sciences;* and, that his style may be worthy of his thoughts, must, by incessant practice, familiarize to himself every delicacy of speech and grace of harmony.'

No wonder that the amiable prince after this exordium should exclaim—'Enough! thou hast convinced me that no human being can ever be a poet!'

What the great moralist wrote on this topic in 1759, is as applicable after a lapse of one hundred and ten years as it was when first published. The study of Nature as represented to have been viewed by Imlac, has received no improvement. No critic has essayed to refute, correct, or add to his arguments, but all remain

as vague and diversified in their statements on this subject as though it were a hopelessly intricate maze. Imlac says of the poet that, 'He must write as the interpreter of Nature and the legislator of mankind.' This *interpretation* is still upheld, and according to not a few we are literally to find—

> ——tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, ——————

It would be out of place to re-open here the subject of the present treatise, but it is important to state briefly its scope and method.

In the *first* place, Chapters I. and II. are occupied with introductory and critical remarks principally in reference to the growth of this study, its importance in the present state of literature, the total absence of method in such study, and the perplexing influence of the diversity of critical opinion expressed by high literary authorities; showing also how very crude has been the methods of study of which we have been able to glean information. At the same time it is shown that hundreds of volumes have been written professing to enlighten us on the subject of Nature, without advancing a single available process to attain the desired end. In 1813 was published *The Philosophy of Nature*, 12mo, consisting of 664 pages, but in what the *philosophy* consists it would be difficult to say, unless it be considered the only suitable term for musing about rocks, rivers, islands, pictorial art, and the like, in a number of detached paragraphs without any apparent aim or design. And such is the general disap-

pointment on perusing this class of works, that it may have operated on the author of the present work to induce him to keep, if possible, too closely to his text, even to the exclusion from every quotation of the slightest allusion to Art, except where absolutely required to preserve the sense of some particular passage.

Secondly. In Chapter III. we advance to the 1st stage in which the employment of Nature can be said properly to affect language, in metaphorical forms of expression, and principally concerning prose compositions. In Chapter IV. this examination is extended to proverbial constructions of language, more largely and picturesquely indebted to the observance of external Nature.

Thirdly. The poetical series commences with Chapter V., being descriptive of single natural objects; and in Chapter VI. of such objects compounded, forming complex subjects and scenes. To these, as likewise to each chapter following, some introductory remarks are appended, and each division is illustrated by a variety of poetical selections ancient and modern.

Fourthly. The VIIth chapter has been devoted entirely to 'Human Nature' from its superior character, and the greater devotedness of poets of all ages and climes to its development. Chapter VIII. may be considered as an appropriate adjunct to the foregoing, referring as it does entirely to meditative and other serious forms of poetry.

Fifthly. The IXth Chapter is wholly engaged with 'Imagination and Fancy;' and then follow two chapters, one on 'Negative views of Nature,' and the other 'Miscellaneous Observations.'

So far then, we have before us a large collection of illustrative examples of species of Nature-Study, pursued as it may be said solely by natural instinct, or talent, or genius, or through the interposition of a direct *inspiration*. Be the means what they may, we have here the result, as it were, stereotyped, and may examine at our leisure the mental process that developed without system, what we are desirous of rendering systematic. In Chapter XII. this is attempted, and the consistency of the methods proposed may be proved by any one having the ability to apply them in practice. We see how man's association with Nature leads him to mix the mental with the material, to see in his own anger the angry torrent, his own fury the furious storm, his own calmness the serenity of summer's evening; he is as a palm, or as grain, or as water; his life is as a breath, or a mist, or a dew.

It is laid down that we must *Generalize*, to ascertain the substances and qualities of the several portions of the Universe. If we take these as Fire, Water, Earth, and Air, we must again generalize on each of these, until at last we have perhaps gone as far as present knowledge will permit. The next process is to *Particularize*, which may be carried to an indefinite extent, or limited to special subjects. Lastly, we have to *Analyze* each of those, so as to connect their minutest associations in respect to all that appertains to or can be connected with them. But as in these processes we are dealing first with Nature, to trace its minutest ramifications, without any express or premeditated object, there is

another mode of studying Nature suggested, as when the primary desire is to find in the material world what will appropriately associate with and illustrate figuratively our ideas of Time, Space, Power, Sublimity, Beauty, Figure, Order, Motion, Light, Life, Colour, Variety, Simplicity, Solitude, Antagonism, and the like, in which our examination of natural objects and phenomena will proceed upon a somewhat similar process, but differently applied.

The author, speaking from thirty years' experience, feels confident in asserting that he believes the true, conscientious, unfettered student of Nature, largely informed on a variety of subjects, without being deeply read in science, will not have occasion to proceed far in the recommended method of study, without speedily acquiring a vast store of original and novel information ; and for ever discard the visionary and imbecile attempt to expound and imitate Nature in mysteriousness. There is sufficient in Nature still undeveloped by the intelligence of the greatest geniuses from the days of Homer to the present time, to occupy many generations of poets, in objects, features, and phenomena, which Nature unfolds for man's enjoyment and instruction, without his attempting to realize the fabled character of the seer, sorcerer, or astrologer ; an unhappy ambition which never has and never can out-do the broad daylight workings of Nature, in this our sublunary state of being.

Nature is so vast, so incomprehensibly sublime, that it can exist, and hold on its course without deriving the smallest advan-

tage from Man's laudation, a remark we are disposed to make in consequence of most writers on this subject adopting an unnecessary course of almost frantic adulation, *as if in excuse for having nothing better to say.* Read their works where we will, they are without point, too often without truth, and generally calculated to mislead. We should have no hopes of a reader as a student of Nature, who was wedded to the perverse, narrow, unmeaning views as generally expressed in the most promising volumes respecting the studies, teachings, voices, spirit, and soul of Nature; works that are neither prose nor poetry, neither wholly sense nor entirely without merit, but feeble as the mountain mist and far less profitable.

Among puerile attempts to enhance Nature, it is not uncommon for the enthusiast to express surprise at the appropriateness of its objects or peculiar features in giving effect to moral sentiments, ignorant of the simple fact that this very circumstance arises from daily habit and association. From pages 103 to 110, we have given a selection of proverbs all more or less derived from Nature; but had *Art* been our object we could have found matters relating thereto associated in like manner with moral and other advice, as:—

No *lock* will hold against the power of gold.
What your *glass* tells you will not be told by counsel.
A *pound* of care will not pay an *ounce* of debt.
He lights his *candle* at both ends.
The *balance* distinguishes not between gold and lead.
Step after step the *ladder* is ascended.

The same observations apply to all strong as-

sociations; hence the enthusiasm of those who devote their energies to any special pursuit, giving a charm where otherwise no interest could possibly exist. But time and circumstances may occasion that interest to abate, under certain circumstances, beyond the possibility of revival; and hence we have no longer any devout feelings for heathen deities, or even the so-called druidical remains found in our own country—the age that honoured them, together with its traditions, having departed.

In the *Life and Correspondence of John Foster*, 2 vols. 12mo, 1848, occurs the following remark from his Journal:—'But sweet Nature! I have conversed with her with inexpressible luxury; I have almost worshipped her. A flower, a tree, a bird, a fly has been enough to kindle a delightful train of ideas and emotions, and sometimes to elevate the mind to sublime conceptions.' (p. 303.) Now we could have spared this laudation for a few examples of the 'delightful train of ideas and emotions.'

Like many other such writers, Foster observes an 'Astonishing number of analogies with *moral* truth strike one's imagination in wandering and musing through the scenes of Nature' (p. 204). Very true, but not peculiar to Nature. Hence we find in Shakspeare:—

——— life is a shuttle.—*Merry Wives of Windsor.*

The web of our life is a mingled yarn, good and ill together:——*Alls Well that ends Well.*

—— Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but ——————— a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a tale.—*Macbeth.*

They found him dead ——————
An empty casket, where the jewel of life [ta'en away].
King John.

— now hath time made me his numb'ring clock:
My thoughts are minutes; and, with sighs, they jar,
Their watches to mine eyes, the outward watch,
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still.——*King Richard II.*

Foster seems to have been a believer in *Physiopathy*, a faculty of pervading all Nature with one's own being, as it is here explained, so as to have a perception, a life, and an agency in all things. At page 213 of this 'Life' it is stated that a man possessing this faculty—'*He* feels as if he grew in the grass, and flowers, and groves;—he flows in the river, chafes in its cascades, smiles in the aqueous flowers, and frisks in the fishes;—thereby, in one sense, inheriting all things.' And, in our estimation, much to be pitied should such an one be without friends to take care of him during such hallucinations.

German transcendentalism indulges in fantastical dreams; even Goethe, whatever he might really think, could say, allusive to his residence at Darnburg,—'I pass almost the whole day in the open air, and hold *spiritual* communion with the tendrils of the vine, which *say* good things to me, and I could tell you wonders.'

On another occasion he said to Eckermann: 'I will confide something to you that will sound odd. The plant goes from knot to knot, closing at last with the flower and the seed. In the animal kingdom it is not otherwise. The caterpillar and the tape-worm go from knot to knot, and at last forms a head. With the higher

animals and man, the vertebral bones grow one upon another, and terminate with the head, in which the powers are concentrated. With corporations it is the same as with individuals. The bees, a series of individuals, connected one with another, at least as a community, produce something, which is the conclusion, and may be regarded as the head of the whole—the queen bee. How this is managed is a mystery, hard to be expressed, but I may say I have my thoughts about it.'

Now here we have a plant contrasted with the 'caterpillar and tape-worm,' and these again with 'animals and man'; and leaving them we have next to consider a colony of 'bees' and 'the queen bee,' to arrive at a philosophical conclusion in respect to some analogy assumed to exist between them and any 'corporation,' a body of individuals, such as the lord mayor, aldermen, and common council. We have, however, too high an esteem for Goethe's genius to conclude that we have here a translation precisely conveying his views on a subject—the study of Nature, the pleasure and consolation of a long and successful literary career. What Pope expressed in reference to a certain class of dark, metaphysical writers, might be well applied to the majority of works treating on Nature—

> So spins the silk-worm small its slender store,
> And labours till it clouds itself all o'er.

A recent writer expressing his sentiments in in reference to the power of the poet impressed with a high feeling for, and perception of Nature; and of the influence of his poetry on readers,

having a less vivid perception, as thereby the delicate mysteries of Nature come to be unveiled and recognized. And again that—The passion of the poet detects and brings to light the secret analogies between the visible and invisible worlds, and shapes them into song;—and then proceeds to speak of the poet's invocations of Nature in her softest breathings. Is there a word of meaning in this prose statement? What are—the delicate mysteries—the secret analogies—invocations of Nature—and its softest breathings? Such language might pass if poetically expressed; but in plain prose, meant to enlighten us, as a critic should enlighten his readers on any other subject, how happens it that, on the subject of Nature, each critic writes such nothings as this example affords? The dignity of Nature demands some healthier treatment than is afforded by such sentimentally expressed adulation of its *mysteries* and *secrets*.

As little is to be learned from books concerning Nature, if we except such as treat on astronomy, geography, natural history, and other kindred branches, the poet is left without any assistance; and we might well be induced to inquire seriously—Has he, or has he not, any definite mode of studying Nature? A man of science may content himself with astronomy, or botany, or conchology, to the exclusion of all others. But the poet must be naturalistic and universal; and however great in astronomy alone, he might fail of securing public estimation.

Every poet who studies Nature, does so after some plan of his own. Has any one ever asked

himself—In what does the study of Universal Nature consist? How should I study Nature were I a poet?

It may appear strange, but on close examination it will be found true, that no methodical 'study of Nature' is on record. There is no standard, no system, no classification, no attempt to ascertain by what means Nature, in its various forms, has been developed in the literary labours of past or present times; hence the continual lament—

> But there is more than we can see
> And what we see we leave unsaid.

Even Wordsworth, 'Nature's High-priest,' significantly observes in his 'Poet's Epitaph,' while extolling the poet's vocation—

> In common things that round us lie,
> Some random truths he can impart.

But why 'random' and few, with Nature's 'common things' crowding daily before our eyes?

Hitherto, neither Nature nor Art has been considered capable of being so concentrated as to afford an independent study. This statement as affecting the former pursuit can scarcely be thought remarkable, considering the vast extent of Nature's dominions—three kingdoms, animal, vegetable, and mineral, each affording a multitude of subdivisions.

Poetry, above all the fine arts, requires a special and peculiar knowledge of Universal Nature, to be obtained by an entirely different mode of pursuit from that adopted by the philosopher in his investigations. Some critics,

from not being cognizant of this difference, have expressed alarm, lest the progress of physical science should encroach on, and seriously affect the poet's pleasant realms of imagination and fancy, even to the extent of ultimately destroying all fiction and romance!

It is obvious that no study of Nature, on however excellent a system, can ever give poetic inspiration, any more than rules of art, irrespective of genius, can produce skilled artists; but it is equally true, that a just knowledge of the stages in the progress to great achievements, as exemplified in works of genius, whether of poetry or painting, is of paramount importance in enlarging and extending man's fertility of invention, ennobling his productions, and conveying through Art strong impressions of the liveliest charms of external and internal Nature.

The knowledge of a well-ordered system, although it may serve to constitute an able critic, can never do more for the artist than assist his natural genius and talent; where these are deficient, no system whatever can elevate mediocrity. And in like manner the founder of a system can rarely claim to have performed more than deducing from the labours of others a key or grammar for future guidance in some particular line of study. The author, therefore, although not himself a poet, hopes that by having classified and arranged a great number and variety of examples, and shown from them the several ways in which universal nature has affected poetic minds at different times and under many shades of circumstances, he has increased the

facilities for future students of the same subject, to an extent which may eventually lead to the establishment of an uniform method of Nature-Study.

The illustrative poetical extracts offered in the present treatise mainly belong to the several departments and separate headings under which they are placed, but occasionally it will be found that some few might change places, as where they are partly descriptive and imaginative, or meditative; in this respect some licence must be claimed, although the great desire has been to observe an accurate distribution of subjects. Their variety makes them a valuable and useful study in themselves, and will convey more information than an elaborate essay without their aid. And in the arrangement adopted, the desire was to secure facility in any future reference, by simply noting a page and a number.

The work itself aspires to little more than the dignity of being a grammar on the subject, having no especial doctrines to promulgate, or any marked criticisms to offer on poets, and their compositions generally as poetical productions; in a few cases only, and for obvious reasons, have occasional criticisms been given, on some conceived objectionable rendering of subjects by distinguished poets, whose example in such respects might otherwise lead the unwary astray.

One point may be deserving of a passing notice; namely, that Nature is treated throughout in the neuter gender, and not as a deity, as we are speaking of the present material world, and not of the future or spiritual, nor of mind, but of matter only.

In conclusion it only remains for the author to acknowledge his indebtedness to the literary stores of the British Museum, and especially to the Collections of Campbell, Palgrave, Dr. Trench, and Wilson; and among those not named in notices at the foot of the pages, The Naturalist's Poetical Companion, 1852; Aytoun and Martin's Poems and Ballads of Goethe, 1859; The Christian Psalmist, 1826; Woodford's Book of Sonnets, 1841; and among Moxon's Miniature Poets, Selections from Tennyson, 1865.

And now in bidding adieu to his labour, although it is an approved saying that 'happy is the man who expecteth little'; he cannot at the same time help thinking that, far happier is the author who, having ventured on a perilous sea, in the expectancy of adverse and stormy criticism, can nevertheless calmly console himself and receive comfort from the reflection that, whatever may be his short coming in other respects, he has not been wanting in uprightness and honesty of purpose; and a simple desire to give the world the fruits of some years' experience, research, study, and labour, in a novel though possibly too perilous adventure.

H. D.

Upper Norwood, SURREY.
31*st March*, 1869.

NATURE-STUDY.

Chapter I.

Introduction.—Human rather than External Nature the province of ancient classical and of old English Poetry; the vague and conflicting opinions of critics on the character, influences, and study of Nature, and consequent absence of any system.

Every sentient being, from the first dawn of intelligence, recognises the existence of mind and matter; of an inner and an outer world; or, to adopt the quaint phraseology of the past, a microcosm and a macrocosm. Such acquaintance, however, with mankind and with the universe we inhabit, is of little avail to us, mentally, in the absence of systematic cultivation. It requires, therefore, an educated mind to make any advances in collecting and appropriating scattered facts; and assorting and analysing the several groups of mental and material subjects that present themselves to daily observation. To ordinary minds all creation is mystery; to cultivated minds there is much that is *not* quite inexplicable. The very knowledge of a man of science is a mystery to the ignorant multitude; and consequently, although it is impossible to draw an exact line of demarcation, we should

nevertheless distinguish as far as possible between the estimation of mysteries derived from sources of ignorance and superstition, and those acknowledged as such by men of deep research. It is to the scholar, the man of extensive natural and acquired ability, that society owes its obligations for such classes of study as are comprehended under the general designations of Theology, Ethics, Metaphysics, Law, Fine Arts, Natural History, and other branches of Art and Science.

To superficial observers there is nothing in external Nature which may not be easily learnt by any man of gifted mind, whose inclinations have a tendency that way; and who earnestly seeks by close association to put himself in constant communication with the visible world. And truly our early acquaintance with the grandeur and loveliness of Nature, its ever-changing seasons, its varied aspects in different climes, and all that can recommend it by day, or render it imposingly solemn by night, goes far to justify such a favourable estimate of Nature's unassisted influences on a sensitive mind like that of the poet. But to those who have never closely considered the subject we might suggest the inquiry, Why should the poet any more than the painter be independent of a systematised plan in such a study of Nature as may cultivate his eye and mind, otherwise left to rove at random? The Arts of Painting and of Music are each amenable to rigorous rules; rules derived from great masters, and acknowledged to be perfectly accordant with Nature. Such systems do

not create talent, but they direct, improve, and facilitate its progress in whatever its possessor undertakes to perform. That Poetry should have remained so long neglected in the particular matter of Nature-Study excites our regret and surprise; but that it has been so to the present time renders it only the more necessary to prepare the reader's mind, by laying before him, however briefly, a sketch of the past, in reference to the poet's use of Nature in his compositions; and of the conflicting opinions offered by critics in treating of the poet's practice in modern times, when adopting external nature for his subject, or writing under its presumed immediate inspiration.

Nature, so far as the province of poetry is concerned, may be distinguished into, first—human nature; and second,—all other created things; or we might denominate these the Intellectual, and the Material or external world. The poet has always treated of mankind as pre-eminent; and of other objects in creation as subordinate, not only in themselves, but in reference to man himself as their lord and master. Therefore ancient poetry, although it often touches on the sublimities of the universe, rarely dilates on its minor objects and appearances. It has been observed as remarkable that Horace, in his *Art of Poetry*, makes no reference whatever to external nature as an object of study, and we infer from that omission that it was considered either too insignificant in itself, or too unimportant to the poet who sought to attain a high order of poetical excellence.

Lucretius in his *De Natura Rerum*, as translated by Creech, professes:—

> I treat of things abstruse, the Deity,
> The vast and steady motions of the sky:
> The rise of things, how curious Nature joins
> The various seed, and in one mass combines
> The jarring principles: what new supplies
> Bring nourishment and strength: how she unties
> The Gordian knot, and the poor compound dies:
> Of what she makes, to what she breaks the frame,
> Call'd seeds or principles; tho' either name
> We use promiscuously, the thing's the same.
>
> *Book* 1. p. 3.

And consequently his poem places before us in verse the scientific reveries of his period, about the 172nd Olympiad.

The *Georgics* of Virgil are conceived in a happier strain, and, as a pastoral poem, that work is unrivalled for its many excellences, but it was long indeed before it incited to ever so remote an imitation. And here we may remark that the description of rural scenery, however graphic, is but the most simple and obvious production of Nature-Study; it is but one of the many excellences that may be acquired by the well-informed and acute observer of the features, works, and constitution of Nature.

In his *Biographia Literaria*, S. T. Coleridge takes occasion to notice, when speaking of the poets of Italy during the 15th and 16th centuries, that:—

The imagery is almost always general; sun, moon, flowers, breezes, murmuring streams, warbling songsters, delicious shades, lovely damsels, cruel as fair, nymphs, naiads, and goddesses, are the materials which are common to all, and

which each shaped and arranged according to his judgment or fancy, little solicitous to add or to particularise.

Whether we consider the productions of the epic poets, as Homer, Virgil, or Tasso; of the dramatists, as Sophocles, Euripides, Corneille, or Racine; of the lyric poets, as Horace, Malherbe, or Rousseau; of the satirists, as Juvenal, Persius, Boileau, or Dryden; of the writers of comedy, as Aristophanes, Plautus, Terence, or Molière; or the works of other distinguished poets in these several departments, we must be impressed with the fact that they have done little towards the poet's advancement in a knowledge of the great world of nature in its diversified aspects, and still less in its many exquisitely beautiful associations.

Passing to our own literature, we find that the history of early English poetry acquaints us with the fact that, like the drama of the period in its stage appointments, very slight, imperfect scenery sufficed the public taste to realise the subjects and picturesque situations portrayed by the poet for their instruction or amusement. The free use made of natural scenery, producing a complete mental picture of particular objects, which conspicuously distinguishes our modern from older poetry and prose fictions, can scarcely be said with truth to date much, if any, before the time of Shakspeare; all anterior to his day was limited indeed in quantity, although each poet, contributing a portion, left to the arduous student some advantages to be derived from accumulated masses of occasional happily suggestive lines. It is remarkable, however, that,

century after century, poets should have proceeded so long and so persistently in studying nature through the poetical writings of accidental observers and prolific copyists, as if too timid to study nature for themselves at her own grand shrine. The consequence has been the institution of an artificial study, as in a gallery of cabinet paintings; rather than the adoption for themselves of self-reliant views of the universe of nature, in all its freshness of life, and growth, and glory. It would seem as though the attention of the poet had been absorbed by, and become attached to, the study of human nature,* to the exclusion of all considerations concerning less noble objects. And truly it is not only a noble but an inexhaustible subject, one which never tires, be the object plebeian or polite; humble or majestic. There is so much to unfold in the investigation of this microcosm; and so much to depict in the drama of life, whether actual, or reduced to a mere stage-play, that the poet who successfully describes and faithfully delineates the whole, will not fail to please his audience, although his rural scenes should chance to fall short of elaborate or exact natural scenery in green hills and daisy-dappled dales, dark forests and gay flowers, or ocean, lake, and rippling stream.

* On this very topic we find it noted in the *Conversations with Goethe*, from the German of Eckermann, published in 1839, that the great poet observed:—

'It is natural to man to regard himself as the object of the creation, and to think of all things in relation to himself, and the degree in which they can serve and be useful to him.'

It would be needless for our present purpose to attempt a history of poetry, or a criticism of poetical composition: such a course could only serve to amplify without illustrating the main topic under consideration. It is admitted beyond dispute that the free use of external nature in descriptive and other poetry, however observable in the productions of a few distinguished poets of the olden time, of all classes and countries, has remained until of late years a comparatively untracked province.

In the Welsh Triads, as quoted by Dr. Southey in a note to *Madoc*, it is stated in reference to the poetical character:—

'The three primary requisites of poetical genius, are: An eye that can see Nature, a heart that can feel Nature, and a resolution that dares follow Nature.'

No doubt, without eye, heart, or resolution, little or nothing will be effected; for what can a blind and timorous man expect but a 'slough of despond'? Yet surely some preparative is needful, were it only direction as to some educational course to be pursued. The painter must commence his course of study by learning perspective and the elements of drawing; and the statuary by actually dissecting the human frame. How is the Poet to study Nature?

It is curious and interesting to remark how many poets once popular are now forgotten, notwithstanding they appeared to evince sensibility to the grand and beautiful in Nature; and left in song harmonious and clever compositions in proof of their talent in that particular accom-

plishment. But have not such versifiers mostly been copyists, whose grace and eloquence have made even what they borrowed appear as their own? An artist who should be educated exclusively through his being engaged in copying the works of approved masters would unquestionably acquire some tolerable skill in art. And so also it might happen with a mediocre poet, and not without some occasional good effect, if we except the sacrifice of novelty and originality.

As regards a course of studying Nature for the purposes of poetry, it does not, on a casual consideration of the subject, appear to offer any insuperable difficulties. And such probably might be the case were not the issue so complicated as it is, at present, with opinions so adverse as to appear little other than 'darkness visible.' The real difficulty therefore lies at the very threshold of our inquiry, as we shall better understand after perusing the opinions of commonly approved judges, and carefully considering their conflicting criticisms.

The following views of the subject are derived from a popular source of instruction,* and fairly express prevalent opinions:—

The poet who would excel in description, should exercise his talents in the judicious selection and picturesque display of small groups, or individual objects, and for this purpose he should draw forth what is valuable, even from the rudest materials; discriminating, in every surrounding

* Rees' Cyclopædia.

object, those attributes which can be rendered subservient to his art.

Thomson, it is said, was accustomed to wander whole days and nights in the country; and in such sequestered walks, he acquired, by the most minute attention, a knowledge of all the mysteries of Nature. These he has wrought into his *Seasons*, with the colouring of Titian, the wildness of Salvator Rosa, and the energy of Raphael. Milton appears to have been no less familiar with Nature than Thomson, and equally happy in his portraits of her most pleasing forms. He catches every distinguishing feature; and gives to what he describes such glowing tints of life and reality, that we have it, as it were, in full view before our eyes. How perfect is the image in the following lines!—

> —— The swan, with arched neck
> Between her white wings mantling, proudly rows
> Her state, with oary feet.

It is important (it is added) that the poet should acquire an extensive acquaintance with science in general, and with the various branches of natural history, that he may not, through mere ignorance, deviate from nature as it actually exists; nevertheless it is not expected, that, on all occasions, he should be restricted within the precise boundaries of truth, nor indeed is it possible thus to restrain a poetic writer of lively and creative fancy.

The course of study here recommended is, to wander for 'days and nights in the country,' exercising 'the most minute attention;' with 'a knowledge of all the mysteries of nature'

for our reward. But this is not all, 'science in general and the various branches of natural history' are recommended as a useful if not an absolutely necessary adjunct.

The remaining remarks from the same source are written in much the same spirit:—

Who can notice the countenance of an ox, without perceiving that it displays meekness, patience, and the most inoffensive disposition, thus described by Thomson,

> And the plain ox,
> That honest, harmless, guileless animal;

and that the eyes of this animal are of no unusual dimension. Nevertheless, in many versions of Homer, that divine poet, so conversant with zoology, is made to style the artful, proud, and passionate queen of the gods, 'ox-eyed Juno;' a mistake of the translator's (says the critic) from the want of attention to nature. But Dr. Young has also fallen into an error, more pardonable, in his paraphrase on Job; because an English poet, who has never seen the crocodile, might be ignorant that his eyes are remarkably small.

Among other vulgar errors of certain poets are noticed:—

1. The supposition that the fertilizing quality of snow arises from nitrous salts.
2. The idea of *male* light being communicated by the *sun*, and female light by the *moon*, as adopted by Milton. And—
3. The harmony of the spheres, of which Milton has given such a view as wants nothing but philosophical truth to render it

delightful; and Pope supposed that it is possible the human ear might have been so constituted, as to have been sensible of it.

The poet should, therefore (this critic concludes), be well versed in the science of physics, not only because he can seldom deviate from it without injury to his compositions, but because these may derive from it sublimity, embellishment, or grace.

What between wandering about the country, and acquiring an intimacy with natural history and physical science, the poet will have something to exercise his patience in adopting the suggestions thus offered.

About the year 1819 a controversy arose between the Rev. W. L. Bowles, Lord Byron, and others on the opinion the former strongly expressed in a critique on Pope as the poet rather of Art than of Nature. The editor of Campbell's *Essay on English Poetry* says:—Mr. Bowles's position is this, that Pope saw rural or field nature through what Dryden calls *the spectacles of books;* that he did not see it for himself, as Homer, Virgil, Chaucer, Shakspeare, and Milton saw it,—as it was seen by Thomson, and Cowper; that his country nature is by reflection, cold, unwarming, and dead-coloured; that he did not make what Addison calls *additions to nature*, as every great poet has done; that Dr. Blacklock's descriptive nature is as good, who was blind from his birth; that *flocks that graze the tender green* in Pope *graze audibly* in true descriptive writers; and that his paradise had been a succession of alleys, plat-

forms, and quincunxes—a Hagley, or a Stowe, not an Eden, as Milton has made it. All this is true enough, but its importance has been over-rated.

True it is (he continues) that imagination, a nobler kind of fancy, is the first great quality of a poet—that when it is found united to all the lesser qualities required, it forms what Cowley calls *poetry* and *sanctity*. Mr. Campbell has properly extended and written a defence of Pope, which will exist as long as Eloisa's Letter, or any poem of its great writer.

Gray, whose scattered touches of external nature are exquisitely true, has laid it down as a rule that description, the most graceful ornament of poetry, as he calls it, should never form the bulk or subject of a poem.

Bowles suggests as a rule that 'All images drawn from what is *beautiful* or *sublime* in the works of nature are more beautiful and sublime than images drawn from art, and are therefore more poetical.' The argument is of little consequence for our present purpose in defining a course of Nature-Study, but it serves to show most clearly how unsettled critics of all classes have been in the expression of their opinions on the subject of Nature in connection with poetical compositions.

Hans C. Oersted, the author of *The Soul in Nature*, treats of the Spiritual in the Material, of the relation between natural science and poetry, and on the unbeautiful in nature, among other topics. He says: 'I must repeat, that it is only from the future that we must expect the

comprehensive and poetical application of an insight into Nature.' He advocates also the employment of Nature in *scientific light*, and mentions Goethe as an example of a writer attempting such a method.

Had it not been (he says) that that great poet entirely misunderstood *mathematical physics*, perhaps misled by the one-sided manner of representation of certain philosophers, he would probably have done much more for the poetical representation of the views of nature.

The voluminous writings of Saint Pierre, once exceedingly popular, now seldom find readers. In his *Harmonies of Nature*, three volumes, 8vo, he first gives a general view of his subject, then addresses Venus, describes the sky, the sun, and the harmonies of man and animals with plants. He finds thirteen harmonies in the vegetable kingdom, enters into a minute description of corn, of plants, and the moon, and traces resemblances between flowers and stars.

Apostrophising Nature he exclaims:—

Daughters of eternal Wisdom, harmonies of Nature, all men are your children; they stand perpetually in need of your assistance; without you they would be naked, wretched, discordant in language, thought, and feeling; but you call them, by their wants, to enjoyment of every kind; by their differences, to the necessity of concord; by their weakness, to the acquisition of empire, &c., &c.

His *Studies of Nature*, five volumes, 8vo, is arranged on a very comprehensive plan, enumerating blessings bestowed by Nature, giving an

account of the globe, correspondence between plants and the elements; and of animals and their relations to the elements. In the fifth portion he treats of man, remarking:—

We shall observe that his eyes are turned, not towards heaven, as the poets, and even some philosophers allege, but to the horizon; so that he may view at once the heaven which illuminates and the earth which supports him.

Such a stiff-necked and far-seeing creature is man, viewed according to this system.

As an eleventh study we have a discourse relating to 'Human Harmonies of Plants.' After alluding to different herbs, shrubs, and trees, he concludes:—

'Such, then, are the general dispositions of vegetables upon the earth, relatively to the occasion which man had to range over it. The herbage serves as a carpet to his feet; the shrubbery as a scaling-ladder to his hands; and the trees are as so many parasols over his head.* Though this manner of studying the works of Nature (he adds) be now held in contempt by most naturalists, to it, however, shall our researches be limited.'

The poet therefore, would gain little by giving his days and nights to either such 'Harmonies' or 'Studies,' which, like too many works of promise on such topics of this class, scarcely repay perusal, being made up of ill-arranged, incon-

* The spirit of Goethe's philosophy avowed, 'The separation of subject from object, the faith that each creature exists for its own sake, and that cork-trees do not grow merely that we may have stoppers for our bottles.'—*Conversations with Goethe.* Boston, 1839.

clusive matter, affording only a kind of literary and scientific gossip.

Dr. Aikin,* being strongly impressed with the insipidity of the poetry of the 18th century, wrote an essay purposely to instruct the poet in at least one branch of Nature-Study, to excite to the cultivation of natural history in its application to poetry. He was wearied and disgusted with the perpetual repetition of the same images, clad in almost the same language. He also observes, in agreement with Warton, that almost every poet, Thomson excepted, had, in the treatment of rural beauty, copied his images from Theocritus, without ever looking into the face of Nature; and that this servility of imitation had prevailed more in this than in any other department of poetry. From a review of the poetical style of Eastern poets, bold, ardent, and precipitate; the celebrated Book of Job; and Virgil's natural descriptions, he concludes that the accurate and scientific study of Nature would obviate many of the defects usually discoverable in poetical compositions. He considers, however, that not every part of Nature seems capable of affording poetical imagery, among which he instances trees, and the vegetable creation; and he finds the mineral kingdom still more sterile. But in zoology he observes a principal and unequivocal charm, the animal race in common with man having almost universally somewhat of moral and intellectual character. He therefore greatly admires Virgil for the

*An Essay on the application of Natural History to Poetry. 12mo. Warrington, 1777.

sublime and vigorous imagination exhibited in the *Georgics*, the whole of the 4th Book of which is a complete history of the bee. Pliny he considers too, as a naturalist, possessed of all the fire and elevation of a poet. But Thomson's *Seasons* are represented as superior to the *Georgics*, the poet well meriting Pennant's epithet of *The Naturalist's Poet*. He also remarks that such is the variety of Nature that we need not be apprehensive of original pictures, even of the same subject, falling into uninteresting sameness; and notices that, although a single grain of sand is of itself too minute for any purpose of description or comparison, yet 'the sands of the sea shore' form an image of multitude sufficiently grand and elevated for the highest species of composition. And from all his observations he draws the conclusion that, every scene of Nature, foreign or domestic, affords objects of which an accurate survey may furnish new ideas of grandeur and beauty.

The sum of Dr. Aikin's recommendation is—Let the descriptive poet study to become a profound, or at least a tolerable, zoologist. And having a liking for that pursuit, he does not particularly recommend Botany, Horticulture, or Agriculture: the different orders of plants, together with the characters of the genera and species, need not absorb the poet's lucubrations. But the Acrita, Nematoneura, Homogangliata, Heterogangliata, Vertebrata, &c., of the animal kingdom he must particularly study and closely investigate. If the poet must become a student of science, he clearly must not restrict his obser-

vations to Zoology to the neglect of Astronomy, Geography, Geology, and many other mind-enlarging studies.

Dr. Aikin's essay is interesting and instructive, so far as it tends to check careless and incorrect descriptions. A work of a similar kind by Dr. R. H. Newell, entitled *The Zoology of the English Poets*, appeared in 1845, in which are noticed the inaccurate descriptions of the manners and habits of several kinds of birds, insects, reptiles, and mammalia. Fortunately the list of offenders is not very voluminous, but it includes Shakspeare, Spenser, Milton, Dryden, Prior, Watts, Smart, Darwin, Rogers, Churchill, Thomson, Gay, Swift, Waller, Young, Drayton, Collins, Coleridge, Southey, Montgomery, and Sir W. Scott;—an amount of authority sufficient to induce modern poets to rest satisfied with fabulous accounts of the ant; vague descriptions of the bee; erroneous opinions of blight; superstitious fancies about the death-watch; mistakes about the gad-fly; incorrect notions about the glow-worm; and so on throughout their versions of what they design to be a veritable natural history. It is thus that the poet is, and has long been, lectured here a little and there a little, but no system has been presented to him for his regular and diligent study of natural phenomena.

It has been well observed that all knowledge is available to the poet, and of infinite value to him in the conduct of his compositions; but the particular knowledge which should take the first and foremost place in his education, giving him

an acquaintance with and ability to acquire and apply instruction derived from the pure fount of Nature itself, is unknown, and has not hitherto been so much as attempted.

It is remarkable (says Wordsworth in the supplement to his preface) that, excepting the *Nocturnal Reverie* of Lady Winchelsea, and a passage or two in the *Windsor Forest* of Pope, the poetry of the period between the publication of *Paradise Lost* and *The Seasons* does not contain a single new image of external nature, and scarcely presents a familiar one from which it can be inferred that the eye of the poet had been steadily fixed upon his object, much less that his feelings had urged him to work upon it in the spirit of genuine imagination. To what a low state knowledge of the most obvious and important phenomena had sunk, is evident from the style in which Dryden has executed a description of Night in one of his tragedies, and that in which Pope has translated the celebrated moonlight scene in the Iliad. A blind man, in the habit of attending accurately to descriptions casually dropped from the lips of those around him, might easily depict those appearances with more truth. Dryden's lines are vague, bombastic, and senseless; those of Pope, though he had Homer to guide him, are throughout false and contradictory. The verses of Dryden, once highly celebrated, are now forgotten; those of Pope still retain 'their hold upon public estimation,' nay, there is not a passage of descriptive poetry which at this day finds so many and such ardent admirers.

Dryden describes Night as though—

——— Nature's self lay dead;
The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head;
The little birds in dreams their songs repeat,
And sleeping flowers beneath the night-dew sweat.

Pope's version of Homer's Moonlight Scene informs us that the stars—

O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head;
Then shine the vales, and rocks in prospect rise;

while swains

Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful night.

Dr. Southey, criticising the scene that Pope has so imperfectly described, says:—

Here are the planets rolling round the moon; here is the pole gilt and glowing with stars; here are trees made yellow, and mountains tipped with silver, by the moonlight; and here is the whole sky in a flood of glory; appearances not to be found in Homer or in Nature; finally these gilt and glowing skies, at the very time when they are thus pouring forth a flood of glory, are represented as a blue vault. The astronomy in these lines would not appear more extraordinary to Dr. Herschel than the imagery to every person who has observed a moonlight scene.

Along with these notices of Wordsworth's and Southey's strictures, appended to Campbell's *Essay on English Poetry*, 1841, occurs an editorial note to the effect that—

With Shakspeare it is otherwise: his inanimate nature is unsurpassed for truthfulness and distinct poetical personation. Description in Shakspeare is a shadow received by the ear and perceived by the eye.

'A shadow received by the ear and perceived by the eye' is a novelty. Why are we left to guess at a meaning, when something is obviously meant; why not express it in plain prose?

According to Wordsworth and Dr. Southey, the distinguishing fault of Dryden and Pope was their substituting art for nature; and the critiques of both apply solely to descriptive poetry, in which there was an utter deficiency for a period of over seventy-five years, as estimated by Wordsworth, poetry being devoid of even 'a single new image' until the publication of *The Seasons*, when Nature once more assumed the prerogative to be the poet's goddess.

On this subject we cannot do better here than direct attention to the observations offered by Wordsworth in his preface, when he says:

'The powers requisite for the production of poetry are: Firstly, those of Observation and Description, *i.e.* the ability to observe with accuracy things as they are in themselves, and with fidelity to describe them, unmodified by any passion or feeling existing in the mind of the describer: whether the things depicted be actually present to the senses, or have a place only in the memory. This power, though indispensable to a poet, is one which he employs only in submission to necessity, and never for a continuance of time: as its exercise supposes all the higher qualities of the mind to be passive, and in a state of subjection to external objects, much in the same way as the translator or engraver ought to be to his original. Secondly, Sensibility—which the more exquisite it is the wider will be the

range of a poet's perceptions, and the more will he be incited to observe objects, both as they exist in themselves and as re-acted upon by his own mind. Thirdly, Reflection—which makes the poet acquainted with the value of actions, images, thoughts, and feelings; and assists the sensibility in perceiving their connection with each other. Fourthly, Imagination and Fancy—to modify, to create, and to associate. Fifthly, Invention—by which characters are composed out of materials supplied by observation, whether of the poet's own heart and mind, or of external life and nature.'

These five powers, with Judgment, as a final requisite, close this poet's observations; and it is greatly to be regretted that, except from his poems themselves, we are left without any more clear guide to his own system of studying Nature, supposing he had actually formed one. We gather from his preface that he indicates, as requisites for description, the observance of objects, and reflection to render our acquirements useful: but how actually to study animate and inanimate Nature he never once suggests; nor have we any reason to believe that any such purpose was contemplated by him. In *The Excursion* he represents *The Solitary* complaining—

> Of these unimaginative days:——

But he nevertheless enters on those—

> —— strains of apt discourse
> Which Nature's various objects might supply.

These are stated to be—

> —— Birds and beasts,
> And the mute fish that glances in the stream,

> And harmless reptile coiling in the sun,
> And gorgeous insect hovering in the air,
> The fowl domestic, and the household dog.

Now it is in vain that the studious reader seeks to be informed about this 'apt discourse;' discourse which could turn to account for any poetical purpose such objects as those just offered to our notice. Search as we may, we still find ourselves wondering and wandering. And if we seek the aid of commentators, they take such flights that they cannot address us in any other than 'unknown tongues;' we, therefore, listen to them in vain.

It is not permitted to the critic to construe too rigidly any poetic expression of sentiments and feelings in regard to the wide world of Nature, therefore we must remain in a great measure passive when Wordsworth in *Lines written in* 1798 *a few miles above Tintern Abbey*, remarks—

> While with an eye made quiet by the power
> Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
> We see into the life of things:

and proceeds to state that he is still—

> A lover of the meadows and the woods,
> And mountains; and of all that we behold
> From this green earth; of all the mighty world
> Of eye and ear, both what they half create
> And what perceive; well pleased to recognise
> In nature and the language of the sense,
> The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
> The guide, the guardian of my heart and soul,
> Of all my moral being.

This impassioned love of nature (says Henry Taylor*) is interfused through the whole of Wordsworth's system of thought, filling up all

* Notes from Books. By Henry Taylor, 8vo., 1848.

interstices, penetrating all recesses, colouring all media, supporting, associating, and giving coherency and mutual relevancy to it in all its parts. Though man is his subject, yet is man never presented to us divested of *his relations with external nature*. Man is the text, but there is always a running commentary of *natural phenomena*. In his great work, 'the mind of man' is, as he announces, 'the haunt and the main region of his song;' but the mind of man, as exhibited by him, whatever else it may be, *hardly ever fails* to be the *mirror of natural objects*, and more or less the *creature of their power*.

The vivacity with which he is accustomed to apprehend this *power* of *inanimate nature over the human mind* has indeed led him in some cases, we venture to think, too far; this is, in his poetical licences, or in that particular poetic licence by which *sensation* is attributed to inanimate objects—the particular feelings which they excite in the spectator being ascribed to *themselves, as if they were sentient beings;* as—

> The moon doth with delight
> Look round her when the heavens are bare.
>
> Ye fountains, meadows, hills and groves,
> Think not of any severing of your loves.

In *The Excursion*—

> Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth,
> And ocean's liquid mass, beneath him lay
> In gladness and deep joy.

Taylor, who was an early critic of Wordsworth's poetry in the *Quarterly Review*, casually observes that it was far from his purpose to re-

present the poet as impeccable, but rather as one who wrote for posterity, and whose habit of contemplating natural objects in their causative character, he can perceive, may not only make all Nature seem to live in the eyes of the poet, but may also teach the philosopher to penetrate farther into the passive properties of living beings —their properties not only as agents but as objects.

The opinion expressed in Taylor's critical view of the subject in connection with the external world of matter might, indeed, without a shade of inconsistency, be applied to the powerful influences which the pyramids, the buried cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum, or the classic ruins of Rome, exercise over our mental constitution. But let us not blindly attribute to rocks and ruins what is alone the inalienable possession of cultivated intellect.

Confining our observations on Wordsworth entirely to what we find in his poems respecting Nature, we think we may, without incurring the charge of irreverence for his genius, state that he is deficient in the variety of Shakspeare, the terseness of Thomson, and the spirituality of Keats or of Shelley. We admit his bursts of sublimity and beauty, without being highly imaginative; or, we shall perhaps be better understood if we qualify this last remark by adding that, considering his almost exclusive study of Nature through years of a long life, he has not accomplished much beyond what other poets of the age have realised, who wrote without the same advantages of open country experiences.

So far as being elaborate in description where other poets have been concise can be accepted as a recommendation, he most assuredly excels; but for any special mark of originality due to his individual acquaintance with, and observation of, Nature, it would be difficult to adduce striking examples; nor can we find in the criticisms of his most devoted admirers other offers of proof than such as present comparatively meagre results, when we consider the laborious nature of the process by which they must have been produced. Now although the effect of majesty is to elevate the mind, there is no absolute occasion for the small or minute to lessen its perception and production of beauty. It would seem, indeed, as if Nature, however apparently rude and rough in much that is sublime in its landscapes, yet descends in its microscopic productions to a marvellous degree of perfection in forms of animate and inanimate matter. Minuteness, littleness, smallness, generally offend under Wordsworth's treatment. In his poem *To the small Celandine*, undoubtedly intended to be a most finished piece, addressed as it was to the flower of his adoption, he pictures to us—

> —— The children build their bowers,
> Sticking kerchief-pots of mold
> All about their full-blown flowers,
> Thick as sheep in shepherd's fold!

Describing 'A whirl-blast from behind the hill,' he observes—

> —— the spacious floor
> With withered leaves is covered o'er,
> You could not lay a hair between:
> And all the year the bower is green.

> But see! where'er the hailstones drop,
> The withered leaves all skip and hop.
>
> * * * * * *
>
> The leaves in myriads jump and spring.

In his poem *The Reverie of poor Susan*, we have another kind of minute detail—

> At the corner of Wood-street, when daylight appears,
> Hangs a thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three years.

In the first part of his *Hartleap Well* he indulges in minutiæ of measurement—

> And climbing up the hill—(it was at least
> Four roods of sheer ascent)—

In the second part he observes—

> As I from Hawes to Richmond did repair,
> It chanced that I saw, standing in a dell,
> Three aspens, at three corners of a square;
> And one, not four yards distant, near a well:

and again, further on—

> And he, perhaps, for aught we know, was born
> Not half a furlong from that self-same spring.

Alfred Tennyson, in his *Godiva*, had possibly the foregoing poem in mind when he wrote—

> His beard a foot before him, and his hair
> A yard behind.

The danger of studying Nature through the medium of books, or of poetry alone, is that which is well known to be the common failing of mere copyists, who seize on trifling peculiarities, often those which the poet himself would have repudiated, and then imagine that their extravagances are the purest possible emanations from a healthy enthusiasm.

We approach the interesting, if not sufficiently instructive, observations of Professor Arnold, in

his *Essays on Criticism*, 1865, with a full conviction that what he states with so much ability is offered without any reservation. Speaking of Maurice de Guérin, a young French poet, he observes:—

The grand power of poetry is its *interpretative power;* not a power of drawing out in black and white an explanation of the mystery of the universe, but the power of so dealing with things as to awaken in us a wonderfully full, new, and intimate sense of them, and of our relations with them. When this sense is awakened in us, as to objects without us, we feel ourselves to be in contact with the essential nature of those objects, to be no longer bewildered and oppressed by them, but to have their secret, and to be in harmony with them; and this feeling calms and satisfies us as no other can.

Poetry, indeed, *interprets* in another way beside this; but one of its two ways of interpreting, of exercising its highest power, is by awakening this sense in us.

Without making it a matter of inquiry 'whether this sense is illusive, whether it can be proved not to be illusive, whether it does absolutely make us possess the real nature of things;' he says that 'poetry can awaken it in us, and that to awaken it is one of the highest powers of poetry.' He adds:—

The interpretations of science do not give us this intimate sense of objects as the interpretations of poetry give it; they appeal to a limited faculty and not to the whole man. It is not

Linnæus, or Cavendish, or Cuvier, who gives us the true sense of animals, or water, or plants, who seizes their secret for us, who makes us participate in their life: it is Shakspeare with his—

> —— daffodils
> That come before the swallow dares, and take
> The winds of March with beauty;

it is Wordsworth, with his—

> —— voice . . . . . heard
> In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
> Breaking the silence of the seas
> Among the farthest Hebrides;

it is Keats, with his—

> —— moving waters at their priestlike task,
> Of cold ablution round Earth's human shores;

it is Chateaubriand, with his '*cîme indéterminée des forêts;*' it is Senancour, with his mountain birch-tree: '*Cette écorce blanche, lisse et crevassée; cette tige agreste; ces branches qui s'inclinent vers la terre; la mobilité des feuilles, et tout cet abandon, simplicité de la nature, attitude des déserts.*'

What we are disappointed with in this argument is in reference to the 'power of so dealing with things [the universe and its objects] as to awaken a full, new, and intimate sense of them.' However imperfectly told, it might have led to some useful end; but of this important 'power' we learn nothing beyond being assured that it exists; and that it is a 'sense' which may be 'awakened in us, but whether it must come with our infant breath, or may be acquired by a course of study, is all matter of guess-work. This is the more unfortunate and distressing to the aspiring genius,

who is assured that with such a possession he would 'be no longer bewildered and oppressed by [objects without us] but have their secret, and be in harmony with them, a feeling which calms and satisfies as no other can.' And as if only to perplex the more rather than relieve us, here we have again to deal with a 'secret,' and one no less than that of the universe and its objects. If a *secret*, there is an end of the matter; if not a secret, as we presume it is not to those who profess to know of so much about it, will no man boldly blurt it out to the world; or is it the poet's Alcahest, reserved for communication to those only who have been duly initiated and sanctified?

Science is so completely the antipodes of poetry, that two such opposite poles are never likely to embrace and salute each other; but laying aside the poetical side of the question, we confess our belief that if anything can be rationally stated on the subject it would be as well to state it at once, no matter how prosaically, so that it was critically correct. But all cloud-writing, all mystery, all notion of secrets relative to man's performances, to human arts, to the exercise of our intellectual faculties, we wish to see for ever banished from prose compositions, leaving to poetry alone a course as free as air and as boundless as creation.

With praiseworthy candour, Professor Shairp, the author of *Studies in Poetry*, says—

About Nature it has become so much the fashion to rave, there has been so much counterfeit enthusiasm, that one almost dreads speaking of it. But whatever it may be to most men,

there can be no doubt that free nature, mountain solitudes, were as essential to Wordsworth's heart as the air to his lungs.

He concludes :—

The ideal light which Wordsworth sheds brings out only more vividly the real heart of Nature, the inmost feeling, which is really there, and is recognised by Wordsworth's eye in virtue of the kinship between Nature and his soul.

As we cannot believe there is here any 'counterfeit enthusiasm,' much less any tendency 'to rave,' we soberly ask to be informed what is meant by 'the real heart of nature,' its 'inmost feeling'?—Is it positively meant that these really exist in every mountain and lake, and all that compounds this vast universe? A *heart* to be recognised by any eye physical or mental, a *heart* which can have 'kinship' with any poet and 'his soul'?

Professor Shairp further observes that—

To most men the material world is a heavy, gross, dead mass, earth, a ball of black mud, painted here and there with some colour; Wordsworth felt it to be a living, breathing power, not dead, but full of strange life; his eye almost saw into it, as if it were transparent.

The opinion of a writer who appears to be thoroughly on his guard against any other than a quiet, sober view of the subject, sadly perplexes us when he treats of the 'material world' as being to the poet 'a living, breathing power, not dead, but full of strange life,' and that 'his eye almost saw into it, as if it were transparent.'

This may be poetry, or romance, but it certainly is not criticism. It is said of a certain fish that it disperses a dark, inky fluid when pursued, thereby being lost in darkness of its own creating; and it is thus, too often, that, when we are promised explanations we are confused amidst a burst of exulting exclamations which only becloud and conceal from view the object of which we were in pursuit, and of which we were promised a plain-spoken exposition.

So many writers, so many different opinions on the subject of Nature-study. Mr. Charles Kingsley in his *Miscellanies*, 1859, emphatically declares it to be his belief, that—

It is the mystic who will describe Nature most simply, because he sees most in her, because he is most ready to believe that she will reveal to others the same message which she has revealed to him. Men like Behmen, Novalis, and Fourier, who can soar into the inner cloud-world of man's spirit (he asserts) will most humbly and patiently 'consider the lilies of the field, how they grow.' He claims for Tennyson this mystical character, to account for his having become 'the greatest naturalistic poet which England has seen for several centuries.'

Is the student then to study Dr. Henry More, Jacob Behmen, Emanuel Swedenborg, and other similar mystical writers? To such shifts are critics driven in the absence of a recognised standard; like bewildered travellers, each in some path or other, but always circling, or running off at a tangent.

It is a favourite metaphor to compare Nature

to a Book. In *Du Bartas his Divine Weekes and Works*, 4to, 1605, translated by Joshua Sylvester, this figure is literally depicted as follows:—

> The World's a book in folio, printed all
> With God's great works in letters capital:
> Each creature, is a page; and each effect,
> A fair character, void of all defect.
>
> But, as young truants, toying in the schools,
> Instead of learning, learn to play the fools:
> We gaze but on the babies and the cover,
> The gaudy flowers, and edges gilded over;
> And never farther for our lesson look
> Within the volume of this various book:
> Where learned Nature rudest ones instructs,
> That, by His wisdom, God the World conducts.

To read and understand this ponderous 'folio,' we are not obliged to understand 'each stranger's gibberish,' nor Hebrew, Greek, or any other language, but simply require 'the spectacles of faith,' then with the poet we may 'behold,'—at least so he professes,—

> Th' Orb from his birth, in 's ages manifold.

Wordsworth, in the first Book of his *Excursion*, alludes to 'a soul communing with the glorious universe.' He represents the Wanderer while but eighteen years of age, as being 'possessed,'—and his sensibility to Nature's teachings such, that—

> Thus informed,
> He had small need of books.

In *Antony and Cleopatra*, Shakspeare presents the Soothsayer as remarking:—

> In Nature's infinite book of secrecy,
> A little I can read.

Bryant, in the poem entitled *Thanatopsis*, observes:—

> To him who in the love of Nature holds
> Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
> A various language;
> * * * *
> Go forth, under the open sky, and list
> To Nature's teachings, while from all around,—
> Earth and her waters, and the depths of air,—
> Comes a still voice——

Emerson, throughout an entire *Essay on Nature*, comprising eight chapters and their Introduction, amidst abundance of extraneous facts never once hints at a process of study. He says justly enough:—

To speak truly, few adult persons can see Nature. Most persons do not see the sun. At least they have a very superficial seeing.

He remarks:—Every rational creature has all Nature for his dowry and estate. It is his if he will.

But unfortunately no man can possess Nature at will, any more than he can possess landed estates without title-deeds, or high art without instruction, study, and practice.

He professes that:—'Nature is the symbol of Spirits,' which he represents as the third degree in 'the use which Nature subserves to man in language.' But while we fully agree with most that he advances, we are disappointed to find that he merely adduces disconnected facts without applying them, so as to become available for study, and the effecting of a productive and progressive movement. We see the materials of a building, but no edifice; all lies scat-

tered, confused, disconnected, and wanting in design offering a presentable object of utility. A miscellany is not a compact available treatise, and no amount of disjointed facts are available for the promotion of study, just as a painting is no desirable picture if deficient in perspective, as produced by artists of China or Japan, although possessing much to admire and approve for costume and vivid colours; one obvious leading feature being absent, the whole dissatisfies and becomes distasteful. Emerson sees Nature sufficiently to apply it in some measure, but without method or system to guide in that various and absorbing study.

In respect to ability for the just observance of Nature, Mr. Ruskin* appositely remarks:—'Cannot we [say the public] see what Nature is with our own eyes, and find out for ourselves what is like her?' The degree of ignorance of external nature in which men may remain, depends partly on the number and character of the subjects with which their minds may be otherwise occupied, and partly on a natural want of sensibility to the power of beauty of form, and the other attributes of external objects.

In 1850, David M. Moir (*Delta*, of Blackwood's Magazine) gave Lectures on *Poetical Literature* [1800-50], in which he avowed his belief that scientific progress was rapidly curtailing the province of poetry; that in short the age was becoming far too matter-of-fact; but yet that while men breathe, there is room for a new Sappho or a new Simonides to melt, and

* Modern Painters, vol. i., 8vo, 1846.

for a new Tyrtæus and a new Pindar to excite and inspire. Therefore, he adds, he does not despair of poetry ultimately recovering from the staggering blows which *science has inflicted* in the shape of steam conveyance—of electro-magnetism—of geological exposition—of political economy—of statistics—in fact, by *a series of disenchantments*.

Not without hope, he declares his belief that, Original genius in due time must *from new elements* frame *new combinations;* and these may be at least what the kaleidoscope is to the rainbow, or an explosion of hydrogen in the gasometer to a flash of lightning on the hills. But this (he considers) does not alter his position —that *all facts are prose*, until coloured by imagination or passion.

In support of his position, he says, From physic we have swept away alchemy, incantation, and cure by the royal touch; from divinity, exorcism, and purgatory, and excommunication; and from law, the trial by wager of battle, the ordeal by touch, the mysterious confessions of witchcraft. In the foamy seas, we can never more expect to see Proteus leading out his flocks; nor, in the dimpling stream, another Narcissus admiring his own fair face; nor Diana again descending on Latmos to Endymion. We cannot hope another Una, 'making a sunshine in the shady place;' nor another Macbeth, meeting with other witches on the blasted heath; nor another Faust, wandering amid the mysterious sights and sounds of another Mayday night. Robin Hoods and Rob Roys are incom-

patible with sheriffs and the county police. Rocks are stratified by geologists, exactly as satins are measured by mercers; and Echo, no longer a vagrant classic nymph, is compelled quietly to succumb to the laws of acoustics.

Thus despondingly, and yet somewhat humorously, did the lecturer address his audience. Like Bruyère, he was evidently prepared to exclaim 'All is said;' or with Dr. Johnson to decide that all the materials of poetry and romance are used up, and their charms dissipated.

The study of Nature being an Art and not a Science, Humboldt has very happily met the fears of those timid searchers among Nature's abundant stores whom Moir's remarks indicate, by observing in the Introduction to his *Cosmos:*

It is almost with reluctance that he is about to speak of a sentiment which appears to arise from narrow-minded [? incorrect] views, or from a certain weak and morbid sentimentality.—He alludes to the *fear* entertained by some persons, that Nature may by degrees lose a portion of the charm and magic of her power, as we learn more and more how to unveil her secrets, comprehend the mechanism of the movements of the heavenly bodies, and estimate numerically the intensity of natural forces.

In reviewing the opinions mostly expressed by approved writers on the subject, we find that they principally restrict themselves to urging faithfulness in *description* of the objects presented to our senses in external Nature. Some go so far as to recommend as a necessary pre-

paration for correct delineation of natural scenery, and the habits and appearances of animal and vegetable creation generally, that the poet should study, as it were, to become an astronomer, zoologist, botanist, chemist, and in short occupy himself with science generally. In support of this view the exactness of some poets and the errors of others in reference to animals, plants, moonlight, &c., are offered as sufficient evidence. The first writer who feelingly addressed himself to the consideration of this subject, was unquestionably Nature's own first best poet, Wordsworth. He particularly notices, as we have seen, that Dryden's voluminous works do not afford one new image derived from Nature, in the wide sense of that term; and the same deficiency, he observes, marks the poetry of the long period from the time of Milton to Thomson; comprehending among others the names of Marvel, Butler, Walton, Otway, Waller, Moore, Lee, Vaughan, Philips, Parnell, Rowe, and Garth. But Wordsworth, like all other poets, has left us only his own productions by which to judge of his own special, and perhaps to himself peculiar method of Nature-Study. What he states in his *Preface* has reference only to descriptive poetry; all else is left for *sensibility* to discover without a single hint conducting to any approved method of his own, in the application of natural or educated sensibility, to assist the 'range of a poet's perceptions.' Yet much he could have told us how he himself was 'incited to observe objects, both as they exist in themselves, and as reacted upon by his own mind.' But as he

was not called on, so neither has he thought proper to divulge his secret. His method of study, whatever it was, lies embalmed in his poems, open to many and contradictory opinions, calculated rather to confuse than to instruct. The commentators of the next century will form a much calmer and clearer estimate of the poet in this particular than can be expected from writers so near to his own time as his critics of the present day: some too enthusiastic and laudatory; others too petulant, feeble, and self-opinionated. Professor Arnold, looking on Nature as a world-wide book, treats of an *interpretative power* in the poet, a power which has nearly a corresponding effect on the reader. Professor Shairp, however, finds that the poet must possess a peculiarly piercing visual, mental, and physical organ, before which all the matter of the universe becomes as it were transparent like crystal, exposing to the enraptured poet the 'real heart of nature.' On the other hand, Mr. Kingsley adopts Behmen and other mystical writers as models for the poet's study of Nature; and he finds in Tennyson a lively example of this identical mystical character. Nature is represented to declare herself only to such Visionaries; so that learning, science, and common sense, without a marked ingraining of mysticism, render the efficient study of Nature next to an impossibility!

Emerson in a long Essay on Nature does little more than repeat all we have over and over again read and heard in praise of the greatness and grandeur of Nature, with its many beauties

and excellencies; and provokingly assures 'every rational creature'—that he has this vast universe 'for his dowry and estate.' But he evades the main object of our search, that is, how to obtain its precious gems and metals, and effectively cultivate such a magnificent magnitude of territory.

Mr. Moir found that physics are deranging and occupying the once fertile province of poetry; and that, what with machinery and manufactures, mankind for the future can expect but little originality in poetical compositions; from which judgment we are left to infer that a return to the dark ages, or at the very least to the less brilliant period of our forefathers, offers the only feasible means of establishing a poetical reputation of any considerable character.

This sketch, although it far from exhausts the adverse criticism on this subject, may yet suffice to show the wide want of agreement in the opinions of writers on this matter, notwithstanding its importance, and its at first appearing to be one capable of being very simply elucidated.

The Literature of this subject is highly suggestive, so many distinct and diametrically opposed statements are made. Some are all mystery, others prosaic laudations of Nature, while a few affect to be very philosophical. One author seizes on the idea of a universal soul, or spirit, or light; some expound its doctrines and others its principles; some give us views, others harmonies, others beauties and sublimities of Nature. Large as is the field, labourers have not ~~being~~ been wanting to realise its stores of wealth after some

manner or other, but never with any successful result when instruction is sought.

Every scholar is aware how thoroughly Nature permeates language, whether colloquial or written, whether in prose or in poetry, however humble or impassioned may be its expression. The sacred Scriptures abound in illustrations of this simple statement; and we trace it further as marking the character of most popular proverbs. Man is of Nature, natural, and seldom loses sight of his origin and connection with the great world of material mould. He is of the earth, earthy. How shall this living matter investigate inert matter, dumb life, vegetable existence, together with the animating air, water, heat, light, and electricity? As mind can sit in judgment on mind, so may mind with far brighter hopes of success examine into this Universe of Matter, and therefrom educe a practical method of Nature-Study.

Chapter II.

Criticism affords no definite rules in reference to the study of Nature; Nature, as distinguished from Art, includes the entire Creation, animate and inanimate; various critical opinions examined, especially in reference to Wordsworth's philosophy of Nature; unmeaning language reprobated; poets best record their own Nature-Study; the practice of Thomson, Young, Pope, Scott, Coleridge, and Dr. Southey, with illustrations from the latter, and from Wordsworth's *Excursion*.

Every science and every art, the art of Nature-Study excepted, takes a definite, a methodical form, hence their professors treat the subjects relating to them as portions of a great system. Astronomy does not consist merely in a knowledge of a few hundred stars, or botany in an acquaintance with a certain number of plants. But Nature-Study is at present so limited in its range, that its stores of facts are isolated and appear to have no connection with each other. Coleridge in his *Biographia Literaria* very judiciously remarks:—

It is the prime merit of genius, and its most unequivocal mode of manifestation, so to represent familiar objects, as to awaken in the minds of others a kindred feeling concerning them, and that freshness of sensation which is the constant accompaniment of mental, no less than of bodily, convalescence. Who has not a thousand times seen snow fall on water? Who has not watched

it with a new feeling from the time that he has read Burns' comparison of sensual pleasure:—

> To snow that falls upon a river,
> A moment white—then gone for ever!

But he draws no inferences from the instance thus cited of Burns's eye and feeling for proper and forcible applications of occurrences in Nature which every season modifies, and which every day meet our common observation. In like manner that acute observer, Mr. Ruskin, although writing more for the painter than the poet, points out, in an incidental allusion to the subject, that, among typical applications of Nature, we find:—

Grass—for humility, cheerfulness, and the passing away of human life;

Flowers—as objects especially loved by poets;

Infinity—for redeemed life; and as expressed by curvature and gradation; and

Mystery—as never absent in Nature.

And he adds as an observation of his own, that shadow does not exist on clear water; thus substituting appearance for fact; because although such may seem to be the effect, not a leaf could float on water so circumstanced without at once coming under the influence of the unseen, black, but transparent shade.

Professor Bain, treating of *The Senses and the Intellect*, 1864, adduces examples of comparisons employed in literary art for ornament and effect, and of figures of speech implying comparison. He says:—

Human actions, feelings, and thoughts, are often so concealed in their workings, that they

cannot be represented without the assistance of material objects used as comparisons; hence the great abundance of the resemblances struck between matter and mind. We speak of a clear head, a warm heart, a torrent of passion, a poet's fire. The comparisons brought to bear upon the complexities of social life are likewise very numerous; in fact there are many social phenomena that we never conceive otherwise than in some matrix of material analogy. If we take, for example, the different ideas connected with social order and disorder, we find the language almost wholly derived from other things: scarcely a phrase is literal, all is metaphorical. 'The vessel of the State weathers the storm,' or is 'in danger of wreck;' anarchy is described as 'chaos,' 'confusion'; the Government is said to be 'shaken,' or 'stable,' or 'tottering;' law is 'erected,' 'overthrown.' We speak of the 'life' and 'growth' of society; when we conceive of progress, it is generally in a figure; we call it 'movement,' 'development,' 'enlightenment,' and so forth.

Professor Bain further illustrates his remarks by observing:—

In virtue of this surprising power, Bacon's doctrines became clothed in 'winged words.' According to him, science is the 'interpretation' of Nature;* a comparison that transfixes the mind with the idea of observing, recording, and explaining the facts of the world. Final causes, he says, are 'vestal virgins;' they bear no fruit. But for this simile, it is doubtful if this notion would have stuck in men's minds and been the

* See Arnold's Remarks, chapter i. page 27.

subject of keen controversy. Professor Bain adds: 'Although Bacon's imagery sometimes rises to poetry, this is not its usual character; his was not a poetic sense of Nature, but a broad general susceptibility, partaking more of the natural historian than of the poet; by which all the objects coming before his view, or presented to his imagination, took a deep hold, and by the help of his intense attraction of similarity were recalled on the slightest similitude. Many great writers in English literature have had this strong susceptibility to the sensible world at large, without a special poetic sense; while some have had the poetic feeling superadded; these last are our greatest poets, Chaucer, Milton, Shakspeare.'

No one can dissent from the statements made by Coleridge, Mr. Ruskin, or Professor Bain, indeed they fairly illustrate a commonly accepted mode in which the subject as applying to the influences of Nature on our minds and language is usually recorded, without its appearing to the writers as other than the expression of sufficient and satisfactory statements on the subject. After centuries of acquaintance with this vast universe, with its manifold productions and many living creatures, we are talking about it, as reflected in our own minds, and more especially as mirrored in the mind of the poet, as philosophers would have discoursed of old about the stars, or man and animals, and cosmography at large. A process so elementary that it would not be endured or even attempted in discussing any other art, is characteristic of all criticisms touching the study of Nature, and the results of that study. Like

circumnavigators of the globe, the critic's pinnace inevitably returns to the port from whence it started, less fruitful in results than an arctic expedition.

NATURE comprehends all forms of terrestrial and celestial matter cognizant by our senses, whether the same be ponderable or imponderable, animate or inanimate; all created things, as well in their entirety as in their parts, and all conceivable circumstances that can possibly affect them. Our globe, with all its surroundings of atmosphere, clouds, sun, planets, and stars, offers to the human mind such apparently unattainable heights, unfathomable depths, and limitless bounds, that it has been for ages left almost wholly to the poet, and even he can only afford us occasional glimpses of Nature's profound beauties, sublimities, and mysteries. But while Homer and Sophocles, Shakspeare and Milton, Goethe and Wordsworth, have charmed mankind with strains of poetry inspired by universal Nature itself, another class of genius, *aiming at no flights of fancy*, but sternly dealing with facts, has philosophically measured and calculated the starry system, this glorious earth, its vast waters, all inanimate objects, all living creatures, including man himself, with an exactness of inquiry repugnant to the poetical temperament.

Nature as viewed and meditated on by the poet, and Nature as examined and experimented upon by the philosopher, presents us, as it were, with two worlds, or the same world in one sense etherealized, but in the other both realized and anatomized: the one productive of results appli-

cable to literature and oratory; the other to the embellishment, comfort, and happiness of social life.

It is remarkable that the idea should ever have been entertained that the progress of science could be detrimental to the growth of the taste for poetical compositions, as though ignorance were conducive to the appreciation of poetry. Let the poet enlarge his Nature-Study in a degree proportioned to that which has extended the investigations of the philosopher, and poetry will unquestionably exhibit subtantial progress, though widely different from that of science in its course and results.

Poets have never been wanting in their praise of external Nature; but as it would require volumes to quote all, we present a few appropriate examples. Beattie in his *Minstrel*, sings:—

> O Nature, how in every charm supreme!
> Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new!
> O for the voice and fire of seraphim,
> To sing thy glories with devotion due!
> Blest be the day I 'scaped the wrangling crew,
> From Pyrrho's maze, and Epicurus' sty;
> And held high converse with the godlike few,
> Who to th' enraptured heart, and ear, and eye,
> Teach beauty, virtue, truth, and love, and melody.

Thomson, in *The Seasons*, feelingly expresses his deep sense of the difficulties that surrounded his great undertaking:—

> ———But who can paint,
> Like Nature? Can imagination boast,
> Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?
> * * *
> ——— If fancy then
> Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task,

Ah, what shall language do? ah, where find words
Tinged with so many colours; and whose power,
To life approaching, may perfume my lays
With that fine oil, those aromatic gales,
That inexhaustive flow continual round?

The rustic muse of Burns finds expression in the lines:—

O Nature! a' thy shows and forms
To feeling, pensive hearts ha'e charms!
Whether the summer kindly warms,
Wi' life and light,
Or winter howls, in gusty storms,
The lang, dark night.

The muse, nae poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel' he learn'd to wander,
Adown some trotting* burn's meander,
And no think lang;
Or sweet to stray, an' pensive ponder
A heart-felt song.

Wordsworth solemnly and plaintively declares that he has "felt"—

A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man,
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.

And Lord Byron in *Childe Harold* exclaims:—

Dear Nature is the kindest mother still,
Though always changing, in her aspect mild;
* * * * *
Oh! she is fairest in her features wild,
Where nothing polish'd dares pollute her path.

But while such are the poetical expressions of gifted bards in reference to Nature's power and happy influences, it always happens that ordinary,

* Wordsworth in *The Excursion* has "trotting brooks."

uncultivated minds are feebly affected by contact with natural objects, scenery, and phenomena. The impressions received by them are exceedingly evanescent, showing that a certain degree of cultivation and refinement is requisite to direct and improve the taste of the generality of mankind, and to enable them to appreciate the beauties of Nature. Man, from his position in the system of creation, might be expected to possess intuitively such a strong impulse towards the study of Nature, as to impel him naturally to seek information on all matters presented to his senses. Yet we find that such is not the case. Neither rocks nor deserts, not islands or ocean, not barren fields or cultivated plantations, will of themselves convey instruction to ordinary minds. They are but as the ruins of Rome, the hieroglyphically inscribed monuments of Egypt, or the primeval forests of America. When once mind resolves to act on dead matter, then indeed will the external world react on intelligent man in a manner to convey an impression of absolute vitality.

The present advanced state of knowledge has not sufficed to dispel the cloud of misconceptions that has been long accumulating on the subject of external Nature; and many who think they see plainly, and clearly comprehend all that Nature spreads before them in common with the artist and the poet, are yet unblessed with insight into the abounding beauties of the natural world. To appreciate Nature, they must resort to their accustomed mirrors, and see first in pictures or in poems those beauties to which they were pre-

viously blind. Even then acuteness of perception will be wanting, and they will miss the appropriate mental enjoyment. To be placed in the very midst of natural beauty, yet not seeing it, is like not hearing music, although attentively listening to every sound. What the mind does not fully comprehend is lost to the sense that should be affected, whether it be the sight, or the hearing, or the taste.*

Study implies use, and the study of Nature leads to an infusion into the language of the poet and the orator of innumerable graces and ornaments derivable from that unfailing source. Of these graces not the least is Metaphor. Dr. Whately, in his *Elements of Rhetoric*, 1846, treating of novelty in metaphor, remarks :—

There is very little, comparatively, of energy produced by a metaphor or simile that is in common use, and already familiar to the hearer. Indeed what were originally the boldest metaphors, are become, by long use, virtually, proper terms ;—as in the use of the words *source*, *reflection*, &c., in their transferred senses ; and frequently are even nearly obsolete in the literal sense, as in the words *ardour*, *acuteness*, *ruminate*, *edification*, &c. If, again, a metaphor or simile that is not so hackneyed as to be considered common property, be taken from any known author, it strikes every one as no less a plagiarism than if an entire argument or description had

* The author is acquainted with a singular instance of of a hale, hearty, middle-aged man who has never had the sense of smell, so that all odours whether pleasant or offensive seem alike to him.

been thus transferred. And hence it is that, as Aristotle, remarks, the skilful employment of these, more than of any other, ornaments of language, may be regarded as a 'mark of genius.' Not that he means to say, as some interpreters suppose, that this power is entirely a gift of Nature, and in no degree to be learnt; on the contrary, he expressly affirms that the 'perception of resemblances,' on which it depends, is the fruit of 'Philosophy'; but he means that any metaphor which is striking from being not in common use, is a kind of property of him who has invented it, and cannot fairly be transferred from his composition to another's.

These critical observations point to bold metaphors long in use, that have become effete; they remind us that in a striking metaphor we recognise its author and accord to him the honour of its invention; and that the employment of these and similar ornaments of language are no small 'mark of genius.' Even Aristotle admits the possibility of there being something to be *learnt* in this matter to assist the less gifted or inspired among orators and poets. Who will guide us in our search for this invaluable treasure of knowledge? It is agonizing to hear so much of treasures sunk, as it might appear, in an oceanic abyss. The poet Moore feigns to have met on the coast of the Red Sea a venerable man, yclept Philosophy, of whom he says:—

> ——He told
> Of the dark veil, which many an age hath hung
> O'er Nature's form, till by the touch of time
> The mystic shroud grew thin and luminous,
> And half the goddess beam'd in glimpses through it!

Such was his *Vision of Philosophy*, which it would be well for mankind should it ever be realized. At present, and for all past time, this 'goddess' of the poet's has remained veiled in all but Cimmerian darkness.

Poetry, although taking precedence of Philosophy, has not preserved to us any record of man's earlier conceptions of Nature at large; but from a remote antiquity, man has ever loved to dwell on the history, life, and mind of human nature without distinction as to country, sex, age, or position in society. Whatever we can gather relative to early feelings in respect to external nature is of the very highest interest.

Humboldt, an accomplished scholar and indefatigable, observant traveller, remarks:—

A profound feeling of Nature pervades the most ancient poetry of the Hebrews and Indians; and exists among nations of very different descent.

He also observes incidentally that: No description has been transmitted to us from antiquity of the eternal snow of the Alps, reddened by the evening glow or the morning dawn; of the beauty of the blue ice of the glaciers; or of the sublimity of Swiss natural scenery, for although men of talent were continually passing through Helvetia on their road to Gaul, yet they never appear to have paid any attention to the romantic scenery through which they travelled.

Schiller has observed that the Greek poet is certainly, in the highest degree, correct, faithful, and circumstantial in his descriptions of Nature, but his heart has no more share in his words

than if he were treating of a garment, a shield, or a suit of armour. Nature seems to interest his understanding more than his moral perceptions; he does not cling to her charms with the fervour and the plaintive passion of the poet of modern times.

Whether we read the *Views of Nature* or the *Cosmos* of Humboldt, we continually find interspersed throughout their pages such observations on Nature as could alone come from an enthusiastic and yet close and classical as well as scientific observer of ocean, forests, savannahs, mountain solitudes, and boundless steppes and prairies, together with their luxurious natural productions, supplying abundant matters for studious investigation. In the Introductory portion of his latter work, he says:—

The most important result of a rational inquiry into Nature is to establish the unity and harmony of its stupendous mass of force and matter, to determine with impartial justice what is due to the discoveries of the past and to those of the present, and to analyse the individual parts of natural phenomena without succumbing beneath the weight of the whole. Thus and thus alone, he urges, is it permitted to man, while mindful of the high destiny of his race, to comprehend Nature, and submit the results of observation to the tests of reason and intellect. With a just appreciation of scientific inquiry he adds that the mere accumulation of unconnected observations of details, devoid of generalization of ideas, may doubtlessly have tended to create and foster the deeply-rooted prejudice, that the

study of the exact sciences must necessarily chill the feelings, and diminish the nobler enjoyments, attendant upon a contemplation of Nature. Those who still cherish such erroneous views in the present age, and amid the progress of public opinion, and the advancement of all branches of knowledge, fail (as he conceives) in duly appreciating the value of every enlargement of the sphere of intellect, and the importance of the detail of isolated facts in leading us to general results.

Turn where we will, whether to the rhetorician, the classical scholar, or the accomplished man of letters and travel, we are left to our own course, either to guess at Nature, or to study it scientifically. The one, a study without grammar, guide, or general discipline, is the one wished-for study for the acquirement of new figures, descriptions, and uses of the wide world of Nature in poetry and eloquence.

Campbell, as a poet and successful votary of Nature, offers some remarks in his Essay and general criticisms which are highly worthy of notice here. In speaking of Pope he is led to observe:—

Nature is the poet's goddess; not her mere inanimate face, or the simple landscape painting of trees, clouds, precipices, and flowers is to be understood.—Nature, in the wide and proper sense of the word, means life in all its circumstances—nature moral as well as external.—Pope, though not absolutely picturesque, is by no means deficient as a painter of interesting external objects. —Nor is he without observations of animal

nature, in which every epithet is a decisive touch.

He also notices Wordsworth's having stated in respect to Dryden :—That his cannot be the language of imagination must have necessarily followed from this—that there is not a single image from Nature in the whole body of his works.

It will be observed that in most of the evidence brought forward there is a prevailing criticism on the style of descriptive poetry, as to its barrenness, fruitfulness, richness, accuracy, and striking observances of all the eye can perceive in Nature; a style of composition very appositely designated *word-painting*. All beyond is a *terra incognita*, full of mysteries, and is Cerebus-guarded to all but a small knot of inspired geniuses.

All writers on philology trace the enlargement, power, and eloquence of language to an infusion into speech of the very terms employed to distinguish very opposite living or even dead matter. This applies also to proverbial sayings, the concentrated wisdom of our forefathers; and to fables whether ancient or modern. In poetry philologists trace to our common love of Nature innumerable figures of speech, and highest of all *word-pictures*, as in descriptive verse.

Professor Max Müller has enlightened us a little on Nature itself, in his *Lectures on the Science of Language*, observing :—

It is a well-known fact, which recent researches have not shaken, that Nature is incap-

able of progress or improvement. The flower which the botanist observes to-day was as perfect from the beginning. Animals, which are endowed with what is called an artistic instinct, have never brought that instinct to a higher degree of perfection. The hexagonal cells of the bee are not more regular in the 19th century than at any earlier period, and the gift of song has never, as far as we know, been brought to a higher perfection by our nightingale than by the Philomele of the Greeks. 'Natural history,' to quote Dr. Whewell's * words, when systematically treated, excludes all that is historical, for it classes objects by their permanent and universal properties, and has nothing to do with the narration of particular or casual facts.

How true all this is, and yet how exceedingly elementary. What strides we have made in Nature-Study to be able to speak with certainty respecting at least one feature in Nature! The prevalent impressions on the minds of most men concerning Nature are of the most vague and unsettled character; showing that they have never given to the subject their serious attention, as if they considered it too magnificent and multiform for compression into an available system.

To the poet, and to him alone, must we look to be informed of what are the manifold influences of animate and inanimate nature on his mental constitution; and from his experience as conveyed through his literary practice we may hope to arrange a critical code of rules consti-

* See his *History of Inductive Sciences*.

tuting an absolute system based on the soundest principles.

The poet's world of Nature first demands our notice, to ascertain how far it differs from ordinarily accepted opinions regarding Nature, a term of large and yet often differing acceptation as usually treated. In his *Science of Language*, Professor Max Müller, speaking of Nature, says:—

'We use the word readily and constantly, but when we try to think of Nature as a being, or as an aggregate of beings, or as a power, or as an aggregate of powers, our mind soon drops: there is nothing to lay hold of, nothing that exists or resists.' So little can modern intelligence avail in explaining the matter that he quotes Buffon and Cuvier to show that even those great naturalists, differing in their views, offered nothing more satisfactory than the fables of Gœa, the mother of Uranos, the wife of Uranos.

Boyle, in a long Essay on *Nature*, following in the footsteps of Aristotle, treated of it as: 1—to mean God; 2—either essence, or quiddity; 3—original temperament or constitution of bodies; 4—the moving of a body of its own accord; 5—the established or settled course of things; 6—essential properties or qualities, as fabric of the world, system of the universe, cosmical mechanism, &c.; 7—the world or universe; and so forth.

Such real or attempted refinements may have had their influence in misdirecting and in retarding many a poet's progress in becoming better acquainted with Nature than might fall

to the lot of his unaided judgment. The poet's Nature is at once the most simple and yet the most extensive field of observation imaginable. With him (to repeat the definition employed in Chapter I.) *All is Nature that is not Art;* that is, to the exclusion of all Art arising from the exercise of intellect in man; or even that arising from instinct in any living creatures whatever, as the nests of birds, the waxen cells of bees, the hills of ants, the cocoons of silk-worms, and like productions of skill and labour of animated creation.

So far we have arrived at conclusions determining what we have to study in Nature for the purposes of poetry and eloquence; and also of the extent and magnitude of the subject. At present we are treating the matter as we find it, in criticism rather than in poetry, such a groundwork being best suited to establish the soundness of the system arising out of the poet's own practice, on which we shall presently enter.

The great charm of poetry of a high order is its peculiar power of presenting in a novel and pleasing form phases of Nature previously unobserved and comparatively unseen. Whether in didactic, descriptive, or dramatic poetry, such applications from Nature to ethics, or song, or for stage effect, become at once popular and even proverbial. The superior sensibility of one poet as compared with another, to be strikingly impressed by natural objects, and his ability to impress the minds of his readers with ideas of the grandeur or beauty of Nature, is usually attributed to *inspiration*, which after all, when

philosophically considered, either has no meaning, or is only another mode of expressing a sense of superiority in the genius or talent of the successful poet: for the mental, like the physical, may be of gigantic proportions. But by attributing every excellence in poetical compositions to inspiration, we only substitute one difficulty for another, by our tacit belief discourage further inquiry, and leave unexplained the mode in which we may study Nature so as to become acquainted with its passing and commonly unnoted features, as well as with those which are more tangible and permanent.

As a figure of speech, the term *inspiration* concisely expresses our estimation of Homer, Virgil, Shakspeare, or Milton; but for our present purpose it is inapplicable, because it excuses the study which we advocate: one which must go into details, analysing and selecting from Nature all that taste and judgment can indicate for our choice. However inspired the artist may have appeared to an observer, while engaged pencil in hand on a great work, he has undoubtedly arrived at expertness and exactness through sedulous attention to all the requisite preparatory studies. And poets who would study Nature like Raphaels and Titians, must, like them, arrive at greatness through the tedium of laborious study.

The art that enables man to see Nature thoroughly in all its external forms and varying aspects, and even rise still higher in the scale of his observations, although it may never produce a poet, irrespective of the poetic temperament,

yet it will assuredly furnish most efficient aid to the true poet. The feeling to apply, and the manner of applying natural objects and associations must be so far inherent as to deserve the name of inspiration; but the faculty of utilizing the more minute characteristics of Nature can only be nurtured by means of well-directed methodical study.

Poets have performed so much, and composed so well, without any especial system in their study of external Nature, that rules might appear but as trammels to any precocious genius who can truly say with Gray:

> The meanest floweret of the vale,
> The simplest note that swells the gale,
> The common sun, the air, the skies,
> To him are opening paradise.

What we contend for is, that unmethodical observations of Nature, although they may be exceedingly beautiful in themselves, must necessarily be of rare occurrence; and their multiplication is beyond the scope of the ordinary poet. The poet's range through the vast regions of Nature is strangely unproductive, chiefly from ignorance of some efficient means of grasping a subject of such magnitude.

Let us now proceed to a few observations on the study, as it has been hitherto pursued, to gather from the lessons of experience some useful opinions, and any proofs of elementary practice that may guide us in our inquiry.

The infancy of all Arts and Sciences is marked by crudeness and simplicity, and often by a certain amount of debasement. Music, painting,

architecture, were as rude in their commencement as were astronomy, natural history, and chemistry. Poetry has passed through a similar phase, and we find it at the present day a most polished Art, acknowledging the fewest possible rules. It sings the praises of a host of heathen deities, it is great in fable, in song, in sentiment and patriotism. It is the great vehicle of dramatic composition, depicting to the life man and manners. Modern poets have endeavoured to employ it as a vehicle for artistic presentation to the mind's eye of pictorial scenery, and the characteristics of animated Nature. What had previously been regarded as the lesser ornamentations on pediments and pedestals of temples and monuments are now reproduced as larger works of art. Where poets of old merely catalogued objects in Nature, the modern poets describe and etherialize, and cast a halo of glory around both animate and inanimate creation.

A critique appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, 1849, on poetical reality or truth to Nature, urging on the poet attention to actual nature, as something more than merely material, remarking, however, that it is not to the common eye that Nature reveals her lore; although she offers it to all, yet it is only a 'gift of genuine *insight*' which can penetrate into her meanings. Such is the verbiage in which too many critics still indulge. Why address to all, an essay that can apply only to a nondescript race having 'a gift of genuine *insight*'? Then Nature has 'meanings,' and these can be 'penetrated,' provided the poet possess a certain gift of 'insight,'

the secret of which can only, perhaps, be masonically communicated.

The true poet, (remarks Bowles) should have an eye attentive and familiar with every change of season, every variation of light and shade of Nature, every rock, every tree, and every leaf in her secret places. He who has not an eye to observe these, and who cannot with a glance distinguish every hue in her variety, must be so far deficient in one of the essential qualities of a poet. This is what Campbell calls a 'botanizing perspicacity,' widely different from anything to be found in the poetry of Sophocles.

In a very different tone Samuel Taylor Coleridge, as we find recorded in his *Literary Remains*, concludes somewhat differently. We must imitate Nature! (he exclaims, and then proceeds) Yes, but what is Nature,—all and everything? No, the beautiful in Nature. And what then is beautiful? What is beauty? It is in the abstract, the unity of the manifold, the coalescence of the diverse; in the concrete, it is the union of the shapely (*formosum*) with the vital.

Professor Wilson,* in defending Burns against the charge of deficiency in observance of Nature, remarks:—The truth is that he would have utterly despised most of what is now dignified with the name of poetry, where harmlessly enough—

Pure description takes the place of sense:

but far worse, where the agonizing artist intensifies himself into genuine convulsions.

* The Land of Burns. By Professor Wilson, 2 vols. 4to. Glasgow: 1840.

Moir, in his *Lectures on our Poetical Literature*, says regarding a set of new poetical aspirants [1850]:

Who will not look upon Nature with their own unassisted eyes, but are constantly interposing some favourite medium—probably a distorting medium. They are either making monstrous growths out of the green grass on the lap of mother earth, or making new stars from the nebulous fire-mist in the blue abyss of space above their heads—their 'series of melting views' is christened transcendental philosophy. The latter-day poets (as he calls them) seem principally to have a desire to exhibit the influence of physical nature on the operations of the fancy and intellect; and we have, in consequence, simply their gropings amid the arcana of minds, in search of those hidden links of mystery which connect the seen to the unseen. But this, as the general subjective material, can scarcely be termed poetry.

From these, and from critical remarks generally on the subject, as offering matter for the poet's special study, we find a continual disagreement as to what is properly to be considered Nature, what its relation to Art, in what respect and to what extent it is available to the poet, with an intimation of mysteries to be penetrated in some inscrutible way.

The criticism of De Quincey on Wordsworth's poetry, occurring in the fifth volume of his works, 1862-63, is particularly interesting, whether considered in reference to the subject, or its author's mode of treatment. In so far as

his remarks refer to the Study of Nature, it is quite clear that De Quincey purposes doing full justice to the poet, omitting nothing that can tell in his favour, and particularly in reference to his habit of acute observation of Nature, and for his bringing 'many a truth into life both for the eye and for the understanding, which previously had slumbered indistinctly for all men.'

First, as affecting the eye, he directs attention to Wordsworth's saying of a cataract seen a mile off, that it was 'frozen by distance.'

Second, of twilight, he marks the poet's noticing its *abstracting* power, as 'daily executed by Nature through her handmaid Twilight.'

Third, of his *cloud* scenery, which, if not the first to notice, he at least considers he has been the most circumstantial in his descriptions.

Fourth, that 'he looked at natural objects with the *eye* that neither will be dazzled from without nor cheated by preconceptions from within.' And 'scarcely has there been a poet with what could be called an eye, or an eye *extensively* learned, before Wordsworth.'

Fifth, of his *sky* scenery, of which De Quincey notes three special examples.

Sixth, he says, 'as another of those natural appearances which must have haunted men's eyes since the Flood, but yet had never forced itself into *conscious* notice until arrested by Wordsworth, I may notice an effect of *iteration* daily exhibited in the habits of cattle:—

The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising,
There are forty feeding like one.

Now, merely as a *fact*, and if it were nothing more, this characteristic appearance in the habits of cows, when all repeat the action of each, ought not (he considers) to have been overlooked by those who profess themselves engaged in holding up a mirror to Nature.

De Quincey, in concluding his essay, remarks: 'A volume might be filled with such glimpses of novelty as Wordsworth has first laid bare, even with apprehension of the *senses*.'

Now these observations serve to lay before us the critic's own estimation of Nature-Study, his grounds for praising particular descriptions, and the features of the poet's studies that appear to him most prominent, although 'a volume' remains unwritten, to set forth similar 'glimpses of novelty.' The poetical student would be little profited through any direction to be derived from such teaching as this criticism might be expected to suggest. If followed, the poet must look about for 'novelties' in streams, or light, or shade, or clouds, or animated nature; in short, he is left as much as ever to trust to his individual taste and judgment, improved by education and experience.

In judging of the excellence of an entire work in art (and the judicious use of Nature in poetry is an Art), it is obviously not enough to pick out a few morsels of such novelties as Wordsworth's critics present us with in proof of his ability and success in the poetical study of

Nature. A painter is no more to be worthily distinguished for odd forms of trees and quadrupeds, or patches of colouring, than is a poet for his being the first to make a few observations in natural history. These are matters for the crowd to admire, not distinguished graces for the art-critic to extol as evidences of distinguished merit. In the present instance, they are among the products of a life-long study of Nature; and it is from the character of his entire poems, and not from such isolated passages, that we can form any just opinion of his power to present worthy examples of Nature's happiest teachings.

Moir * remarks that Wordsworth philosophises on the aspects of Nature, rather than describes them; Southey gives the landscape itself with the eye and art of a painter; Professor Wilson's still life seems like the conjuration of a dream—soft, silent, beautiful:—

> Towering o'er these beauteous woods,
> Gigantic rocks were ever dimly seen,
> Breaking with solemn grey the tremulous green,
> And frowning far in castellated pride;
> While hastening to the ocean, hoary floods
> Sent up a thin and radiant mist between,
> Softening the beauty that it could not hide.

The resolute determination and the self-devotion of Wordsworth (he considers) were morally grand in themselves, and led to grand results—the complete restoration of our poetical literature to truth and nature. Coleridge, in his *Biographia Literaria*, claimed for Wordsworth, the perfect truth of Nature in his images and de-

* See his *Lectures on the Poetical Literature of the past half-century*, [1800-50], 12mo. 1856.

scriptions, as taken immediately from Nature, and proving a long and genial intimacy with the very spirit which gives a physiognomic expression to all the works of Nature. To employ his own words, which are at once an instance and an illustration, he does, indeed, to all thoughts and to all objects,

> add the gleam,
> The light that never was on sea or land,
> The consecration and the poet's dream.

Wordsworth's similes seldom refer to the beings or things of the chronicled past; he draws them from Nature, animate or inanimate, and they are generally the results of personal observation :—

> From the bare trees, the mountains bare,
> And grass in the green field.

The region amid which Wordsworth's life was passed (adds Moir) seemed to have impressed his mind with an almost superstitious dread of the power of matter; it weighed upon him, 'an importunate and heavy load,' and he looked with a reverential fear on the forms of Nature—the rugged precipice, the gloomy cavern, the green pastoral hill, the ripply lake, the still, dark tarn, nay, even on the moss-covered boulder-stones, which are older in their associations than the dawn of art, and which, mayhap, have lain on the same spot, untouched and unremarked, since the commencement of time. His poems are made up of analyses of his own thoughts, and a prevading love of Nature. In him we have more of the internal power of poetry, with less of the external show, than in any other

writer, save perhaps Dante. He never groups for effect: his subjects are the simple, the single, and often the apparently barren, till they are clothed with the drapery of his reflective imagination. He despotically exalts the humble, and gives importance to the insignificant. *The Prelude* will be remembered for the beauty and exquisite diction of some of the descriptive passages. These are comparable to anything within the compass of English blank-verse composition; and are fresh interpretations of Nature, passing directly from the intellect and imagination of the poet into the reader's memory, where they remain imprinted and imperishable.

Among Wordsworth's most able critics occur the names of Jeffrey, Gifford, Southey, Lockhart, Hazlitt, Landor, De Quincey, S. T. Coleridge, with numerous other writers; but all alike disappoint us when we seek to obtain from them any insight into the Wordsworthian philosophy. Each from his own point of observation finds, as he conceives, a key to influences of Nature on the poet's mind, with their results as exemplified in his poetry. Coleridge claims for Wordsworth an intimacy with 'the very spirit which gives a physiognomic expression to all the works of Nature.' But is there any such 'spirit' in stocks and stones, and other inanimate objects in Nature? We can comprehend a man understanding his own mind, and conceiving its spirituality to any degree of power and refinement; but 'the very spirit' of the globe he inhabits is too problematical for human intelligence to grasp; and it may be doubted whether the

critic himself could have explained what he meant by 'the very spirit' (in Nature) which gives a physiognomic expression to the Alps, Derwentwater, the small Celandine, or any other natural object.

Moir finds that the poet's mind was impressed 'with an almost superstitious dread of the collective power of matter.' And he alludes to *The Prelude* as containing descriptions which 'are fresh interpretations of Nature.' Here again we have 'interpretations' used perhaps in the sense intended by Lord Bacon, but as here applied really explaining nothing. If Nature is a veritable book, then like other books it may at some date or other be partially interpreted; but for the purposes intended, the proposed explanation goes for nothing. The employment of such language may be very suggestive to many minds, and to some may be all the more gratifying from its mysteriousness, leaving full play to the imagination; but to write thus is adopting a licence scarcely allowable in prose composition.

Our reason for dwelling at such length on the works of one poet is that, few poetical writers during the last half-century have given occasion to so much critical discussion. And yet to the present time no critic has offered any suggestions that develope a course of Nature-Study, either as traceable to the works of poets generally, or even to Wordsworth, although engaged in representing him as imbued with its 'spirit,' as being its 'interpreter,' as viewing it 'almost with awe and superstition,' and feeling it as 'a power,' 'a presence,' and affecting him like one 'possessed.'

There has been an affectation to speak of him as all soul, and all eye, and tender feeling for Nature; but no one has thrown aside the laudatory style to address to us a few words of plain common sense. Whoever has read ancient works of philosophy and of science will see reflected therein the very kind of laudatory expression against which we are desirous to warn writers and readers on the subject of Nature.

The study of Nature, with special reference to the purposes of poetry and eloquence, is an Art which may be said to accept aid from every source of knowledge; to adopt and to absorb all it receives, yielding in return the many magic products of the tuneful muse. At the same time the Poet's Study of Nature is, as we have before observed, one of the widest possible range, and in some form or other can never have wholly escaped his attention; and however imperfect the impressions of poets who lived when the art was in its infancy, still as time rolled on, and the art became better understood, the advancing ages accumulated large treasures of the poet's gifted delineations of human and of external Nature; and it is from literary stores thus amassed from age to age that man may best acquire a system of Nature-Study.

The means and opportunities for pursuing and enlarging our Study of Nature have been considerably augmented even within the last century. Humboldt, losing no opportunity of endeavouring to imbue his readers with a love of Nature, impresses on their attention every form of advantage intellectually and physically. He

especially notices in his *Cosmos* that, in reflecting upon the different degrees of enjoyment presented to us in the contemplation of Nature, we find that the first place must be assigned to a sensation, which is wholly independent of an intimate acquaintance with the physical phenomena presented to our view, or of the peculiar character of the region surrounding us. In the uniform plain bounded only by a distant horizon, where the lowly heather, the cistus, or waving grasses, deck the soil;—on the ocean shore, where the waves, softly rippling over the beach, leave a track, green with the weeds of the sea;—everywhere, the mind is penetrated by the same sense of the grandeur and vast expanse of Nature, revealing to the soul, by a mysterious inspiration, the existence of laws that regulate the forces of the universe. In his *Cosmos*, and in his *Views of Nature*, Humboldt has done more than any writer to familiarise us with the striking scenes and phenomena of Nature in tropical regions, pleasingly, truthfully, and scientifically described, yet with sufficient generalization to be acceptable to all who seek trustworthy information on important facts, remote from their own experience.

It would be both gratifying and instructive to possess reliable evidence of the practice of poets in their first rough draughts and essays—collecting, amplifying, arranging, and polishing such ideas as were strictly due to their personal impressions of Nature. One lesson we should most likely learn would be the fact of their loftiest and most pleasing imaginings being first presented to them in a very prosaic form. It has already

been noticed that the author of *The Seasons* was accustomed to rural wanderings both by night and day. We can well conceive that many of Pope's best lines touching Nature were committed to paper among very different materials of thought, when the poet called for his midnight taper. Young's poems may equally have resulted from a habit of noting vagrant thoughts, and thence may have arisen his :—

> Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!

Or the lines :—

> The spider's most attenuated thread
> Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
> On earthly bliss ; it breaks at every breeze.

Or those oft misquoted ones :—

> To know the world, not love her, is thy point:
> She gives but little, nor that little long.

Sir Walter Scott would note down the flowrets of mountain and vale to verify his scenery, and he mostly went fresh from the fields and the wood-lands direct to the composing of his fascinating prose romances and pleasant minstrelsy.

Studious poets have no doubt frequently noted for future adoption some striking scene while yet under their observation, as we find by his *Omniana* was a custom with S. T. Coleridge, where he records :—

> DECEMBER MORNING. The giant shadows sleeping amid the wan yellow light of the December morning, looked like wrecks and scattered ruins of the long, long night.

That Dr. Southey was minutely observant of external Nature under various aspects is conspicuous from the frequent notes interspersed

throughout his *Common-place Book*, edited by Dr. J. W. Warter, 1850-51, an example so rare and interesting, that we shall present his notes, omitting only a few that he had adopted in his poems, or which did not appear sufficiently striking. There will necessarily always be unrecorded associations in every diarist's notes, without which the spirit of a first sketch loses much of its interest to a stranger; at the same time, curt as they are, they afford unequivocal evidence of the kind of materials in natural scenery and objects that the refined taste of the poet in this instance conceived capable of poetical appropriation. Perhaps these notes are like the studies of all poets in the same field of observation, random records of whatever strikes them as beautiful, grand, or novel in Nature, while under the influence of first direct impressions, and which such memoranda were capable of recalling, associated with much of the pleasure originally experienced.

In volume 4, commencing at page 200, there are among others the following *Images*, which we number consecutively to assist in making any future references.

1. GREEN of the copse-covered hill, broken like the waters of a still lake.
2. Evening. A flight of small birds, only visible by the glitter of their wings.
3. In the evening the harshest sounds are harmonized by distance. The very bark of a far-off dog is musical.
4. August 25. It is the plane that hangs down its globular seeds.

5. The swan in swimming arches back his serpent neck, and reclines his head between his wings. His wings are a little opened, as sail-like to catch the wind; his breast protruded like a prow. This bird is beautiful from its colour and habits; for it is clumsy in shape, and of most foul physiognomy; there is such a *snakishness* in its eye and head, as well as neck.
6. The leaves of the holly are prickly only when they are within reach of cattle; higher up they preserve their waviness. [And so on.]
7. Beautiful appearance of the ash when the moon shines through it, particularly its edge.
8. The moon seems to roll through the rifted clouds.
9. Oct. 2. The ivy now begins to bloom, the flower appears globular. [And so on.]
10. Morning. Mist-shower from the elms and thick-leaved trees.
11. Whiteness of the rocks occasioned by the lichens.
12. The grass grey with dew.
13. Oct. 10. Rich appearance of the fern in the wood.
14. The acorns brown ripe, or ripening yellow.
15. Of the various trees, I observe only the ash uniform in its fading colour, pale yellowing green. Its leaves rise very beautifully, light as a lady's plumes.
16. A path so little frequented, that the leaves lay on it untrodden, light as they had fallen.

17. The horse-chesnut rich in Autumn.
18. In the forest of Dean, I saw no trees more richly varied than the beech, standing singly, and with room to spread.
19. The leaves of the reed spread out straight on the wind, like ship streamers.
20. The darker and more tempestuous the night, the more luminous the sea to the leeward of the vessel.
21. A vessel when first seen at sea, appears to be ascending.
22. Odd appearance of the cobwebs on a frosty morning.
23. In a hoar morning the cattle track their feeding path by their breath thawing the frost.
24. A clouded morning after snow. The line of hill scarcely to be distinguished from the sky by being lighter.
25. Rime on the trees.
26. Sparkling of the snow.
27. White frost on the stone wall, but none on the moss in its interstices, as though the force of vegetable life repelled it.
28. Move where you will at sea, the long line of moonlight still meets your eye.
29. When the wind follows the sun, it omens fair weather, and *vice versâ*.
30. April 25. The petals of the pilewort grow white when over-blown. The first buds of the ash are black,* they then redden, and appear not unlike the valerian flower, a cluster of red seeds.

* Also noticed by Tennyson.

31. The horse-chestnut buds covered with gum, and woolly within.
32. The cry of the bat comes so short and quick as to be felt in the ear like a tremulous touch.
33. At evening the reflection of the bridge on the water was strong as reality, and blended with the bridge into one pile.
34. After a battle—the bank weeds of the stream bloody.
35. Tameness of the birds where gunpowder is unknown.
36. The sound of a running brook like distant voices.
37. There is a sort of vegetable that grows in the water like a green mist or fog.
38. Holly—its white bark.
39. Beech in autumn—its upmost branches stript first and all pointed upwards.
40. Moss on the cot-thatch the greenest object.
41. Redness of the hawthorn with its berries.
42. Water, like polished steel, dark, or splendid.
43. Trees, like men, grow stiff with age ; their brittle boughs break in the storm—a light breeze moves only their leaves. * * *
44. I have seen the yellow leaves of the ash and birch in Autumn give a sunshiny appearance to the trees—a hectic beauty. * *
45. Sept. 28. Crackling of the furze-pods in a hot day.
46. Trees are grey by torchlight.
47. The clouds spot the sea with purple. * *
48. The ripe redness of the grass. * * *
49. The flags sword leaves. * * * * *

50. The reed-rustling breeze.
51. The sea like burnished silver. Morning.
52. April 23. The blossoms swept from the fruit-tree like a shower of snow. * *
53. I observed the motion of the corn most like the sparkling of a stream in the sun.
54. Sunset, seen through a grove of firs. *
55. Green light of the evening sky where it last lingers.

The following are offered as *similes* :—

56. An uncharitable man to the desert—which receives the sunbeams and the rain, and returns no increase.
57. Meet adversity—like the cedar in the snow.
58. Sorrow, misfortunes.—I have seen a dark cloud that threatened to hide the moon grow bright as it passed over her, and only make her more beautiful. Aug. 7. Cintra, 11 at night. * * * * *
59. Desertion—weeds seeding in the garden or courtyard, or on the altar. * * * *
60. The wind hath a *human* voice. * *
61. Grass *twinkling* with the morning dew.

We have thus presented to our minds many unconnected observations on appearances of the sun and moon, of clouds and dew, of the sea and still waters, of wind and sky; but most of all about vegetation as noticed in the fern, hawthorn, holly, birch, elm, ash, and plane tree; likewise in corn, grass, pilewort, lichens, leaves, blossoms, and seeds; also in the swan, birds, bat, and other objects. From all these the poet was provided with images and similes; but by what

process to be wrought out, or whether left to suitable states of mind, and natural impulses, unaided by any premeditated process, must for ever remain merely matter for conjecture. Probably enough his process was as unmethodical as his course of observations was desultory. He notes that still water shines like 'steel,' and the sea like 'silver'; the wind has a 'human voice,' and the barking of a dog becomes 'musical' by distance; which latter observations amount to what should suffice to mark him for fame, according to the tone of modern criticism.

These prosaic examples of Nature-Study are not only exceedingly interesting in themselves, but they effectively illustrate the poet's conception of the means he found it best to pursue to attain his object; and these brief notes are in their way, not unlike the first rough draughts of figures and objects, or the smallest portions of any of them dashed off by the artist to serve for after application to his elaborate compositions. It would be fortunate for our present purpose did we possess more of such proofs of poetic hints, or of subjects in Nature promising to be of poetical utility. In particular we should be curious to learn more than we know, or can conjecture, of Wordsworth's intellectual process in his study of Nature. It is not without some diffidence that we venture to quote what he advances in his poem, although appearing to be unequivocally expressive of his personal sentiments. He may or may not have chosen to express his views completely: at the same time it is quite certain that he would not express without censure, what

he writes as a poet, that was not strictly in agreement with his own tenets. Without therefore pressing the argument too far in favour of the poet's words being an exposition of his own doctrine, it is at least interesting to observe how he treats of the subject in respect to influences of Nature, through the persons of his poem in *The Excursion*. He relates of the Old Pedlar that in respect to Nature:—

> While yet a child, and long before his time,
> Had he perceived *the presence and the power*
> *Of greatness;*

Then as to his mode of studying Nature:—

> —— in the after-day
> Of boyhood, many an hour in caves forlorn,
> And 'mid the hollow depths of naked crags
> He sate, and even in their fixed lineaments,
> *Or from the power of a peculiar eye,*
> *Or by creative feeling overborne,*
> *Or by predominance of thought oppressed,*
> Even in their fixed and steady lineaments
> He traced an ebbing and a flowing mind,
> Expression ever varying!
> *Thus informed,*
> *He had small need of books;—*

The young herdsman, as he then was, is described as deficient in

> —— the pure delight of love
> By sound diffused, or by the breathing air,
> Or by the silent look of happy things,
> Or flowing from the universal face
> Of earth and sky. But he had felt the power
> Of nature, and already was prepared,
> By his intense conceptions, to receive
> Deeply the lesson deep of love which he,
> Whom nature, *by whatever means, has taught*
> *To feel intensely, cannot but receive.*

He proceeds:—

> A Herdsman on the lonely mountain tops,
> Such intercourse was his, and in this sort
> Was his existence oftentimes *possessed.*

The Herdsman is represented as reading and revering the Scriptures: —

But in the mountains did he *feel* his faith.
There did he *see* the writing; all things there
Breathed immortality, revolving life,
And greatness still revolving; infinite:
There littleness was not; the least of things
Seemed infinite
* * * *
—— while in the hollow vale,
Hollow and green, he lay on the green turf
In pensive idleness.
* * * *
—— Yet, still uppermost,
Nature was at his heart as if he felt,
Though yet he knew not how, a wasting power
In all things which from her sweet influence
Might tend to wean him. Therefore with her hues,
Her forms, and with the spirit of her forms,
He clothed the nakedness of austere truth.
* * * *
—— before his 18th year ——
Accumulated feelings pressed his heart
With an increasing weight; he was o'erpowered
By Nature; ———
* * * *
And the first virgin passion of a soul
Communing with the glorious universe.
Full often wished he that the winds might rage
When they were silent: far more fondly now
Than in his earlier season did he love
Tempestuous nights—the conflict and the sounds
That live in darkness.
* * * *
—— he scanned the laws of light
Amid the roar of torrents, where they send
From hollow clefts up to the clearer air
A cloud of mist, that in the sunshine frames
A lasting tablet—for the observer's eye
Varying its rainbow hues.
* * * *
* * * *
* * * *
Amid the bounties of the year, the peace
And liberty of nature;

We would here observe generally, and in conclusion, that the poet's study of Nature is more than merely artistic; he does more than depict Nature's outward forms. He looks on Nature as a divinity which accords to different minds varying influences dependent on the poet's own sensibility to beauty, harmony, and grandeur. He is bound by no laws to mete out and analyse gross matter. His eye is turned on Nature from the heliocentric point of view; and the forms and constitution of matter are appreciated by him only as we appreciate the stars, for what they are, and not for ignoble uses and practical ends. He holds the mirror up to Nature, but disdains the employment of a microscope. Poetry is an art, and not a science; while science has its own province, and is neither to be confounded with art nor poetry. Poetry has reigned untrammelled in its employment of Nature for many centuries, and therefore its own usages can alone prescribe its own laws and limits.

Chapter III.

The absence of methodized Nature-Study; Wordsworth's works leave his Philosophy open to dispute; methodical study insisted on: a study independent of science; generalization an important elementary step; figurative language; its indebtedness to Nature; examples from Prose Writers; modes suggested for classifying figures from Nature.

The lapse of centuries not having sufficed to originate any definite method of studying Nature to aid the poet and the orator, when taken in connection with the conflicting opinions of critics, may have confirmed many an inquiring mind in the belief that the subject was one beyond the power of human ability to master, so as to be able to methodize any really practical system. If to be accomplished, it might be argued, to what authority can we point in modern times, as more likely to instruct us through the medium of his life and works, than Wordsworth: a poet who, as he died at 80 years of age, was for more than half a century one of Nature's most constant votaries? Unfortunately, however, he has not left us in prose anything approaching to a philosophy of Nature, in the broad sense of the term; and what we gather from his poems as being a practical process is so problematical that it would be impossible for commentators on his method of study, as taken from that source, to agree on any specific method. Does the poet of Nature indeed require few

books other than the book of Nature? Will early rising or late lying down, and constant living among and ruminating on surrounding dead and living and ever-changing creation, suffice to impart a full knowledge of Nature? Or, can the poet obtain a knowledge of Nature living principally in a city, perhaps in an attic? Questions such as these suggest themselves at every stage of our search.

The adoption of system has not destroyed originality of conception in Music, Painting, or Sculpture, and it cannot curtail poetical genius, to which it rather opens an enlarged sphere of operation. But every poet has a dread of being trammelled by systematized rules. The study itself however is quite apart from the practice to which it may lead; which will differ with different students. Not all writers and orators employ alike the same language and the figurative speech which they may have learned from the same Professors of Philology.

From what has been advanced, it is evident that we must discard any idea of separation or subdivisions, receiving some and discarding other works of Creation.

It is not the Poet but the Philosopher, the man of science, who parcels out Nature into Astronomy, Meteorology, Geography, Geology, Mineralogy, Botany, Zoology, Chemistry, and numerous other branches affording subdivision of labour in abstruse studies of Nature.

The Study of Nature as exemplified in the productions of the Poet or the Orator are distinguished more by common sense refined and

enlarged by education, than by scientific accuracy: a peculiarity which has not hitherto attracted sufficient notice to lead to any important investigation; and yet it is one of paramount importance to the poet. Poets do not, as a rule, write for poets; much less for the scholar devoted to scientific pursuits; but, addressing the common ear of the public, they appeal to the common eye and common sense of illiterate as well as polished society. Poets who, like Darwin and his admirers and imitators, have adopted a scientific system in their botanical and other compositions in verse, have signally failed of popularity.

We are not here considering to what extent Nature-Study can be available in poetry generally; it is sufficient that when the poet's taste attracts him into that region he should find it not a waste-howling wilderness, but a mine, a garden, a treasure-house stored beyond the power of his imagination and fancy to exhaust.

GENERALIZATION is the first or elementary step in NATURE-STUDY. To render the study of external Nature serviceable for the purposes intended, we must adopt that classification which is most compact and comprehensive, and which promises to be effective. When generalizing, we speak of fire, water, earth, and air; or of rocks, plains, forests, and seas: or of man, animals, birds, fishes, reptiles, and insects.

The Poet in his ample range of Nature-Study has before his mental vision the entire globe he inhabits, rolling through infinite space in its aerial ocean, amidst unimagined glories. He is indifferent as to the precise number of the

elements in Nature; he records no minute admeasurements, enters into no exact calculations, and spurns laying down the graduated stratifications of the earth's crust, or precise classifications of plants and animate creation. His admiration of the heavens has never aided astronomical observations; and he is enraptured with each season of the year, without consulting meteorological tables. He deals only with undisputed facts, patent to age and youth, the highest and plainest orders of intellect; in daily occurrences, and the common stock of knowledge of every-day life, disturbing no man's judgment, and yet surprising and delighting mankind like the sun in April, the rainbow after a shower, or moonlight after nights of gloomy darkness.

Thus viewed, Nature-Study is replete with commonplaces, as well as sublimities; and not the least pleasing to human nature are those objects from which flow the earliest teachings of our common parent. Poets and moralists avail themselves of even this simply expressed love of Nature to present to our minds some new and agreeable versions of the purity of snow, the industry of bees, the perfume of the rose, or other familiar fact. As, however, iteration is far from being an exhaustive process, poets by adopting it have left all the more treasure unexpended, and its plenteous sources almost unexplored.

It will be requisite here to state our present knowledge and application of Nature as developed through the medium of our language, not only in ordinary speech, in the eloquence of the

pulpit, the bar, or the stage; but likewise in poetical writings. To do this effectually, a fund of evidence must be accumulated too powerful to be resisted. As we must consider the subject addressed to all classes of society, we consider it important to adduce the greatest possible variety of illustration; although it must be admitted that from Shakspeare alone might be drawn a fund of evidence, almost of itself sufficiently conclusive.

The infusion into our ordinary language of expressions associated with natural objects, gives rise to a metaphorical style of speech and writing. Professor Max Müller* distinguishes two kinds of metaphor, the one *radical*, the other *poetical*. By radical he means any root that having a definite meaning is nevertheless variously applied; as, to shine, employed in relation to the sun, fire, spring, morning, thought, joy, &c. But by poetical metaphor he understands the transference of nouns or verbs, such as 'fingers,' to express the sun's rays; 'star,' when applied to a flower; 'ship,' to a cloud; to call the sun, 'horse,' &c.

Nature presents to our senses abundant objects and phenomena that associate admirably with human thought and language in the utterance of forcible expression. Had we no other than a knowledge of the four elements, as awarded to Nature by an ancient school of philosophy, it is surprising what extensive use we can make of them. *Fire* in every form and degree would

* See his *Lectures on the Science of Language*, Second Series, 8vo, 1864.

stimulate our imagination, and we should find in ourselves or our fellow creatures fiery disposition, hot displeasure, heated fancy, light of knowledge, dark ignorance, &c. *Water* in like manner would lead to a different arrangement of ideas, and we might in allusion to it speak of the bubble fame, misty speech, torrents of abuse, the tide of opinion, a shower of praise. *Earth* would suggest—groundless charges, flinty-hearted, iron-fisted, root and branch, fruits of experience, brute force, lynx-eyed, &c. While *Air* would supply a plenitude of—airy nothings, stormy debate, thunders of applause, and the like.

If instead of that division we take any other, as for example, Animal Nature, we should then have—lion-hearted, lamb-like, wolfish eyes, bowels of compassion, hunger after knowledge, food for the mind, thirsting for revenge, flying from danger, hatching mischief, growth in good or evil, &c.

Language abounds in words which are synonymously used in reference to mind and matter; for instance—dark, light, cultivated, enriched, pregnant, fruitful, barren, with many others. Whether we speak of a cultivated mind, or cultivated ground; a dark understanding, or a dark night, no confusion of ideas can possibly ensue, for on the contrary the distinctions intended to be drawn are defined thus in a clearer and livelier manner.

We wish to show the most simple form in which language is associated with objects and facts appertaining to the external world, irre-

spective of the speaker or writer having in view any narrative or description of material Nature. The speaker may charge an adversary with the bloodthirstiness of the tiger; and having named such an animal, or from its being present to his mind, he may use words indirectly derived from that creature's nature and habits, giving rise to strength, sinews, claws, power, fangs, jaws, swiftness, speed, lying in wait; which taken alone would appear irrespective of the creature that suggested their employment. And, therefore, the same use of language might follow, although the creature giving rise to them had never been named, but had only been reflected in the speaker's mind without any direct reference to distinguish any particular savage animal. The same remarks will apply to any other subject, whether expressed, implied, or only figuratively present to the speaker's mind. Whatever words impress us with an idea of objects in Nature, or their properties, or circumstances appertaining to them, or that lead to the impression that such statements can only relate to an animal, or a vegetable, or inert matter, and the like, is directly or indirectly due to Nature. All other words are of artificial construction, such as temple, altar, goddess, satyr, garland, vest, crown, pen, paper, book.

Let us now turn, for a practical illustration, to the first ten pages of the first volume of Lord Macaulay's *History of England*, 1856, which, from the grave character of the subject, cannot be expected to afford any very flowery expressions, or other than a chaste yet characteristic

example of verbal construction. He writes (page 8):—

Men still living—the course of—long struggle—bound up together—sprung—rapidly rose—grew together—a gigantic—sinks into—less splendid—more durable—gave birth—a withered and disturbed member adding no strength to the body—feared or envied—the breasts of—a golden age—decay—man—the rise and fall of—through ages—pass (rapidly)—the tongue of—drove out—speech—dissolved—the other hand—listened—serpents—the air—the ground—the darkness begins to (break)—lost to view—brute violence—sunk in—physical force—corporeal strength—narrow-minded—the dark ages—vigour of muscle—the fiercest—uncleared woods—female—plants and minerals—darkness and tempest—the deluge—feeble germ—to spring—productive—grew up—seas and mountains—glittering—to pour forth—ferocity—coast—island—the sun—stream of—begun to rise, was met by this blow, and sank down.

We have here words and expressions allusive or distinctly applying to human, animal, reptile, vegetable, and mineral creation; together with celestial and other phenomena.

The same eloquent writer in his *Essays*, 1850, criticising Moore's *Life of Lord Byron*, affords the following selection:—

Clear and manly (style)—rises into eloquence—without effort—so little pain—the living—a large circle—stiffness—nature—deep and painful—sad and dark—being softened—strength and weakness (of his intellect)—rage—tenderness—caresses—deformity—the world—his mother—child of nature—a crowd—his feet—dizzy—eminence—men—women—this world—youth—passions—love—the flash and outbreak of that—fiery mind which glowed—fondness—rage—tangible—the howl of—the sea—the Alps—with tears—his face—the shores of the Adriatic—picturesque—brightest of skies—brightest of seas—the vice—a race—wild—bitter disdain.

From the character of the subject the language is here more indebted to human than to external Nature; but it is offered as an example, without

preference for the matter, as being every way sufficient to exemplify the degree to which language is affected by associations with the outer world.

Very different in its strain and style is a specimen selected from the first fifteen pages of the *Inaugural Address* of Mr. Thomas Carlyle, as Rector of the University, Edinburgh, 1866:

The vineyard—it grows—this world—the heart—young men—yours is the golden season of life—the seed-time of life—if you sow tares instead of wheat,—the season when you are young in years,—the whole mind is, as it were fluid,—talk—the mind—hardens gradually, to the consistency of rock or of iron—an old man—transparent—the outside skin—this universe—(with) fruit—darken counsel by—words—flocked—the man speaking to you vocally—the culture of—populations—their eye—the deepest heads—what is the nature of this stupendous universe,—this wonderful universe—races of men in the world—shining—utter darkness—face to face—beautiful and sunny—deep-toned—features—flying away—take the lion by the beard.

The language here employed concerns human nature and conveys advice to the rising generation of young men to cultivate their understandings. The speaker, keeping universal Nature in mind, presents us with its seasons and its animal and vegetable kingdoms with their products and properties, from whence he draws a consequent style of expression to enforce his arguments in favour of mental cultivation.

We find in such a fictitious narrative as *The Old Curiosity Shop*, by Mr. Charles Dickens, a more copious use is made of these direct draughts from Nature; for example, in the first half of the first chapter we meet with:—

Old—night—walking—summer—morning—fields and lanes—days or weeks—the country—after dark—Heaven—

I love its light—it sheds upon the earth—any creature living—fallen—The glare and hurry of broad noon—a glimpse of passing faces—the light of—night—day—air-built—tread of feet—a sick man—footsteps—pain and weariness—the child's step—the man's—the stream of life—pouring on—restless dreams—dead—the water—green banks which grow wider and wider—broad vast sea—lie sleeping in the sun—in the spring or summer—when the fragrance of sweet flowers is in the air—streams of—driving the dusty thrush—all night long—Poor bird!—watered—filled their breasts with visions of the country—a soft sweet voice—a pretty little girl—a very long way—brought a tear into the child's clear eye—look at my face—her very small and delicate frame—youthfulness—her quick eye—growing more—I love these little people—clapping her hands—running on—very dark and silent—a faint light—a little old man with long grey hair, whose face and figure, as he held the light above his head, and looked before him—his spare and slender form—Their bright blue eyes—his face—deeply furrowed—the public eye—The haggard aspect of the little old man—in his face—shaking his head—fixed his eyes upon the fire—her light brown hair hanging loose about her neck, and her face flushed—few grown persons—the ways of life—infants—the springs are deep—my arm—he cried—laugh—childlike—smiling—lad—wide mouth, very red cheeks, a turned-up nose—(comical) face—his hand—stood—the boy—his voice—a loud roar—his mouth wide open, and his eyes nearly shut, laughing violently—the child's bright eyes were dimmed with tears—fulness of heart—put her arm about his neck—Do I love thee?—her caresses, and laid her head upon his breast—sob—swallowing—bawled—patting the child's cheek—his teeth—his knees—midnight—her eyes lighting up—above ground—opening his mouth, and shutting his eyes.

The nature of the subject in this instance will account for the liberal use of words suggested by human nature, and other objects. It could scarcely be otherwise, in giving an account of the old man, little girl, the boy, with requisite human associations. It must be remembered however, that the story is laid in the dingy town, and not in a rural district, yet observe the writer's ability in throwing over a dull, dusty,

uninviting neighbourhood, the halo of his genius, and making a country where no country exists. What a charm there is in 'summer fields and lanes, the country, green banks, heaven;' and how redolent the air with 'the fragrance of sweet flowers.'

The literature of history, politics, and law, is usually described as *dry;* and this expression might be applied to the great body of works relating to the philosophy of the mind, and to sciences generally; of which even Dr. Johnson must have felt conscious, when he spoke of 'the dusty deserts of barren philology.' But as the subjects of literary composition recede from rigid and severe studies, in the same proportion do they become more open to be allied to external nature, and to assume a lighter air, and even a flowery expression.

From the first 20 pages of *A Chapter of Autobiography*, by the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., 1868, we quote the following, partly in support of the foregoing statement, the subject being both political and personal; and from so distinguished a classical scholar, we have a composition in that severe classical style, which is farthest removed from a general association with external natural objects, if we except human Nature, and, consequently, the least figurative possible:—

Gentle death—life—glaring—silent—a person—an individual—fire—the light—died away—grounds of—language—freezes the blood—a man—to laugh—seen (seeing)—the living—the dead—the mind—men—life—nature—to reflect—element—my hands—autumn—eyesight—lived—vigorous and brilliant—hand of—appetite—season—painfully—

recollection—the soul—the world—root—hearts—vitality live—die—quickened—deadened. [With repetitions of—men, 6 times; life, 6; mind, 5; and grounds, 4 times.]

The master idea principally governs any peculiarities in the construction of the language we are examining. We should find it less apparent, therefore, in an architect's description of a Cathedral, than in the narrative of the same edifice from the pen of a romance writer; the one limited to the technicalities of his profession; the other freely ranging the fields of imagination. In like manner, a writer on Mythology would be drier in his language than the lettered traveller describing Greece and Rome.

It cannot escape notice that language in this particular respect adopts objects and their known qualities directly from Nature, either singly, as substances, or compounded, as epithets or adjectives. To the former would belong, for example: Man, woman, child, flesh, blood, bone, head, eyes, hands, feet, bowels, back, shoulders; and to the latter the states or qualities of objects, as:—Birth, life, death, soul, mind, intelligence, tallness, strength, swiftness, &c., together with negative qualities. Corporeally, we only see objects; Mentally, we are cognizant of their qualities and phenomena. Man only knows himself in these two senses, and that very imperfectly, seeing he is wholly ignorant of life and death.

Passing from this artless, natural system of phraseology, which gives clearness, force, and picturesqueness to the least complex form of

language, we proceed to that elaborated mode of expression which requires the speaker's utmost skill and polish in its construction, styled Metaphor, in the use of which there is no small danger of incurring the charge of being more artificial than natural; as in the line:—

> The mind the music *breathing* from the face;

which Taylor, in his *Essays*, 1849, notices as having no more relation to respiration than the title of a certain book named *Holy Breathings*. It is, however, next to impossible for an exact student of Nature-Study to be guilty of such far-fetched conceits.

Among all figures of speech, Metaphor stands foremost. But it is not requisite in the present instance to examine minutely into either the construction of Metaphor, or allegory, comparison, apostrophe, antithesis, hyperbole, with other forms of figurative expression. When they derive their chief attributes from Nature, they directly call for our attention, and we become immediately alive to the speaker's or writer's mode of treating his subject; take, for example, Lord Macaulay's description of the Reformation, in the second volume of his *Essays*, reviewing the work by Dr. Nares on *Burleigh, and his Times*, where he says:—

> That volcano has spent its rage. The lava has covered with a rich incrustation the fields which it once devastated, and, after having turned a beautiful and fruitful garden into a desert, has again turned the desert into a still more beautiful and fruitful garden. The second great eruption is not yet over. The marks of its ravages are still all around us. The ashes are still hot beneath our feet. In some directions, the deluge of fire still continues to spread,

yet experience surely entitles us to believe that this explosion, like that which preceded it, will fertilize the soil which it has devastated.

Ossian's poems are much admired and frequently quoted for just metaphors, as that on a hero:—

In peace, thou art the gale of spring; in war, the mountain storm.

On a woman:—

She was covered with the light of beauty; but her heart was the house of pride.

It is not our purpose to enlarge on this subject, nor to insist on any particular classification of figures, or that slightly figurative phrases are not truly metaphorical. It must be allowed that we cannot deviate ever so slightly from the strict signification of any word without producing a trope. Light is of the sun, and when 'light' is used in connection with 'understanding' we admit its being metaphorically correct. It is 'a simile in a word.'

We have figures of words, and figures of thoughts; the former the common property of all classes of the community, whereas the latter are the special products alone of poetry and eloquence. Our language is metaphorical when we substitute 'sunshine' for prosperity; 'heart' for courage; 'to ruminate' for to meditate; 'cloud' for obscurity; 'heat' for anger; 'smiling' for pleasant; 'to vegetate' for to live; with many other expressions of a similar derivation. Or we might express the same sense in another form, as: In the sunshine of prosperity; his courageous

heart; ruminating; beclouded; hot displeasure; smiling harvest, &c.

Lord Brougham, in his *Dissertation on the Eloquence of the Ancients*, remarks that:—

The ancients, particularly the Attic school, were sparing of the more elaborate ornaments of eloquence; unless we regard as such, enumeration, repetition, antithesis, interrogation, and the other forms of condensed and vigorous expression, which are not to be reckoned tropes at all. But with metaphor, hyperbole, apostrophe, they certainly did overload their oratory.

From the Sacred Writings numerous illustrations might be drawn. Our Lord says:—

Consider the lilies how they grow: they toil not, they spin not; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

If then God so clothe the grass, which is to-day in the field, and to-morrow is cast into the oven; how much more will he clothe you, O ye of little faith? St. Luke xii. 27, 28.

The present examples will suffice to illustrate the use of external nature in the language of prose compositions.

Not many poets are writers in prose also, nor do they generally employ their pens in both styles with equal success. But of all writers of prose, poets are most likely to employ a style of composition at once florid, figurative, and inflated; and are in continual danger of degenerating into poetical prose: of all styles the most pernicious. The prose compositions of the poets Scott, Byron, Southey, Coleridge, Moore, at once suggest themselves to our memory and admiration, for their characteristic excellences

as novelists, biographers, letter writers, and critics.

Various classifications might be made to include the several kinds of epithets derived from natural objects, their effects, and phenomena. We might, for example, arrange them under several sciences as follows :—

Metaphysics.—The mind's eye—mental constitution—strong minded—vigorous intellect—tender hearted—nervous writer—sound reasoning—stubborn will.

Optics.—Mirrored forth — magnified evil — transparent trick—glassy pool — 'a green and yellow melancholy.'

Astronomy.—sunny side—moon-stricken—quite a star—dark ages—a ray of light.

Meteorology.—A wind-fall — stormy passion—a cloudy prospect—a misty discourse.

Natural History.—A brutal man — a savage wretch—sheepish — lion-hearted — monkeyish tricks — dove-like—lamb-like.

Geology.—Flinty-hearted—stone-blind, sandy foundation—plastic disposition—like adamant.

Botany.—The flower of the army—seeds of promise—rosy cheeks—fall of the leaf—the 'yellow and seare' the pith of it—in the bud—fruits of education—root and branch—engrafted—springing up—withered.

But any other arrangement would serve the purpose here intended equally well, provided it were more in unison with the student's own feelings, or better suited to establish itself in his memory. He might prefer, for instance, to associate in one class all epithets appertaining to human nature; instead of arranging, according to circumstances, one under Botany, and another under Astronomy, or other similar divisions. The more simple the classification can be made, the better.

Sufficient, however, has been advanced to

satisfy the reader that Nature materially assists in imparting strength to the most humble as well as to the loftiest language. Every writer on philology notices this conspicuous fact in its broad simple aspect;—that is, to the extent already illustrated; but its bearing on general literature, and on poetical compositions especially, has been overlooked; its operations have never been farther investigated; and its capability of learned extension does not appear to have been even suspected by the most astute writers. But the same process which has been so slow in its progress, and so unintrusive on common observation, may yet prove to be capable of much greater results than at present contemplated: for we can but consider our work as an intermediate step in an investigation promising abundant useful results.

Chapter IV.

Proverbs, ancient and modern; strictures on so-called *Proverbial Philosophy;* Scripture proverbs; Proverbs from Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides; Persian, Turkish, and Afghan proverbs; Shakspeare's proverbs; Ray's collection, &c.; analysis showing natural objects, &c., employed in the proverbs quoted.

Passing from the consideration of language itself, and of its employment in oratorical and written prose compositions, we proceed to offer a few observations on the language of Proverbs,* those household words which are common to all nations; and which derive considerable interest when examined in connection with their antiquity, and their frequent approach to a rude kind of poetry: especially in so far as they are often alliterative, and not unfrequently highly

* Ray, in the first edition of his Collection of Proverbs, offers as his opinion that a proverb is 'a short sentence or phrase in common use, containing some trope, figure, homonymy, rhyme, or other novelty of expression.' In the second edition he notices his having admitted 'many English phrases that are not properly proverbs, though that word be taken in its greatest latitude.'

The editor of a fourth edition remarks: 'The dignity of Proverbs is self-evident. The most learned among the ancients studied and recorded them, and transmitted them to their successors as the most memorable instructions of human life. Plutarch, Theophrastus, Plato, and Erasmus, with many others, thought the knowledge of them an honourable study. Aristotle places proverbs among the undeniable testimonies of truth. Quintilian, on account of their veracity and success, commends them as helps to the art of speaking and writing well.'

imaginative. We find in Proverbs taken collectively, that prolific use is made of natural objects, facts, and phenomena due to an acute observance of material Nature; which in such sayings of wise men of old, were employed metaphorically to impress on the memory and to enforce moral maxims, or some thrifty rule of conduct in every-day life; for which purpose they rarely, if ever, soar above the veriest common-places of Nature.

It is to the advantage of a proverb to be pointed, and therefore striking; its matter so obvious as to admit of no doubt, for if disputable it would no longer be a proverb, but might become an excellent enigma.

It is our purpose, however, to direct attention principally to the dependence of a large number of proverbs on facts directly deducible from the objects and appearances presented to our observation in the course of daily experience, requiring no learned or laboured comment to render them intelligible to ordinary mental capacity.

A proverb being complete in itself, it is of all compositions the most concentrated and curt in style; and whole pages of proverbs would be little other than maxims mostly rendered in an antithetical form, a style incompatible with diffuse expressions of sentiments. Taken as a text any proverb would afford matter for a lengthened discourse; but while the discourse might soon pass from the hearer's recollection, he would find the text or proverb engraved on his memory. Nay, even an epigrammatic dress would have sunk into oblivion nine-tenths of our proverbs had that style been adopted in their

composition. One line, or two at most, seems to be their maximum length, assisted by 'alliteration's artful aid,' or rhyme.

The most pretentious edition of such productions in modern times by a single author, is the *Proverbial Philosophy*, by Martin F. Tupper, who bridges over the difficulty that would arise from too great variety, by presenting his readers with a number of so-called proverbs, under such headings as: 'Words of Wisdom;' 'Hidden Uses'; 'Invention'; 'Authorship,' &c. Had each of his proverbs been independent of such an arrangement, his store would have occupied a much less volume. But even with this advantage he has had to resort to much borrowing and redressing of other men's thoughts; and where he is original he is mostly extravagant and proportionably unnatural—meaning thereby so far as Nature-Study is concerned, in which light alone we view his work. That he has some good points his Preface will show, as in the following lines:—

Sweet is the virgin honey, though the wild bee have stored it in a reed;
And bright the jewelled band, that circleth an Ethiop's arm;
Pure are the grains of gold in the turbid stream of Ganges,
And fair the living flowers, that spring from the dull cold sod.

And again also under the title of *Hidden Uses*:—

The world may laugh at famine, when forest-trees yield bread,
When acorns give out fragrant drink, and the sap of the linden is as fatness.

But the Poet studying Nature through the

'spectacles' of this *Philosophy*, would have much to unlearn: than which no mental process is more difficult and harassing.

The Words of Wisdom, we regret to have it to say, are, in this book replete with the unnatural and artificial; such as the following conceit:—

> As the beaded bubbles that sparkle in the rim of the cup of immortality.

And again such *gorgeous grandeur* as:—

> They be grains of the diamond sand, the radiant floor of heaven,
> Rising in sunny dust behind the chariot of God.

Among *Hidden Uses*, the Chemist is spoken of as:—

> Commanding stones that they be bread, and drawing sweetness out of wormwood.

Speaking *Of Invention*, we are treated to another chemical, or rather presumed chemical, fact, thus:—

> Invention is activity of mind, as fire is air in motion;

With Pope in his mind, he says *Of Authorship*:—

> —— it addeth immortality to dying facts that are ready to vanish away,
> Embalming as in amber the poor insects of an hour.

Pope wrote:—

> Like flies in amber neither rich nor rare,
> We wonder how the devil they got there.

Criticism is not our purpose beyond the range of matters affecting Nature-Study; and as poets draw their information from all streams of knowledge, it behoves us to point out the shortcomings of those who affect to teach in direct

accordance with the influences of external Nature; or to present to us its noble or its minute features faithfully delineated; and when we find the Harvey style of *Meditations* reproduced in a promised proverbial form, we cannot feel otherwise than offended with the substitution of tinsel for precious metal, of paste for rubies, and of artificial light and colouring in glorification of the great universe of animate and inanimate Nature. Homer gives his deities a pavement of gold; Tupper finds the floor of heaven 'radiant' with 'diamond sand,' all phosphorescent; for he sees it 'rising in sunny dust.' Then *his* chemistry can 'command stones that they be breâd'; bread from the metallic bases of stones! Again 'fire is air in motion'; as every storm, hurricane, cyclone does of course yearly prove!

True proverbial philosophy is productive of sayings devoid of all meretricious ornament. The wise, the good and prudent teachers of mankind taught the rising generation through the medium of adages, which often repeated, were frequently called old sayings; only becoming trite from their being too obviously true; they were not removed beyond ordinary understanding like the affected imitations we have just noticed, which only excite surprise from their remoteness from all human sympathies, and consequently presumed mystery, depth, and wisdom; there being a certain enchantment even in Nature itself arising from fogs and mists.

But to proceed to examples of long-approved proverbs, their sterling worth, and close adherence to the simple, plain, and obvious in the material

world, we quote the following, commencing with the Sacred Writings, from which we select from the *Book of Job* :—

1. (Wisdom.) It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price of it. xxviii. 15.
2. For the ear trieth words, as the mouth tasteth meat. xxxiv. 3.

From *Proverbs* the following :—

3. Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise. vi. 6.
4. Can a man take fire in his bosom, and his clothes not be burned? vi. 27.
5. As the whirlwind passeth, so is the wicked no more. x. 25.
6. As vinegar to the teeth, and as smoke to the eyes, so is the sluggard to them that send him. x. 26.
7. As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman which is without discretion. xi. 22.
8. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. xxiii. 31, 32.
9. As a roaring lion, and a raging bear; so is a wicked ruler over his poor people. xxviii. 15.

From Professor Thompson's *Salis Attici*, 1867, we select various maxims derived from the Athenian Tragic Drama; from Æschylus :—

10. The will of God is hard to understand. The fortunes of men are enveloped in darkness; but darkness to Him is as the light of noonday.—The ways of His thoughts are as the passages in a wood thick with leaves, through the which one seeth but a little way. 1.
11. —— if it be His will that we be saved, a great root shall spring from out a little seed. 3.
12. (*Experience.*) There is an old Libyan fable, that an eagle, struck with an arrow, saw the winged portion of the shaft, and said: 'I am killed with feathers from my own wing.' 65.

13. Misery is a bird that never for two days hath his feathers of one colour. 77.
14. Alter not ancient customs with meddlesome innovation: if thou troublest clear water, thou wilt lose thy drink. 114.
15. Run thou with never so nimble feet,
Sorrow, thou'lt find, is twice as fleet. 122.
16. (*Good Temper.*) A ripe mulberry is sweet; but a man of gentle temper is sweeter. 129.
17. —— partnership in ill is as a tree
Whose Autumn fruit pays not the gathering;
A good man, when he ventures forth to sea
With evil messmates sinks beneath one wave. 132.
18. Leave foes alone; and give thine heart
To such as will like love impart:
The silly goat, so have I heard,
Once kissed the fire, and lost his beard. 154.
19. When waves of trouble come over us, we say that troubles will never end; when God sendeth a fair wind, we think that the fair wind will never cease a-blowing. 208.
20. —— mortal blessings come and go,
As flit sun-shadows athwart a wall. 62.
21. We cast in sun-light shadows on the wall;
And, what we cast, that only are we all. 78.
22. Man's life's a vapour, and full of woes;
He cuts a caper, and down he goes. 81.

Again, from Sophocles we have:—

23. —— the years roll by for ever and for ever; 1.
24. [The sorrowing and miserable] —— it is with them as when a storm cometh from the North, and sweepeth over darken'd waters; it upheaveth the sand from the depths of the sea, and the shores re-echo to the lashing of the billows. 2.
25. Some will of the Sire divine
Ask rainy weather, and some sun-shine;
And some will fret, if showers down tumble,
And if the sun shines some will grumble. 353.
26. Of Autumn fruits when gatherèd
Half the precious sweet is gone,
If upon the tree hath fed
The Wasp, Anticipation. 391.

And from Euripides, namely:—

27. God's storms uproot the stubborn oak,
But pass the bending willow by;
The vale unharm'd beholds the stroke,
That blasts the mountain-peak on high. 35.

28. Behold yon high and infinite space
That clasps the earth in close embrace;
In yon blue clear immensity,
Thy God revealèd hath to thee
All of Himself thou e'er may'st see. 40.

29. High mountain peaks draw lightning down. 422.

29* Honey is sweet, and Love is sweet, but Vengeance is sweeter than Love or Honey. 464.

30. ——one head was meant, e'er since the world began,
To fit the shoulders of a state or man; 486.

31. Nothing is safe from peril; nor beast, nor man, nor state; 490.

32. Wise men, like rams, fight only with the head. 734.

33. One pair of eyes cannot see everything. 808.

Among examples of Persian Proverbs* we find:—

34. One fish devours another, but the kingfisher devours both. (*As when two quarrellers are punished by the magistrate.*)

35. The five fingers are not all alike.

36. When an elephant sticks in the mud, it requires a strong elephant to pull him out.

37. A bunch (of grapes) has but one stalk. (*Concentrate your labour—one purpose.*)

38. The tree that has only just taken root may be pulled up by the strength of a man.

39. When one is thirsty, a thousand pearls are not worth one drop of water.

40. The trees that bear fruit bear a burden as well.

From a small collection of Turkish Proverbs, translated into English, 12mo. Venice, 1860, we select:—

41. Every thing which comes from heaven, the earth receives it.

* From a collection by Thos. Roebuck, 8vo. Calcutta, 1824.

42. The bird feels not its wing heavy,
43. Whether sugar be white or black, it preserves its proper taste.
44. It matters less to a man where he is born than where he can live.
45. Every flower has its perfume.
46. Two hands are for the defence of one head.
47. Although the fly be small among insects, yet it has power to turn the stomach of man.
48. There are not sweet onions, nor white figs.

Among other specimens of Raverty's Afghan poetry, 8vo., 1862, are the following:—

49. A spoiled son taketh not to discipline and instruction; And a shaded palm-tree yieldeth not ripe dates.
50. Certainly, the ass and mule are in their place in the stable; but not a blockhead, without application, in the house.

Shakspeare's dramas afford many proverbial sayings; from *King Richard II.* we take:—

51. (*Bolingbroke to the King*)— this must my comfort be, That sun that warms you here shall shine on me.
52. (*Bolingbroke referring to the Duke of Norfolk*) —— the more fair and crystal is the sky, The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.

In *Troilus and Cressida*, Pandurus says:—

53. He that will have a cake out of the wheat, must needs tarry the grinding.

And in *As you like it* occurs:—

54. Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

The only remaining proverbs we shall offer from the same source are selected from Mrs. Mary C. Clarke's collection of them, in a small volume published in 1858, as follows:—

55. He that stands upon a slippery place Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.
56. How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!

57. Is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
58. Idle weeds are fast in growth.
59. One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.
60. Our very eyes are sometimes like our judgments, blind.
61. Sowed cockle reaped no corn.
62. Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short.
63. Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning and the noon-tide night.
64. Smooth runs the water when the brook is deep.
65. Sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.
66. Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
67. The most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow.
68. The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage.
69. The strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood.
70. To die, is to be banished from myself.
71. This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trench'd in ice; which, with an hour's heat,
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.
72. The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath.
73. Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.
74. The hind that would be mated by the lion must die for love.
75. The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on;
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.
76. There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
77. There are more things in heaven and earth
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.
78. What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet.

78*. How full of briars is this working-day world!

79. Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.

80. Fruits that blossom first will first be ripe.

81. Every cloud engenders not a storm.

82. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes.

83. Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives.

84. Checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.

85. Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny.

In Maunder's *Treasury of Knowledge*, or Dictionary, among many others, occur the following proverbs:—

86. A good maxim is never out of season.

87. A bitter jest is the poison of friendship.

88. A truly great man borrows no lustre from splendid ancestry.

89. A desire for admiration is the offspring of vanity.

90. A wounded reputation is seldom cured.

91. Affliction is the wholesome soil of virtue.

92. A good cause makes a stout heart and a strong arm.

93. A blithe heart makes a blooming visage.

94. As a bird is known by his note, so is a man by his discourse.

95. Avoid a slanderer as you would a scorpion.

96. Beware of the geese when the fox preaches.

97. Beauty is the flower, but virtue is the fruit of life.

98. Common sense is the growth of all countries.

99. Contentment is to the mind as light to the eye.

100. Catch not at the shadow, and lose the substance.

101. Courage ought to have eyes as well as arms.

102. Cloudy mornings often bring clear evenings.

103. Death is deaf, and hears no denial.

104. Defer not till the evening what the morning may accomplish.

105. Deeds are fruits; words but leaves.
106. Danger always attends at the heels of pride and ambition.
107. Experience is the mother of science.
108. Excess and envy waste the flesh and the spirit.
109. Every light has its shadow.
110. Give your tongue more holiday than your hands or eyes.

In conclusion we shall give a selection from Mr. Bohn's ample *Hand-Book of Proverbs*, based on Ray's Collections, 12mo., 1845, namely:—

111. No one knows the weight of another's burden.
112. Beauty is a blossom.
113. Beauty draws more than oxen.
114. Beauty is no inheritance.
115. That which blossoms in the spring, will bring forth fruit in the autumn;
116. He that blows in the dust, fills his own eyes.
117. Though the fox runs, the chicken hath wings.
118. After clouds comes clear weather.
119. Crooked logs make straight fires.
120. Every day has its night, every weal its woe. *Danish.*
121. Eat to live, but do not live to eat.
122. No man can flay a stone.
123. One flower makes no garland.
124. When the fox is asleep nothing falls into his mouth. *Fr.*
125. A tree is known by its fruit, and not by its leaves.
126. The further we go the further behind.
127. What your glass tells you will not be told by counsel.
128. One is not so soon healed as hurt.
129. Every man is best known to himself.
130. Honey is sweet, but the bee stings. *Ital.*
131. Little sticks kindle the fire, but great ones put it out.
132. The morning sun never lasts a day.
133. Music helps not the tooth-ache.
134. Nature draws more than ten oxen.
135. The nightingale and the cuckoo sing both in one month.

136. Remove an old tree, and it will wither to death.
137. A rugged stone grows smooth from hand to hand.
138. Whether you boil snow or pound it, you will have but water from it.
139. Who remove stones, bruise their fingers.
140. In every country the sun riseth in the morning.
141. A thin meadow is soon mowed.
142. The tide will fetch away what the ebb brings.
143. Time is the rider that breaks youth.
144. When the tree is fallen, every one goes to it with his hatchet. *Fr.*
145. As welcome as flowers in May.
146. Willows are weak, yet they bind other wood. *Ital.*
147. Wolves lose their teeth, but not their memory.
148. Green wood makes a hot fire.
149. Better give the wool than the sheep.
150. Good words without deeds are rushes and reeds.
151. Years know more than books.

Proverbs that are entire sentences.

152. A black plum is as sweet as a white.
153. A black hen lays a white egg.

A Proverbial rhyme.

154. Snow is white and lies in the dike,
And every many lets it lie;
Pepper is black and hath a good smack,
And every man doth it buy.

A Hebrew Proverb.

155. A myrtle standing among nettles, does notwithstanding retain the name of a myrtle.

We shall now proceed to analyze the language of these proverbs in the same manner as that already adopted when examining prose compositions, for the amount of the indebtedness of such proverbial maxims to the external world. And commencing with Animal Creation, we find as follows :—

1. *Human Nature.*—Man, men, mother, son, youth, age, offspring;—head, visage, mouth, teeth, tongue, eating, sleep, ears, eyes, blind;—shoulders, arms, hands, fingers, feet, heels;—heart, flesh, blood, veins, skin, life, growth, death;—nature, beauty, strength, hurt, wound, healed, cured;—mind, memory, words, love, vengeance, sorrow, mercy, misery, glory, calumny, chaste.
2. *Animal, &c.*—1. Elephant, lion, bear, ass, mule, rams, goat, sheep, swine, pigs, oxen, hind, fox, wolves;—beast, wool. 2. Fish. 3. Eagle, kingfisher, cuckoo, nightingale, hen, chicken, geese, dove;—bird, wings, egg. 4. Serpent, adder, eel, worm, scorpion, ant, wasp, fly, canker, bee, drones;—sting, honey.
2. *Vegetable, &c.*—Oak, palm-tree, pine, mulberry, myrtle, briars, willows;—tree, wood, logs, root, knots, sap;—seed, fruit, plum, dates, grapes, flower, blossom, perfume, bud, ripe, bitter, poison, leaves:—wheat, corn, cockle, straw, rose, pepper, onion, rushes, reeds, nettles, weeds;—wine, sugar, cake.
3. *Mineral, &c.*—1. Gold, silver, earth, mountain, vale, meadow, soil, stones, dust;—substance, weight;—2. Sea, waves, billows, tide, current, flood, brook, shallows;—3. Rain, showers;—ice, snow.
4. *Astronomical, meteorological, &c.*—Sun, lustre, light, heaven, sky, space, clouds, vapour, lightning;—seasons, autumn, day, noon, night, evening, darkness, years;—music, singing, echo;—fire, smoke, shadows, lightning, storm, wind, whirlwind, slippery, spirit.

After we have duly examined poetical compositions in the same manner as the foregoing analysis exhibits, we shall then be better prepared than at present to show the advantages of this mode of tracing the influences of external nature to their true sources, and their consequent operations on our mental faculties.

Chapter V.

Descriptive poetry in its first division, as applied to single objects and features; mere naming or cataloguing censured; attempt to portray Nature through Art; design of the examples of poetical practice in description; Celestial and Terrestrial Nature illustrated by poetical selections.

In so far as the realm of Nature is concerned, that class of poetry termed Descriptive has been more extensively, and more successfully cultivated than any other. Not only do we find delineations of natural objects and scenery in many distinct passages,—they are likewise interwoven into all other classes of poetical composition. Heaven and earth are ransacked for the tangible or the immaterial, or both; here the sun, moon, light, and shade; there blossoms, flowers, and fruits, with endless sketches of the varied products, phases, and phenomena of the natural world.

For convenience we shall consider that part of our theme now under review, under two heads, 1st, Simple description; 2nd, Compound description: the first presenting, as it were, the poet's sketch-book of isolated natural objects or facts; the other furnishing more general views of the external world, constituting a comprehensive picture of external Nature.

As noticed in Chapter I., the early Italian poets employed only very general imagery; as, sun, moon, flowers, &c., a mere cataloguing of objects, a method common in the practice of most of the ancient as well as many modern poets. In the poem of *Universal Beauty*, by Henry Brooke, a folio published in 1735, we find the frequent recurrence of such lines as:—

> Delicious regions! plants, woods, waters, glades,
> Grottos, arbours, flow'rets, downs, and rural shades,
> The brooks, that sportive wind the echoing hills,
> The pearly founts, smooth lakes, and murmuring rills.

This cold, dry style excited Wordsworth's severest censures; he found it in Dryden's effusions, and condemned it alike in that great writer, and in all poets of the same school. Yet even this unimpassioned strain is not, perhaps, so hostile to improvement as the tendency to look from Art up to Nature. Drayton describes:—

> Those cliffs whose craggy sides are clad
> With trees of sundry suits,

And fruit-trees which were:—

> Like gorgeous hangings on the wall
> Of some rich princely room.

All very much after the fashion of dramatic haberdashery.

Pope, notwithstanding the many traits of excellence that distinguish his poems, has frequently been charged with a tendency to be artificial when it was undoubtedly his intention to be strictly natural. Moir has truthfully enough expressed his opinion that: 'From the windows of the house we have a glimpse of Nature indeed; but it consists of shaven lawns and

clipped hedges, and diamonded parterres, beyond which are parks' remarkable only for 'tame deer, artificial cascades, and Chinese bridges.' The following lines from *Windsor Forest* have all the flatness, stiffness, and artificiality of dramatic scenery :—

Thy forest, Windsor, and thy green retreats,
* * * * *
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again ;
Not chaos-like, together crush'd and bruised,
But, as the world, harmoniously confused ;
Where order in variety we see,
And where, though all things differ, all agree.
Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,
* * * * *
There, interspersed in lawns and opening glades,
Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades.
Here in full light the russet plains extend ;
There, wrapt in clouds, the bluish hills ascend.
* * * * *
And midst the desert fruitful fields arise,
That crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,
Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn.
* * * * *
Here blushing Flora paints the enamelled ground,
Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
* * * * *
When frosts have whitened all the naked groves ;
Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade,
And lonely woodcocks haunt the watery glade.

With reference to the extracts given in the present and succeeding chapters, it may be as well to observe generally here that, numerous as the illustrations must appear on a first examination, they will not be found excessive when the number of authors, and the variety offered by the subject itself is borne in mind. Besides, the very novelty of the subject renders it the more necessary in this first laying down of a new

system, to bring forward even to overflowing, such evidence as may best serve to demonstrate its truthfulness. Every poet has his own particular mode of treatment, just as Darwin was unlike Shakspeare, and Thomson unlike Darwin. A system deduced from limited evidence might be expected to be overthrown, were examination pushed a little farther. Again, an author may easily make straggling evidence bend to uphold an unsound theory; but in a mass of evidence as 'in a multitude of counsellors' there is safety. We may farther urge, that in order to obtain a fair view of the poetical descriptions of Nature, we must quote the poet's utterances, with respect not only to the firmament, but also to the universe at large, and all its constituent portions; inasmuch as—

> The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
> Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
> And, as imagination bodies forth
> The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
> Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
> A local habitation, and a name.

The poet's powers, however, may be considered as commencing with visible forms: and with such Nature-Study must also commence. For that purpose the following selection is presented, to show modes of treatment, and not simply as 'elegant extracts.' Many of the verses would but indifferently serve the latter purpose, while for the object intended they are appropriate, representing as they do a class of poets, and not a selection of subjects. For instance, in reading the works of Shakspeare or Milton, of Thomson or Wordsworth, we may take opposite passages as

we meet with them, albeit livelier or better descriptions of the particular objects noted might be met with elsewhere. Our object is not to discover which poet best describes the sun, the moon, or other special objects in creation. It suffices that some poet of eminence has touched on the selected subject, and the reader must judge of the poet's rendering of the matter. That which Dr. Johnson performed in illustrating our language, we would humbly endeavour to accomplish in our exhibition of the word-painting of the poets as applied to Nature.

The selections that follow may, for facility of reference, be arranged under two divisions—1st, Celestial; the heavens and all belonging thereto; 2nd, Terrestrial; the earth, and all mundane things.

Celestial.

Sun, &c.—

1. But when the sun was set, and shades of night
   O'erspread the sky,
   * * * *
   And when the rosy-fingered morn appeared. b. i.
2. Now morn in saffron-robe the earth o'erspread. b. viii.
3. Now morn in saffron robe, from the ocean stream
   Ascending, light diffused o'er Gods and men. b. xix.
4. And so the sun and moon seem fixt above,
   Yet sure experience tells us they must move.
5. The sun from sea to sailors seems to rise
   And set, for they see only seas and skies.
6. As when the sun begins his early race,
   And views the joyful earth with blushing face,

No. 1, 2, 3. Lord Derby's Homer's *Iliad*, 1867. 4, 5, 6. Creech's Lucretius, b. iv. v.

And quaffs the pearly dew spread o'er the grass,
From earth he draws some mists with busy beams,
From wandring waters some, and running streams:
These thin, these subtle mists, when rais'd on high,
And join'd above, spread clouds o'er all the sky:

7. Now had the sun to that horizon reach'd,
That covers, with the most exalted point
Of its meridian circle, Salem's walls,
And night, that opposite to him her orb
Rounds, from the stream of Ganges issued forth,
Holding the scales, that from her hands are dropp'd
When she reigns highest: so that where I was,
Aurora's white and vermeil-tinctur'd cheek
To orange turn'd as she in age increas'd.

8. Rise betimes, while th' opal-colour'd morn
In golden pomp doth May-day's doors adorn.

9. O'er the wide earth yon torch of heavenly light
Its splendour spreads,
* * * *
O, if a mortal's power could stretch so high,
* * *
There waves of fire 'gainst waves of fire are dashing,
And know no bounds; there hurricanes of flame,
As if in everlasting combat flashing,
Roar with a fury which no time can tame:
There molten mountains boil like ocean-waves,
And rain in burning streams the welkin laves.

10. But rays of light,
Now suddenly, diverging from the orb,
Retired behind the mountain tops, or, veiled
By the dense air, shot upwards to the crown
Of the blue firmament—aloft—and wide:
And multitudes of little floating clouds,
Ere we, who saw, of change were conscious, pierced
Through their etherial texture, had become
Vivid as fire,—clouds separately poised,
Innumerable multitude of forms
Scattered through half the circle of the sky;
And giving back, and shedding each on each,
With prodigal communion, the bright hues
Which from the unapparent fount of glory

7. Cary's Dante (*Purgatory*), c. ii. 8. Sylvester's Du Bartas. 9. Bowring's Russian Poets. (Lomonossov), 1821. 10. Wordsworth, *The Excursion*.

They had imbibed, and ceased not to receive.
That which the heavens displayed the liquid deep
Repeated, but with unity sublime.

11. At the root
Of that tall pine, the shadow of whose bare
And slender stem, while here I sit at eve,
Oft stretches tow'rds me, like a long straight path,
Traced faintly on the greensward.

MORNING.—

1. The hour was morning's prime, and on his way
Aloft the sun ascended with those stars,
That with him rose, when Love divine first mov'd
Those its fair works :— c. i.

2. In the year's early nonage, when the sun
Tempers his tresses in Aquarius' urn,
And now towards equal day the nights recede,
Whenas the rime upon the earth puts on
Her dazzling sister's image, but not long
Her milder sway endures, then riseth up
The village hind,— c. xxiv.

3. Now the golden morn aloft
Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
With vermeil cheek, and whisper soft
She woos the tardy spring :

4. Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire ;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

EVENING.—

5. Call to remembrance, reader, if thou e'er
Hast, on a mountain top, been ta'en by cloud,
Through which thou saw'st no better than the mole
Doth through opacous membrane ; then, whene'er
The wat'ry vapours dense began to melt
Into thin air, how faintly the sun's sphere

11. *The Excursion*, b. vi. 1, 2. Cary's Dante (*Hell.*)
3. Gray's Ode, *Vicissitude*. 4. Milton's *May Morning*.
5. Cary's Dante (*Purgatory.*)

Seem'd wading through them; so thy nimble thought
May image, how at first I re-beheld
The sun, that bedward now his couch o'erhung.
c. xvii.

NIGHT.—

6. —— The moon well-nigh
To midnight hour belated, made the stars
Appear to wink and fade; and her broad disk
Seem'd like a crag on fire, as up the vault
That course she journey'd, which the sun then warms,
When they of Rome behold him at his set.

7. It was an hour, when he who climbs, had need
To walk uncrippled: for the sun had now
To Taurus the meridian circle left,
And to the Scorpion left the night. As one
That makes no pause, but presses on his road,
Whate'er betide him, if some urgent need
Impel: so enter'd we upon our way.

8. All night they [the Trojans] camped; and frequent blazed their fires.
As when in Heaven, around the glittering moon
The stars shine bright amid the breathless air;
And every crag, and every jutting peak
Stands boldly forth, and every forest glade;
Even to the gates of Heaven is opened wide
The boundless sky; shines each particular star
Distinct; joy fills the gazing shepherd's heart.
So bright, so thickly scattered o'er the plain,
Before the walls of Troy, between the ships
And Xanthus' stream, the Trojan watch-fires blazed.

9. And shadows seem to move, to turn, and stay
As bodies do, and servilely obey:
* * * * *
(For shadow is no more, a sudden night,)
* * * * *
And rays as soon come on, and chace the night:
The Negro-darkness washt becomes a white.

10. In such a night, when every louder wind
Is to its distant cavern safe confined;
And only gentle Zephyr fans his wings,

6, 7. Cary's Dante (*Purgatory*), c. xviii. xxiv. 8. Lord Derby's Homer's *Iliad*, b. viii. 9. Creech's Lucretius. 10. Countess of Winchelsea's *Nocturnal Reverie*.

And lonely Philomel still waking sings;
Or from some tree, famed for the owl's delight,
She, hollowing clear, directs the wanderer right:
In such a night, when passing clouds give place,
Or thinly veil the heaven's mysterious face;
When in some river, overhung with green,
The waning moon and trembling leaves are seen;
When freshen'd grass now bears itself upright,
And makes cool banks to pleasing rest invite,
Whence springs the woodbine, and the bramble-rose,
And where the sleepy cowslip shelter'd grows;
Whilst now a paler hue the foxglove takes,
Yet chequers still with red the dusky brakes;
When scatter'd glow-worms, but in twilight fine,
Show trivial beauties watch their hour to shine;
Whilst Salisb'ry stands the test of every light,
In perfect charms and perfect virtue bright:
When odours which declined repelling day,
Through temperate air uninterrupted stray;
When darken'd groves their softest shadows wear,
And falling waters we distinctly hear;
When through the gloom more venerable shows
Some ancient fabric, awful in repose;
While sun-burnt hills their swarthy looks conceal,
And swelling haycocks thicken up the vale:
When the loosed horse now, as his pasture leads,
Comes slowly grazing through th' adjoining meads,
Whose stealing pace and lengthen'd shade we fear,
Till torn-up forage in his teeth we hear;
When nibbling sheep at large pursue their food,
And unmolested kine rechew the cud;
When curlews cry beneath the village-walls,
And to her straggling brood the partridge calls;
Their short-lived jubilee the creatures keep,
Which but endures whilst tyrant man doth sleep;
When a sedate content the spirit feels,
And no fierce light disturbs, whilst it reveals;
But silent musings urge the mind to seek
Something too high for syllables to speak;
Till the free soul to a composedness charm'd,
Finding the elements of rage disarm'd,
O'er all below a solemn quiet grown,
Joys in the inferior world and think it like her own:
In such a night let me abroad remain,
Till morning breaks, and all's confused again;
Our cares, our toils, our clamours are renew'd,
Or pleasures, seldom reach'd, again pursued.

NIGHT.—

1. Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.

2. —— Heaven's ebon vault,
Studded with stars, unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which love had spread
To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;
Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend,
So stainless, that their white and glittering spires
Tinge not the moon's pure beam; * * *
—— all form a scene
Where musing solitude might love to lift
Her soul above the sphere of earthliness;
Where silence undisturbed might watch alone,
So cold, so bright, so still.

3. The night was fair, and countless stars
Studded heaven's dark blue vault,—
Just o'er the eastern wave
Peeped the first faint smiles of morn:—

4. The moon among the clouds rose high,
And all the city hum was by.
Upon the street, where late before
Did din of war and warriors roar,
You might have heard a pebble fall,
A beetle hum, a cricket sing,
An owlet flap his boding wing
On Giles's steeple tall.

5. It was a night of lovely June,
High rode in cloudless blue the moon,
Demayet smiled beneath her ray;
Old Stirling's towers arose in light,
And, twined in links of silver bright,
Her winding river lay.
Ah! gentle planet! other sight
Shall greet thee next returning night,
Of broken arms and banners tore,
And marshes dark with human gore,

1. Young's *Night Thoughts*. 2, 3. Shelley's *Queen Mab*. 4. Scott's *Marmion*, c. v. 5. Scott's *Lord of the Isles*, c. vi.

And piles of slaughter'd men and horse,
And Forth that floats the frequent corse,
And many a wounded wretch to plain
Beneath thy silver light in vain!

SPRING.—

1. Blind, wretched man! in what dark paths of strife
We walk this little journey of our life!
* * * * *
Yet underneath a loving myrtle's shade,
Just by a purling stream supinely laid,
When spring with gaudy flowers the earth had spread,
And sweetest roses grow around our head,
Envied by wealth and power, with small expense
We may enjoy the sweet delights of sense. b. ii.

2. The soote season, that bud and bloome forth brings,
With green hath clad the hill and eke the vale.
The nightingale with feathers new she sings;
The turtle to her mate hath told her tale.
Summer is come, for every spray now springs.
The hart hath hung his old head on the pale;
The buck in brake his winter coat he flings;
The fishes fleet with new repaired scale;
The adder all her slough away she flings;
The swift swallow pursueth the flies small;
The busy bee her honey now she mingles;
Winter is worn that was the flower's bale.
And thus I see among these pleasant things
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.

3. When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight.

4. In April's gilded morn when south winds blow,
And gently shake the hawthorn's silver crown,
Wafting its scent the forest glade adown,
The dewy shelter of the bounding doe,
Then, under trees, soft tufts of primrose show
Their paley-yellowing flower; to the moist sun
Blue harebells peep, while cowslips stand unblown,
Plighted to riper May; and lavish flow,
The lark's loud carols in the wilds of air.
O! not to Nature's glad enthusiast cling

1. Creech's Lucretius. 2. Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey. 3. *Love's Labour Lost*, act v. sc. 2. 4. Anna Seward.

Avarice and pride. Through her now blooming sphere
Charmed as he roves, his thoughts enraptured spring
To Him, who gives frail man's appointed time
These cheering hours of promise and of prime.

5. Come May, with all thy flowers,
Thy sweetly scented thorn,
Thy cooling ev'ning showers,
Thy fragrant breath at morn.
When May-flies haunt the willow,
When May-buds tempt the bee,
Then o'er the shining billow
My love will come to me.

6. —— In the sweet spring-days,
With whitening hedges, and uncrumpling fern,
And blue-bells trembling by the forest-ways,
And scent of hay new-mown.

SUMMER.—

1. In summer when the shawes be shene,
And leaves be large and long,
It is fully merry in fair forèst
To hear the fowlè's song;
To see the deer draw to the dale,
And leave the hillès hee, [high]
And shadow them in the levès green,
Under the greenwood tree.

2. In summer, when the leavès spring,
The blossoms on every bough,
So merry do the birdès sing,
In woodys merry now.

3. The gentle zephyrs are blowing,
The graceful willows tremble,
The rivulets all are flowing,
The birds to their songs assemble.
The torrents of the mountain
Glide gently through the vale,
And the music of the fountain
Makes a concert with the gale.
The bees have left their dwelling,
To gather their honied stores;
List to their anthems swelling,
Around the bending flowers!

5. Moore's *Irish Melodies*. 6. M. Arnold's Poem, *Thyrsis*. 1, 2. Bell's Early Ballads. 3. Bowring's Poetry, &c. of Spain.

4. —— The early sobbing of the morn,
* * * *
—— there crept
A little noiseless noise among the leaves,
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves:
For not the faintest motion could be seen
Of all the shades that slanted o'er the green.
* * * *
A filbert-hedge with wild-briar overtwined,
And clumps of woodbine taking the soft wind
Upon their summer thrones:—

5. 'Twas summer, and the sun had mounted high;
Southward the landscape indistinctly glared
Through a pale steam; but all the northern downs,
In clearest air ascending, showed far off
A surface dappled o'er with shadows flung
From many a brooding cloud, far as the sight
Could reach, those many shadows lay in spots
Determined and unmoved, with steady beams
Of bright and pleasant sunshine interposed; b. i.

6. Full Nature swarms with life; one wondrous mass
Of animals, or atoms organised.

7. Welcome, ye shades! ye bowery thickets, hail!
Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks!
Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep!
Delicious is your shelter to the soul, * * *
—— the midnight depth
Of yonder grove, of wildest, largest growth.

8. Bear me, Pomona, to thy citron groves;
To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
With the deep orange, glowing through the green,
Their lighter glories blend.

9. But see the tall elm shadows reach
Athwart the field, the rooks fly home,
The light streams gorgeous up the o'erarching beech;
With the calm hour, soft weary fancies come.
In heaven the low red harvest moon,
The glowworm on the dewy ground,
Will light us home, with our glad burden song;
Grave be our evening prayers, our slumbers sound.

4. Keats' *Poems*. 5. *The Excursion*. 6, 7, 8. Thomson's *Seasons*. 9. Keble's *Lyra Innocentium*.

AUTUMN.—

1. Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch eaves run;
To bend with apples the mossed cottage trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy cells.

* * * *

While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

2. Through Alpine meadows soft suffused
With rain, where thick the crocus blows,
Past the dark forges long disused,
The mule-track from Saint Laurent goes.

* * * *

The autumnal evening darkens round,
The wind is up, and drives the rain;
While hark! far down, with strangled sound
Doth the Dead Guiers' stream complain,
Where that wet smoke among the woods
Over his boiling cauldron broods.

3. Autumn departs—but still his mantle's fold
Rests on the groves of noble Somerville;
Beneath a shroud of russet dropp'd with gold,
Tweed and his tributaries mingle still;
Hoarser the wind, and deeper sounds the rill,
Yet lingering notes of silvan music swell,
The deep-toned cushat, and the redbreast shrill;
And yet some tints of summer splendour tell
When the broad sun sinks down on Ettrick's western fell.

1. Keats' *Autumn.* 2. M. Arnold's Stanzas. *From the Grande Chartreuse.* 3. *Lord of the Isles,* c. i.

Autumn departs—from Gala's fields no more
Come rural sounds, our kindred banks to cheer;
Blent with the stream, and gale that wafts it o'er,
No more the distant reaper's mirth we hear.
The last blithe shout hath died upon our ear,
And harvest-home hath hush'd the clanging wain,
On the waste hill no forms of life appear,
Save where, sad laggard of the autumnal train,
Some age-struck wanderer gleans few ears of scatter'd grain.

WINTER.—

4. ——an envious sneaping [nipping] frost,
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

5. At evening a keen eastern breeze arose,
And the descending rain unsullied froze.
Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn disclosed at once to view
The face of nature in a rich disguise,
And brighten'd every object to my eyes;
For every shrub, and every blade of grass,
And every pointed thorn, seem'd wrought in glass:
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,
While through the ice the crimson berries glow.
The thick-sprung reeds which watery marshes yield,
Seem'd polished lances* in a hostile field.
The stag, in limpid currents, with surprise,
Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise:
The spreading oak, the beech, the towering pine,
Glazed over, in the freezing ether shine.

6. The wintry west extends his blast,
And hail and rain does blaw;
Or the stormy north sends driving forth
The blinding sleet and snaw;
While tumbling brown, the burn comes down,
And roars frae bank to brae;
And bird and beast in covert rest,
And pass the heartless day.

7. November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
The short'ning winter day is near a close;

4. *Love's Labour Lost.* 5. A. Philips, *Epistle from Copenhagen*, 1709. 6. Burns' *Winter.* 7. *The Cotter's Saturday Night.*

* See Southey's notes, quoted at page 75, No. 49.

The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh,
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose;

CLOUDS.—

1. Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish;
A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air. Thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants.

2 —— yon fibrous cloud,
That catches but the palest tinge of even,
And which the straining eye can hardly seize
When melting into eastern twilight's shadow,
Were scarce so thin, so slight;

3. Underneath the young grey dawn
A multitude of dense, white fleecy clouds,
Were wandering in thick flocks along the mountains,
Shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind.

4. The chasm of sky above my head
Is Heaven's profoundest azure. No domain
For fickle, short-lived clouds to occupy,
Or to pass through;—but rather an abyss
In which the everlasting stars abide,
And whose soft gloom and boundless depth might tempt
The curious eye to look for them by day.

SOUND.—

5. Hark! whence that rushing sound?
* * * *
'Tis softer than the west wind's sigh;
'Tis milder than the unmeasured notes
Of that strange lyre whose strings
The genii of the breezes sweep:

6. And listens to a heavy sound,
That moans the mossy turrets round.
Is it the roar of Teviot's tide,
That chafes against the scaur's red side?
Is it the wind that swings the oaks?
Is it the echo from the rocks?

1. *Antony and Cleopatra.* 2, 3, 5. Shelley's *Poems.* 4. *The Excursion*, b. ii. 6. *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, c. i.

What may it be, the heavy sound,
That moans old Branksome's turrets round?

THUNDER.—

7. Cloud upon cloud, in dark and deepening mass,
Roll o'er the blackened waters; the deep roar
Of distant thunder mutters awfully;
Tempest unfolds its pinion o'er the gloom
That shrouds the boiling surge; the pitiless fiend,
With all his winds and lightnings, tracks his prey;
The torn deep yawns,—the vessel finds a grave
Beneath the jagged gulph.

8. Hast thou not mark'd, when o'er thy startled head
Sudden and deep the thunder-peal has roll'd,
How, when its echoes fell, a silence dead
Sunk on the wood, the meadow, and the wold?
The rye-grass shakes not on the sod-built fold,
The rustling aspen's leaves are mute and still,
The wall-flower waves not on the ruin'd hold,
Till, murmuring distant first, then near and shrill,
The savage whirlwind wakes, and sweeps the groaning hill.

RAINBOW.—

9. Those lines of rainbow light
Are like the moonbeams when they fall
Through some cathedral window.

10. The earth to thee her incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When, glittering in the freshened fields,
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast,
O'er mountain, tower, and town,
Or mirrored in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathoms down.

TERRESTRIAL.

SCENERY.—

1. Now I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landscape lies below!
No clouds, no vapours intervene;
But the gay, the open scene,

7, 9. Shelley's *Poems*. 8. Scott's *Lord of the Isles*, c. 3. 10. Campbell, *The Rainbow*. 1. Dyer's *Grongar Hill*.

Does the face of nature show,
In all the hues of heaven's bow;
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.

2. There, where the swift Rhone's waters flow
Its verdant banks between;
Where fragrant myrtles bending grow,
And Rhone reflects their green;
There, where the vineyards deck the hills,
And o'er the valleys spread,
Which golden citrons' fragrance fills,
And plantains rear their head.

3. The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent light:
The breath of the moist air is light
Around its unexpanded buds;
Like many a voice of one delight—
The winds', the birds', the ocean-floods'—
———soft like Solitude's.

I see the Deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple sea-weeds strown;
I see the waves upon the shore
Like light dissolved in star-showers thrown:
I sit upon the sands alone;
The lightning of the moon-tide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion—
How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion.

4. On the mountain dawns the day;
* * * *
The mist hath left the mountain gray,
Springlets in the dawn are streaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming,
And foresters have busy been
To track the buck in thicket green.

ISLAND.—
5. This happy breed of men, this little world;

2. Bowring's *Russian Poets* (Batiushkov). 3. Shelley's Stanzas, *Naples*. 4. Scott's *Hunting Song*. 5. *King Richard II*.

This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
* * *
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
* * *
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of wat'ry Neptune.—

6. ——that pale, that white-fac'd shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her islanders,
Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure.

Sea Coast.—

7. Lo! where the heath, with withering brake grown o'er,
Lends the light turf that warms the neighbouring poor;
From thence a length of burning sand appears,
Where the thin harvest waves its wither'd ears;
Rank weeds, that every art and care defy,
Reign o'er the land, and rob the blighted rye:
There thistles stretch their prickly arms afar,
And to the rugged infant threaten war;
There poppies nodding, mock the hope of toil;
There the blue bugloss paints the sterile soil;
Hardy and high, above the slender sheaf,
The slimy mallow waves her silky leaf;
O'er the young shoot, the charlock throws a shade,
And clasping tares cling round the sickly blade;
With mingled tints the rocky coasts abound,
And a sad splendour vainly shines around.

8 —— The murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes.

9. Sweet is the night air!
Only, from the long line of spray
Where the ebb meets the moon-blanch'd sand,
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves suck back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin and cease, and then again begin,

6. *King John.* 7. Crabbe, *The Village.* 8. *King Lear.*
9. Arnold's Poems, *Dover Beach.*

With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

WASTES.—

10. A barren detested vale, you see, it is:
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss, and baleful mistletoe.
Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.

11. 'Mid stormy vapours ever driving by,
Where ospreys, cormorants, and herons cry;
Where hardly given the hopeless waste to cheer,
Denied the bread of life the foodful ear,
Dwindles the pear on autumn's latest spray,
And apple sickens pale in summer's ray;

MOUNTAINS.—

1. But when a mountain's foot I reach'd, where clos'd
The valley, that had pierc'd my heart with dread,
I look'd aloft, and saw their shoulders broad
Already vested with that planet's beam,
Who leads all wanderers safe through every way.

2. The place where to descend the precipice
We came, was rough as Alp, and on its verge
Such object lay, as every eye would shun.
As is that ruin, which Adice's stream
On this side Trento struck, should'ring the wave,
Or loos'd by earthquake or for lack of prop;
For from the mountain's summit, whence it mov'd
To the low level, so the headlong rock
Is shiver'd, that some passage it might give
To him who from above would pass; e'en such
Into the chasm was the descent:—

3. As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds
Ascending, while the north wind sleeps, o'erspread
Heaven's cheerful face, the low'ring element
Scowls o'er the darken'd landscape snow, or show'r;
If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet
Extend his ev'ning beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.

4. Sees Caledonia, in romantic view:
Her airy mountains, from the waving main

10. *Titus Andronicus*. 11. Wordsworth. (See *Biographia Literaria*, chap. iv.) 1. Cary's Dante (*Hell*), c. i. 2. Ibid., c. xii. 3. *Paradise Lost*, b. ii. 4. *The Seasons*.

Invested with a keen diffusive sky,
————, her forests huge,
Incult, robust, and tall, by Nature's hand
Planted of old; her azure lakes between,
Poured out extensive, and of watery wealth
Full; winding deep, and green, her fertile vales,
With many a cool translucent brimming flood
Washed lovely, from the Tweed——

5. The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
The woods, wild-scatter'd, clothe their ample sides;
Th' outstretching lake, embosom'd 'mong the hills,
The eye with wonder and amazement fills;
* * * *
The lawns, wood-fringed in Nature's native taste;
The hillocks, dropped in Nature's careless haste;
The arches, striding o'er the new-born stream;
The village, glittering in the moontide beam——

6. The rival of the Andes, whose dark brow
Lowered o'er the silver sea.
* * *
—— far below——
Calm as a slumbering babe,
Tremendous Ocean lay,
The mirror of its stillness showed
The pale and waning stars,

7. The broad-breasted rock
Glasses his rugged forehead in the sea.

8. I climbed the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty and wide;
All was still, save by fits when the eagle was yelling,
And starting around me the echoes replied.
On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn was bending,
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,
When I marked the sad spot where the wanderer had died.

5. Burns, *Lines written at Kenmore, Taymouth.* 6. *Queen Mab.* 7. S. T. Coleridge, *Fragments.* 8. Scott, *Death of Dr. Gough.*

9. The cliffs that rear their haughty head
High o'er the river's darksome bed,
Were now all naked, wild, and grey,
Now waving all with greenwood spray;
Here trees to every crevice clung,
And o'er the dell their branches hung;
And there, all splinter'd and uneven,
The shiver'd rocks, ascend to heaven;
Oft, too, the ivy swathed their breast,
And wreathed its garland round their crest,
Or from the spires bade loosely flare
Its tendrils in the middle air.
As pennons wont to wave of old
O'er the high feast of Baron bold,
* * * *
Such and more wild is Greta's roar,
And such the echoes from her shore.

Rocks and Caves.—

10. Nature's most secret steps
He [the poet] like her shadow, has pursued, where'er
The red volcano over-canopies
Its fields of snow and pinnacles of ice
With burning smoke; or where bitumen lakes,
On black bare-pointed islets ever beat
With sluggish surge; or, where the secret caves
Rugged and dark, winding among the springs
Of fire and poison, inaccessible
To avarice or pride, their starry domes
Of diamond and gold expand above
Numberless and immeasurable halls
Frequent with crystal column, and clear shines
Of pearl, and thrones radiant with chrysolite.

Rivers.—

1. How am I pleased to search the hills and woods
For rising springs and celebrated floods!
To view the Nar, tumultuous in his course,
And trace the smooth Clitumnus to his source,
To see the Mincio draw his watery store,
Through the long windings of a fruitful shore,
And hoary Albula's infected tide
O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide.

9. *Rokeby*, c. ii. 10. Shelley's *Alastor*. 1. Addison's *Letter from Italy*.

2. The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd;
The Loddon slow, with verdant alders crown'd;
Cole, whose dark streams his flowery islands lave;
And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave;
The blue, transparent Vandalis appears;
The gulfy Lee his sedgy tresses rears;
And sullen Mole, that hides his diving flood;
And silent Darent, stain'd with Danish blood.

2. Here Ouse, slow winding through a level plain
Of spacious meads with cattle sprinkled o'er,
Conducts the eye along his sinuous course
Delighted. There, fast rooted in their bank,
Stand, never overlooked, our favourite elms,
That screen the herdsman's solitary hut;
While far beyond, and overthwart the stream
That, as with molten glass, inlays the vale,
The sloping land recedes into the clouds;
Displaying on its varied side the grace
Of hedge-row beauties numberless, square tower,
Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bells
Just undulates upon the listening ear,
Groves, heaths, and smoking villages, remote.

4. Amang the bonnie, winding banks,
Where Doon rins, wimplin', [meandering] clear,
* * * *
Whiles [sometimes] owre a linn the burnie plays,
As through the glen it wimpl't;
Whiles round a rocky scaur [cliff] it strays;
Whiles in a wiel [eddy] it dimpl't;
Whiles glitterin to the nightly rays,
Wi' bickerin', [staggering] dancin' dazzle;
Whiles cookit [hidden] underneath the braes,
Below the spreading hazel,
Unseen that night.

5. Come Lucy! while 'tis morning hour,
The woodland brook we needs must pass;
So, ere the sun assume his power.
We shelter in our poplar bower,
Where dew lies long upon the flower,
Though vanish'd from the velvet grass.
Curbing the stream, this stony ridge
May serve us for a silvan bridge;

2. *Windsor Forest.* 3. Cowper's *Task*, b. i. 4. Burns' *Halloween.* 5. Scott's *Bridal of Triermain.*

For here compell'd to disunite,
Round petty isles the runnels glide,
And chafing off their puny spite,
The shallow murmurs waste their might,
Yielding to footstep free and light
A dry-shod pass from side to side.

6. River! that in silence windest
Through the meadows, bright and free,
Till at length thy rest thou findest
In the bosom of the sea!

BOWER.—

7. The thick young grass arose in fresher green:
The mound was newly made, no sight could pass
Betwixt the nice partitions of the grass,
The well-united sods so closely lay,
And all around the shades defended it from day;
For sycamores with eglantine were spread,
A hedge about the sides, a covering over-head.
And so the fragrant brier was wove between,
The sycamore and flowers were mix'd with green,
That nature seem'd to vary the delight,
And satisfied at once the smell and sight.

* * *

And the fresh eglantine exhaled a breath,
Whose odours were of power to raise from death.

* * * *

Thus as I mused, I cast aside my eye,
And saw a medlar-tree was planted nigh;
The spreading branches made a goodly show,
And full of opening blooms was every bough:
A goldfinch there I saw with gaudy pride
Of painted plumes, that hopp'd from side to side,
Still pecking as she pass'd, and still she drew
The sweets from every flower, and suck'd the dew;
Sufficed at length, she warbled in her throat,
And tuned her voice to many a merry note,
But indistinct, and neither sweet nor clear,
Yet such as sooth'd my soul, and pleased my ear.

8. On beds of daisies idly laid,
The willow waving o'er my head,
Now morning, on the bending stem,
Hangs the round and glittering gem,

6. Longfellow's *River Charles*. 7. Dryden's *Flower and the Leaf*. 8. Dr. T. Warton's *Retirement*.

Lull'd by the lapse of yonder spring,
Of nature's various charms I sing:

9. —— the roof
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade,
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side
Acanthus and each odorous bushy shrub
Fenc'd up the verdant wall, each beauteous flow'r,
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamin
Rear'd high, their flourish'd heads between, and wrought
Mosaic; under foot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth with rich inlay
Border'd the ground, more colour'd than with stone
Of costliest emblem: other creatures here,
Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none;
Such was their awe of man.——

10. The laverock whistled from the cloud;
The stream was lively, but not loud;
From the white thorn the May-flower shed;
Its dewy fragrance round our head:
Not Ariel lived more merrily
Under the blossom'd bough than we.

GARDEN.—

1. I love the garden wild and wide,
Where oaks have plum-trees by their side,
Where woodbines and twisting vine
Clip round the pear-tree and the pine;
Where mixt jonquils and gowans [daisies] grow,
And roses midst rank clover blow,
Upon a bank of a clear strand,
Its wimplings led by nature's hand;
Though docks and brambles, here and there,
May sometimes cheat the gard'ner's care,
Yet this to me's a paradise,
Compared to prim cut plots and nice,
Where nature has to art resign'd,
And all looks stiff, mean, and confined.

2. It was a plot
Of garden ground run wild, its matted weeds
Marked with the steps of those, whom, as they passed,
The gooseberry trees that shot in long lank slips,

9. *Paradise Lost*, b. iv. 10. *Marmion*. 1. Allan Ramsay's *Epistles*. 2. *The Excursion*.

Or currants, hanging from their leafless stems,
In scanty strings, had tempted to o'erleap
The broken wall. I, * * *
Where two tall hedge-rows of thick alder boughs
Joined in a cold damp nook, espied a well
Shrouded with wild-flowers and plumy fern.

3. Parks with oak and chesnut shady
Parks and ordered gardens great.

HUSBANDRY.—

4. When cheerful day begins to fade,
* * *
Loud bleating from the neighbouring meads,
His flock the shepherd homeward leads;
And broad of brow and sleek of skin,
Their stalls the lowing oxen win.
High piled with sheaves of golden grain,
Rolls swinging in the laden wain,
The blessings of the bounteous ground
With many-colour'd garland crown'd;
And labour ended, gay advance
The youthful reapers to the dance.

FOREST FIRE.—

5. So, when the storms through Indian forests rave,
And bend the pliant canes in curling wave,
Grind their siliceous joints with ceaseless ire,
Till bright emerge the ruby seeds of fire,
A brazen light bedims the burning sky,
And shuts each shrinking star's refulgent eye;
The forest roars, where crimson surges play,
And flash through lurid night infernal day;
Floats far and loud the hoarse discordant yell
Of ravening pards, which harmless crowd the dell,
While boa-snakes, to wet savannahs trail
Awkward a lingering lazy length of tail;
The barbarous tiger whets his fangs no more,
To lap with torturing pause his victim's gore;
Curb'd of their rage, hyænas gaunt are tame,
And shrink, begirt with all-devouring flame.

ANIMAL CREATION.—

6. —— The timorous hare,
Grown so familiar with her frequent guest,

3. Tennyson's *Lord of Burleigh*. 4. Lambert's Schiller's *Lay of the Bell*. 5. Dr. Leyden's *Eastern Conflagration*. 6. Cowper's *Animals Happy*.

Scarce shuns me; and the stock-dove unalarm'd
Sits cooing in the pine-tree, nor suspends
His long-love ditty for my near approach.
Drawn from his refuge in some lonely elm,
That age or injury has hollowed deep,
Where on his bed of wool and matted leaves,
He has outslept the winter, ventures forth
To frisk awhile, and bask in the warm sun,
The squirrel, flippant, pert, and full of play;
He sees me, and at once, swift as a bird,
Ascends the neighbouring beech; where whisks his brush
And perks his ears, and stamps and cries aloud
With all the prettiness of feign'd alarm,
And anger insignificantly fierce.

7. From the thick copse the roebucks bound,
The startled red-deer scuds the plain,
For the — bugle
Has roused their mountain haunts again.

8. Calm amid scenes of havock, in his own
Huge strength impregnable, the elephant
Offendeth none, but leads a quiet life
Among his own contemporary trees,
Till nature lays him gently down to rest
Beneath the palm, which he was wont to make
His prop in slumber; there his relics lay
Longer than life itself had dwelt within them.

9. Amphibious monsters haunted the lagoon;
The Hippopotamus, amidst the flood,
Flexile and active as the smallest swimmer;
But on the bank, ill-balanc'd and infirm,
He graz'd the herbage, with huge head declin'd,
Or lean'd to rest against some ancient tree.
The Crocodile, the dragon of the waters,
An iron panoply, fell as the plague,
And merciless as famine, cranch'd his prey;
While from his jaws, with dreadful fangs all serried,
The life-blood dyed the waves with deadly streams.
The Seal and the Sea-lion, from the gulf
Came forth, and, couching with their little ones,
Slept on the shelving rocks that girt the shore,
Securing prompt retreat from sudden danger.

7. Scott's *Cadyow Castle*. 8. Montgomery, *The Elephant*. 9. Ibid. *Amphibious Animals*.

The pregnant Turtle, stealing out at eve,
With anxious eye and trembling heart, explor'd
The loneliest coves, and in the loose warm sand
Deposited her eggs, which the sun hatch'd:
Hence the young brood, that never knew a parent,
Unburrow'd and by instinct sought the sea;
Nature herself, with her own gentle hand,
Dropping them one by one into the flood,
And laughing to behold their antic joy,
When launch'd in their maternal element.

PIGEONS.—

1. As a wild flock of pigeons, to their food
Collected, blade or tares, without their pride
Accustom'd, and in still and quiet sort,
If aught alarm them, suddenly desert
Their meal, assail'd by more important cares.

2. —— As doves
By fond desire invited, on wide wings
And firm, to their sweet nest returning home,
Cleave the air, wafted by their wills along.

STARLINGS.—

3. —— As in large troops
And multitudinous, when winter reigns,
The starlings on their wings are borne abroad.

SKYLARK.—

4. Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

5. —— The skylark warbles high
His trembling thrilling ecstacy;
And lessening from the dazzled sight,
Melts into air and liquid light.

6. Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

1. Cary's Dante (*Purgatory.*) 2, 3. Ibid. (*Hell*), c. v. 4. Shakspeare's Poems. 5. T. Gray's Poems. 6. Shelley, *To a Skylark.*

* * * *

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

7. Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
A privacy of glorious light is thine,
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine;
Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam—
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!

8. —— thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees.
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.
* * * *
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—Do I wake or sleep?

THRUSH.—

9. Sing on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough,
Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain,
See aged Winter, 'mid his surly reign,
At thy blythe carol clears his furrowed brow.

PETREL.—

1. O'er the deep! o'er the deep!
Where the whale, and the shark, and sword-fish sleep,
Outflying the blast and the driving rain,
The Petrel telleth her tale—in vain:
For the mariner curseth the warning bird
Who bringeth him news of the storm unheard!

7. Wordsworth, *To the Skylark.* 8. Keats' *Ode to a Nightingale.* 9. Burns' Poems, *Sonnet.* 1. Barry Cornwall's *Stormy Petrel.*

CORN-CRAKE.—

2. Her callow brood around her cowering cling,—
She braves its edge—[the scythe's]—she mourns her severed wing;
Oft had she taught them with a mother's love,
To note the pouncing merlin from the dove;
The slowly floating buzzard's eye to shun,
As o'er the meads he hovers in the sun;
The weazel's sly imposture to prevent:
And mark the marten by his musky scent;—
Ah! fruitless skill, which taught her not to scan
The scythe afar, and ruthless arm of man!

CUCKOO.—

3. Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.
* * * *
Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!

4. I hear thee babbling to the vale
Of sunshine and of flowers;
And unto me thou bring'st a tale
Of visionary hours.
Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird; but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery.

LINNET.—

5. Hail to thee, far above the rest
In joy of voice and pinion,
Thou, Linnet! in thy green array,
Presiding spirit here to-day,
Dost lead the revels of the May,
And this is thy dominion.
While birds, and butterflies, and flowers
Make all one band of paramours,
Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,

2. Dr. Leyden, *The Corn-Crake.* 3. Logan's *Ode to the Cuckoo.* 4. Wordsworth, *To the Cuckoo.* 5. Ibid. *The Green Linnet.*

Art sole in thy employment;
A life, a presence like the air,
Scattering thy gladness without care,
* * * *
Upon yon tuft of hazel trees,
That twinkle to the gusty breeze,
Behold him perched in ecstacies,
Yet seeming still to hover;
There! where the flutter of his wings
Upon his back and body flings
Shadows and sunny glimmerings,
That cover him all over.

BLACK-COCK.—

6. At morn the black-cock trims his jetty wing,
'Tis morning prompts the linnet's blithest lay,
All Nature's children feel the matin spring
Of life reviving, with reviving day.

BITTERN.—

7. The bittern clamour'd from the moss,
The wind blew loud and shrill;

SWAN.—

8. The Swan on still St. Mary's lake
Floats double, swan and shadow.

FISH.—

9. Our plenteous streams a various race supply,
The bright-eyed perch, with fins of Tyrian dye,
The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,
The yellow carp, in scales bedropp'd with gold,
Swift trouts, diversified with crimson stains,
And pikes, the tyrants of the watery plains.

1. No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread;
While, lightly poised, the scaly brood
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood;
The springing trout in speckled pride;
The salmon, monarch of the tide;
The ruthless pike, intent on war;
The silver eel, and mottled par.

6. *Lady of the Lake*, c. ii. 7. *Eve of St. John*. 8. Shelley's Poems. 9. *Windsor Forest*. 1. T. Smollet's *Ode on Leven-Water*.

Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,
And edges flower'd with eglantine.

NAUTILUS.—

2. Where Ausonian summers glowing,
Warm the deep to life and joyance,
And gentle zephyrs nimbly blowing,
Wanton with the waves, that flowing
By many a land of ancient glory,
And many an isle renown'd in story,
Leap along with gladsome buoyance,
There Marinere,
Dost thou appear,
In fairy pinnace gaily flashing,
Through the white foam proudly dashing,
The joyous playmate of the buxom breeze,
The fearless fondling of the mighty seas.

FROGS, &c.—

3. E'en as the frogs, that of a wat'ry moat
Stand at the brink, with the jaws only out,
Their feet and of the trunk all else concealed,
Thus on each pârt the sinners stood,
* * * *
As it befals that oft one frog remains
While the next springs away :——

4. 'Tis now th' apartment of the toad ;
And there the fox securely feeds ;
And there the poisonous adder breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds ;
While ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.

INSECTS.—

5. He knew the plants in mountains, wood, or mead ;
He knew the worms that on the foliage feed ;
Knew the small tribes, that 'scape the careless eye,
The plants' disease that breeds the embryo-fly ;
And the small creatures who on bark or bough
Enjoy their changes, changed we know not how ;
But now th' imperfect being scarcely moves,
And now takes wing and seeks the sky it loves.

2. H. Coleridge, *To the Nautilus*. 3. Cary's Dante (*Hell*), c. xxii. 4. Dyer's *Grongar Hill*. 5. Crabbe's *Tales of the Hall*.

REPTILES and INSECTS.—

6. —— Nature's reptile scene,
* * * * *

Or multipede, earth's leafy verdure creep:
Or on the pool's new mantling surface play,
And range a drop, as whales may range the sea,
Or ply the rivulet with supple oars,
And oft, amphibious, course the neighb'ring shores;
Or shelt'ring, quit the dank inclement sky,
And condescend to lodge where princes lie;
There tread the ceiling, an inverted floor,
And from its precipice depend secure:
Or who nor creep, nor fly, nor walk, nor swim,
But claim new motion with peculiar limb,
Successive spring with quick elastic bound,
And thus transported pass the refluent ground.
* * * *

—— who a twofold apparatus share,
Natives of earth, and habitants of air;
* * * *

Who that beholds the summer's glist'ring swarms,
Ten thousand thousand gaily gilded forms,
In volant dance of mix'd rotation play,
Bask in the beam, and beautify the day;
Would think these airy wantons so adorn,
Were late his vile antipathy and scorn,
Prone to the dust, or reptile through the mire,
And ever thence unlikely to aspire?
* * * *

Though numberless these insect tribes of air,
Though numberless each tribe and species fair,
Who wing the moon, and brighten in the blaze,
Innumerous as the sands which bend the seas;
These have their organs, arts, and arms, and tools,
And functions exercised by various rules;
* * * *

All by their dam's prophetic care receive
Whate'er peculiar indigence can crave:
Profuse at hand the plenteous table's spread,
And various appetites are aptly fed.
Nor less each organ suits each place of birth,
Finn'd in the flood, or reptile o'er the earth;
Each organ, apt to each precarious state,
As for eternity design'd complete.
Thus nursed, these inconsiderate wretches grow,
Take all as due, still thoughtless that they owe.

6. H. Brooke's *Universal Beauty*, 1783.

ANIMALCULÆ (Water and air).—

7. ——their unseen people. These concealed
By the kind art of forming Heaven, escape
The grosser eye of man: for if the worlds
In worlds enclosed should on his senses burst,
From cates ambrosial, and the nectared bowl,
He would abhorrent turn; and in dead night,
When silence sleeps o'er all, be stunned with noise.

* * * *

His works————the smallest part
Exceeds the narrow vision of her [haughty Ignorance's] mind.

VEGETABLE CREATION.

WOOD, &c.—

8. In the midway of this our mortal life,
I found me in a gloomy wood, astray
Gone from the path direct: and e'en to tell
It were no easy task, how savage wild
That forest, how robust and rough its growth,
Which to remember only, my dismay
Renews its bitterness not far from death.

9. A dismal grove of sable yew,
With whose sad tints were mingled seen
The blighted fir's sepulchral green.
Seem'd that the trees their shadows cast,
The earth that nourish'd them to blast:
For never knew that swarthy grove
The verdant hue that fairies love;
Nor wilding green, nor woodland flower,
Arose within its baleful bower.

1. Below me trees unnumber'd rise,
Beautiful in various dyes;
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir, that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs,
And beyond the purple grove,

* * * *

Lies a long and level lawn.

2. This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,

7. *The Seasons*. 8. Cary's Dante (*Hell*), c. i. 9. *Rokeby*. 1, Dyer's *Grongar Hill*. 2. Longfellow's Poems, *Evangeline*.

Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct
in the twilight,
Stand like druids of eld, with voices sad and
prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on
their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neigh-
bouring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the
wail of the forest.

3. O hemlock-tree! O hemlock-tree! how faithful are
thy branches!
Green not alone in summer time,
But in the winter's frost and rime!
O hemlock-tree, O hemlock-tree! how faithful are thy
branches!

Beech.—

4. O leave this barren spot to me!
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!
Though bush or flowret never grow
My dark, unwarming shade below;
* * * *
Nor fruit of autumn, blossom-born,
My green and glossy leaves adorn;
Nor murmuring tribes from me derive
Th' ambrosial treasures of the hive;

Ash.—

5. The mountain-ash,
Decked with autumnal berries that outshine
Spring's richest blossoms, yields a splendid show,
Amid the leafy woods; and ye have seen,
By a brook-side or solitary tarn,
How she her station doth adorn: the pool
Glows at her feet, and all the gloomy rocks
Are brightened round her. In his native vale
Such and so glorious did this youth appear.

Sweet Briar.—

6. As pondering as I pac'd, my wandering led
To a lone river bank of yellow sand,—
The lov'd haunt of the ouzel, whose blithe wing
Wanton'd from stone to stone—and, on a mound
Of verdurous turf with wild-flowers diamonded

3. Longfellow's Poems. *From the German.* 4. Campbell, *The Beech Tree's Petition.* 5. *The Excursion.* 6. D. M. Moir, *The Eglantine.*

(Hare-bell and lychnis, thyme and camomile,)
Sprang in the majesty of natural pride
An Eglantine—the red rose of the wood,—
Its cany boughs with threatening prickles arm'd,
Rich in its blossoms and sweet-scented leaves.

IVY.—

7. ——— ancient towers ——
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps:
So both a safety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.
'Tis now the raven's bleak abode.

GORSE.—

8. —— Overgrown with fern, and rough
With prickly gorse, that, shapeless and deform,
And dang'rous to the touch, has yet its bloom,
And decks itself with ornaments of gold,
Yields no unpleasing ramble; there the turf
Smells fresh, and, rich in odorif'rous herbs
And fungous fruits of earth, regales the sense
With luxury of unexpected sweets.

ROSE, &c.—

9. Brought from the woods the honeysuckle twines
Around the porch, and seems, in that trim place,
A plant no longer wild; the cultured rose
There blossoms, strong in health, and will be soon
Roof-high; the wild pink crowns the garden-wall,
And with the flowers are intermingled stones
Sparry and bright,—

1. Soon will the high midsummer pomps come on,
Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,
Soon shall we have gold-dusted snapdragon,
Sweet-William with its homely cottage-smell,
And stocks in fragrant blow;
Roses that down the alleys shine afar,
And open, jasmine-muffled lattices,
And groups under the dreaming garden-trees,
And the full moon, and the white evening-star.

2. And from the thyme upon the height,
And from the elder-blossom white
And pale dog-roses in the hedge,
And from the mint-plant in the sedge,

7. Dyer's *Grongar Hill.* 8. Cowper, *The Task,* b. i. 9. Wordsworth's *Excursion.* 1. Arnold's Poems, *Thyrsis.* 2. Ibid. *Bacchanalia.*

In puffs of balm the night-air blows
The perfume which the day foregoes.
And on the pure horizon far,
See, pulsing with the first-born star,
The liquid sky above the hill!
The evening comes, the field is still.

3. I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopy'd with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine: A. ii.

* * * *

And that same dew, which sometimes on the buds
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flow'ret's eyes,
Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail. A. iv.

FLOWERS.—

4. A sensitive plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew;
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.
And the spring arose on the garden fair,
Like the spirit of love felt everywhere.
And each flower and herb on earth's dark breast,
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.
The snow-drop, and then the violet
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,
And their breath was mixed with fresh odour sent
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.
Then the pied wind-flowers, and the tulip tall,
And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
Till they die of their own dear loveliness;
And the Naïad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair, and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilions of tender green;
And the hyacinth purple, and white, and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odour within the sense;
And the rose, like a nymph to the bath addrest,
Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare;

3. *Midsummer-Night's Dream.* 4. Shelley, *The Sensitive Plant.*

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,
As a Mœnad, its moonlight coloured cup,
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
Gazed through clear dew on the tender sky;
And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberose,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows;
And all rare blossoms, from every clime,
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

5. —— So from the root
Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves
More airy, last the bright consummate flower
Spirits odorous breathes.

6. Ye field flowers! the gardens eclipse you 'tis true,
Yet, wildings of Nature, I dote upon you,
For ye waft me the summers of old,
When the earth teemed around me with fairy delight,
And when daisies and buttercups gladdened my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold.

VIOLET.—

7. A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
— Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

CELANDINE.—

8. There is a flower, the Lesser Celandine,
That shrinks like many more from cold and rain,
And the first moment that the sun may shine,
Bright as the sun himself, 'tis out again!
When hailstones have been falling, swarm on swarm,
Or blasts the green field and the trees distrest,
Oft have I seen it muffled up from harm
In close self-shelter, like a thing at rest.
But lately, one rough day, this flower I past,
And recognized it, though an alter'd form,
Now standing forth an offering to the blast,
And buffeted at will by rain and storm.

DAISY, &c.—

9. Thou unassuming common-place
Of Nature, with that homely face,
And yet with something of a grace,
Which love makes for thee!
* * *

5. *Paradise Lost*, b. 5. 6. Campbell's *Wild Flowers*.
7. Wordsworth's Poems. 8. Ibid. *The Lesser Celandine*.
9. Ibid. *To the Daisy*.

Sweet flower! for by that name at last,
When all my reveries are past,
I call thee, and to that cleave fast,
Sweet silent creature!
Here at my feet what wonders pass,
What endless, active life is here!
What blowing daisies, fragrant grass!
An air-stirr'd forest, fresh and clear.

After a careful perusal of the foregoing selection of varied descriptions of objects composing the world of realities around us, we may well exclaim with Thomson:—

O Nature, all-sufficient, over all!
Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works:
Snatch me to heaven; thy rolling wonders there,
World beyond world, in infinite extent
Profusely scattered o'er the blue immense,
Show me; their motions, periods, and their laws,
Give me to scan; through the disclosing deep
Light my blind way; the mineral strata there;
Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world;
O'er that the rising system, more complex,
Of animals; and higher still, the mind,
The varied scene of quick-compounded thought,
And where the mixing passions endless shift:
These ever open to my ravished eye;
A search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust.

The field of investigation that lies before us is indeed wide and fertile; and active labourers in it, as we have just seen, have not been wanting. What have they not found or developed for our instruction, our pleasure and entertainment? Can art, or science, or the general tide of human progress, be in any way brought to bear on the poet's terrestrial labours and celestial flights; can they furnish any new light to guide his steps, or to enlarge his vision? We have heard it asserted that Poetry cannot be written on the

10. Arnold's Poems; *Lines, Kensington Gardens.*

rules of geometry, and we are firmly convinced that such is the fact. In the famous controversy regarding the invariable principles of Poetry, Bowles maintained, says Moir—'that images drawn from the sublime and beautiful in Nature are more poetical than any drawn from art; and that the passions and aspirations of man's heart belong to a higher class of associations than those derived from incidental and transient manners.' Moir considers—'that the very exactness of knowledge is a barrier to the laying on of that colouring by which alone facts can be invested with the illusive hues of poetry. The proof of this (he suggests) would be obtained by a reference to what has been generally regarded as the best poetry of the best authors in ancient and modern times.' And he concludes that—'turning to the world of mind it will be at once apparent that the precision of science, as shown in geographical limits, and in the recognized laws of matter, would at once annul the grandest portions of the Psalms, of Isaiah, Ezekiel, Job, and the Revelation. It would convert the mythology of Hesiod and Homer into rhapsodies; and many of the poems of Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, Gray, Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, Wilson, Hogg, and Shelley,—in fact all imaginative verse—into tissues of rant and bombast.' But Moir seems to have been needlessly overpowered with an imaginary impression, for he goes far to prove that history, war, civil commotion, and all the terrors of fire and flood, are best treated by the poet who should have the most meagre acquaintance with law, politics, and military and

naval tactics. He would seem to condemn even a too exact knowledge of Geography; and would persuade us that it would be impossible for a learned modern senator to translate Homer's Iliad; or for another to pen poetry, novels, and romances. But the fact is that neither authors nor the public can be injuriously affected by the extension of technical education; and much less can it blight that lofty and next to divine province which is sacred to the true poet. We shall make it clear however, that poetry is an Art depending on art, and independent of any direct operation of science; and that although public enlightenment may seem to demand from the poet a higher exercise of his genius, it is at the same time quite within his power to meet such a public claim on his fancy and imagination, in so far at least as wide Nature is concerned, on principles which accord with ancient and present usage; but are now made more apparent than heretofore to common observation, and are so exemplified as to open to view a new country, as it were, with unexplored regions, abounding in all that imagination can conceive, or the heart desire.

Chapter VI.

Descriptive poetry in its second division, or large and ordinary sense; Greek and other early poetry not highly descriptive; Blackmore's *Creation;* Thomson's *Seasons;* Darwin's botanical poetry; Burns as a descriptive poet; characteristics of natural scenes, seasons, &c., in illustrative selections from the poets.

In the preceding Chapter we have presented a copious selection of passages in which single natural objects form the theme of descriptive poetry. In the present Chapter, which has reference to a wider range of poetical descriptions of natural objects, a smaller number of examples will suffice.

It has been well observed that the first developments of Greek poetry were immediately connected with religion, which amongst the Greeks meant the worship of Nature; and that in a land, of which the climate was genial, and the country beautiful. Ampière observes:—

So magnificent are the effects of light, that even Homer has not attempted to paint a sunrise or a sunset; having substituted metaphor for details. He has spoken of Aurora, to distract attention, so that we omit to observe that he has never described Aurora herself. The Homeric poems, dating eight or nine centuries before Christ, were composed in an unlettered age, when human passion was the actuating principle of

life, and the face of Nature the only book open to mankind.*

Humboldt notices in his *Cosmos* that a profound feeling of Nature pervades the most ancient poetry of the Hebrews and Indians; and exists, therefore, amongst nations of very different descent—Semetic and Indio-Germanic. He asserts that, excepting human nature, the descriptions of external nature in its manifold richness of form, as a distinct branch of poetic literature, was wholly unknown to the Greeks.

Sir Richard Blackmore's poem entitled *Creation*, which appeared in 1700, and which is recommended by Addison in his *Spectator*, No. 339, being philosophical rather than descriptive, was principally designed to prove the existence of God from the evident wisdom, design, contrivance, and choice of ends and means displayed in the Universe; and arguments are offered in refutation of the philosophical theories of atomists and fatalists; and prevalent atheistical doctrines; he, therefore, invokes Divine assistance:—

> That I may reach th' Almighty's sacred throne,
> And make His ceaseless pow'r, the cause of all things, known.

Such being its author's chief concern, the *Creation* is without picturesqueness in description, even where it would have been appropriate and certainly an embellishment. The earth, the solar system, man, epicurean and other views of

* History of Classical Literature. By R. W. Browne, M.A., 2 vols. 8vo.—Poets of Ancient Greece. By H. Allford, M.A. 8vo., 1841.

creation, the vicissitude of human affairs, Greek and other fables, human reason and faculties, lead only to interminable philosophical discussion; without that relief of imagery with which a more imaginative poet would have adorned a didactic poem of such length and importance.

The most considerable descriptive poem of modern times is *The Seasons*, by Thomson, completed in 1730. Dr. Aikin who wrote an essay on the work, observes: 'Natural history, in its most extensive signification, includes every observation relative to the distinctions, resemblances, and changes, of all the bodies, both animate and inanimate, which Nature offers to us.' And, alluding to an essay which we have already noticed,* remarks that it was intended 'to show how necessary a more accurate and scientific survey of natural objects than has usually been taken, was to the avoiding of the common defects, and attaining the highest beauties, of descriptive poetry.' He speaks of the poem itself as the original whence our modern descriptive poets have derived that more elegant and correct style of painting natural objects which distinguishes them from their predecessors.

The *Botanic Garden*, by Dr. E. Darwin, which first appeared in 1781, is a singular attempt to wed science to poetry, affording convincing proofs how hopeless it is to attempt the production of a botanical or any other scientific treatise in a poetical form. It consists of two parts, 1st. The economy of vegetation; and

* See page 15.

2nd, The loves of the plants. A perusal of the following Argument of the first Canto will suffice to show the unsatisfactory character of the work:—

The Genius of the place invites the Goddess of Botany.—She descends, is received by Spring, and the Elements—Addresses the Nymphs of Fire—Star-light Night seen in the Camera Obscura.—Love created the Universe—Chaos explodes—All the stars revolve.—Shooting stars—Lightning—Rainbow—Colours of the Morning and Evening Skies—Exterior atmosphere of inflammable Air—Twilight—Fire-balls—Aurora Borealis—Planets—Comets—Fixed Stars—Sun's Orb.—Fires at the Earth's Centre—Animal incubation—Volcanic Mountains—Venus visits the Cyclops.—Heat confined on the Earth by the Air—Phosphoric lights in the evening—Bolognian Stone—Calcined Shells—Memnon's Harp—Ignis fatuus—Luminous flowers—Glow-worm—Fire-fly—Luminous Sea-insects—Electric Eel—Eagle armed with lightning.—Discovery of Fire—Medusa—Phosphorus—Lady in Love—Gunpowder—Steam-engine applied to pumps, bellows, water-engines, &c.—Labours of Hercules—Abyla and Calpe.—Electric Machine—Hesperian Dragon—Electric Kiss—Halo round the heads of Saints—Electric shock—Fairy rings, &c., &c.—The great Egg of Night—Western wind unfettered—Naïad released—Frost assailed—Whale attacked.—Buds and flowers expanded by warmth, &c.—Sirius—Jupiter and Semele—Northern Constellations—Ice Islands—Rainy Monsoons—Elijah on Mount Carmel—Departure of the Nymphs of fire *like sparks from artificial fireworks.*

But with all its eccentricities a selection might be made of some pleasing passages, such as, for instance:—

> From giant Oaks, that wave their branches dark,
> To the dwarf moss that clings upon their bark.

Or, the mystical picture of vegetable love:—

> Now Snowdrops cold, and blue-eyed Harebells blend
> Their tender tears, as o'er the stream they bend;
> The love-sick Violet, and the Primrose pale,
> Bow their sweet heads, and whisper to the gale;
> With secret sighs the Virgin Lily droops,
> And jealous Cowslips hang their tawny cups.

Now the young Rose in beauty's damask pride
Drinks the warm blushes of his bashful bride;
With honey'd lips enamour'd Woodbines meet,
Clasp with fond arms, and mix their kisses sweet.

Some remarks that recently appeared in a critique on Richardson's Novels, apply to most of the prose and poetry of his time, in respect to the decided apathy shown to any influences of Nature. The novelist presents one of his characters passing the Alps, and the only description given relates to the horrible dangers of Mont Cenis, to the effect that 'every object which here presents itself is excessively miserable;' and 'a spacious park,' or 'a fine prospect,' are as coldly alluded to as if they were so much furniture for a 'large and convenient country house.'

Throughout Burns's poetry we find many exquisite sketches of seasons and scenery, but more in connection with the subject of his verse, than for description by themselves, and never at any length. It would almost appear from sentiments expressed in *The Vision* that he did not feel himself competent to become a rival of other bards in that particular department of poesy when he modestly says:—

Thou canst not learn, nor can I show,
To paint with Thomson's landscape glow;
Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
With Shenstone's art;
Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow
Warm on the heart.

Yet, all beneath the unrivall'd rose,
The lowly daisy sweetly blows;
Tho' large the forest's monarch throws
His army shade,
Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows,
Adown the glade.

But whoever can read and enjoy his 'wood-notes wild' must feel persuaded that the author of *The Brigs of Ayr*, *Tam O'Shanter*, *A Winter Night*, *Epistles*, *Verses*, and many others, had it served his purpose, might have left us pieces surpassing even those of Thomson, Gray, or Shenstone. He could not have written:—

> Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
> Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
> And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
> The stretching landscape into smoke decays!

Such we find in Thomson's *Summer;* but never any lines so weak and diffuse occur in the short descriptive pieces by Burns, in which everything seems more or less to have being, and to live and move:—

> Here, rivers in the sea were lost;
> There, mountains to the skies were tost:
> Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast
> With surging foam.

Of the following illustrative specimens, some are imaginative, and others drawn direct from natural scenery. Where generalization takes the place of detail the picture becomes proportionably sketchy, as in some of Milton's descriptions; but draughts from Nature itself indicate their origin by unmistakeable touches of character:—

MOUNTAIN SCENERY.—

1. It was a mountain at whose verdant feet
A spacious plain outstretch'd in circuit wide
Lay pleasant; from his side two rivers flow'd,
Th' one winding, th' other straight, and left between
Fair champain with less rivers intervein'd,
Then meeting join'd their tribute to the sea:

1. *Paradise Regained*, b. iii.

Fertile of corn the glebe, of oil and wine ;
With herds the pastures throng'd, with flocks the hills,
* * * * *
——— here and there was room
For barren desert, fountainless and dry.

2. ——— The western side
Of that high mountain, whence he might behold
Another plain, long, but in breadth not wide,
Wash'd by the southern sea, and on the north
To equal length back'd with a ridge of hills,
That screen'd the fruits of the earth and seats of men
From old Septentrion blasts, thence in the midst
Divided by a river,
* * *
Gardens, and groves———
Above the height of mountains interpos'd :

3. Green fields, and glowing rock, and glancing streamlet, all slope together in the sunshine towards the brows of ravines, where the pines take up their own dominion of saddened shade : and with everlasting roar in the twilight, the stronger torrents thunder down, pale from the glaciers, filling all their chasms with enchanted cold, beating themselves to pieces against the great rocks that they have themselves cast down, and forcing fierce way beneath their ghastly poise.

The mountain paths slope to these glens in forky zigzags, leading to some grey and narrow arch, all fringed under its shuddering curve with the ferns that fear the light ; ———

4. [Mr. Ruskin, in allusion to the mountain gloom in the neighbourhood of the valley of the Rhone, says :—] I do not know that there is a district in the world more calculated to illustrate the power of the expectant imagination than that which surrounds the city of Fribourg in Switzerland, extending from it towards Berne. It is of grey sandstone, considerably elevated, but presenting no object of striking interest to the passing traveller; so that, as it is generally seen in the course of a hasty journey from the Bernese Alps to those of Savoy, it is rarely regarded with any other sensation than that of weariness, all the more painful because accompanied with reaction from the high excitement caused by the splendour of the Bernese Oberland. The traveller, footsore, feverish, and satiated with

2. *Paradise Regained*, b. iv. 3. Ruskin's *Modern Painters*, vol. i. 1846. 4. Ibid. vol. iv. 1856.

glacier and precipice, his back in the corner of the diligence, perceiving little more than that the road is winding and hilly, and the country through which it passes cultivated, and tame. Let him, however, only do this tame country the justice of staying in it a few days, until his mind has recovered its tone, and take one or two long walks through its fields, and he will have other thoughts of it. It is an undulating district of grey sandstone, never attaining any considerable height, but having enough of the mountain spirit to throw itself into continual succession of bold slope and dale; elevated, also, just far enough above the sea to render the pine a frequent forest tree along its irregular ridges. Through this elevated tract the river cuts its way in a ravine some five or six hundred feet in depth, which winds for leagues between the gentle hills, unthought of, until its edge is approached; and then suddenly, through the boughs of the firs, the eye perceives, beneath, the green and gliding stream, and the broad walls of sandstone cliff that form its banks; hollowed out where the river leans against them, as it turns, into perilous overhanging, and, on the other shore, at the same spots, leaving little breadths of meadow between them and the water, half-overgrown with thicket, deserted in their sweetness, inaccessible from above, and rarely visited by any curious wanderers along the hardly traceable footpath which struggles for existence beneath the rocks. And there the river ripples, and eddies, and murmurs in an utter solitude. It is passing through the midst of a thickly peopled country; but never was a stream so lonely. The feeblest and most far-away torrent among the high hills has its companions: the goats browse beside it; and the traveller drinks from it, and passes over it with his staff; and the peasant traces a new channel for it down to his mill-wheel. But this stream has no companions: it flows on in an infinite seclusion, not secret nor threatening, but a quietness of sweet daylight and open air,—a broad space of tender and deep desolateness, drooped into repose out of the midst of human labour and life; the waves plashing lowly, with none to hear them; and the wild birds building in the boughs, with none to fray them away; and the soft, fragrant herbs rising, and breathing, and fading, with no hand to gather them;—and yet all bright and bare to the clouds above, and to the fresh fall of the passing sunshine and pure rain.'

5. [On the beauty of mountains the same writer observes:—] The best image which the world can give of Paradise is in the slope of the meadows, orchards, and corn-fields on the sides of a great Alp, with its purple rocks and eternal snows above; this excellence not being in anywise a matter referable to feeling, or individual preferences, but demonstrable by calm enumeration of the number of lovely colours on the rocks, the varied grouping of the trees, and quantity of noble incidents in stream, crag, or cloud, presented to the eye at any given moment, * * * among mountains, large unbroken spaces of pure violet and purple are introduced in their distances; and even near, by films of cloud passing over the darkness of ravines or forests, blues are produced of the most subtle tenderness; these azures and purples passing into rose-colour of otherwise wholly unattainable delicacy among the upper summits, the blue of the sky being at the same time purer and deeper than in the plains.

NAPLES.—

6. The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent light:
The breath of the moist air is light
Around its unexpanded buds;
Like many a voice of one delight—
The winds', the birds', the ocean-floods'—
The City's voice itself is soft like Solitude's.

I see the Deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple sea-weeds strown;
I see the waves upon the shore
Like light dissolved in star-showers thrown:
I sit upon the sands alone:
The lightning of the noon-tide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion—
How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion.

ITALY.—

7. Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride,

5. *Modern Painters*, vol. iv. 1856. 6. Shelley's Poems, *Naples*. 7. Goldsmith, *The Traveller*.

* * * *

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground—
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year—
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die—
These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

* * * *

In florid beauty groves and fields appear.

ETNA, &c.—

8. The mules, I think, will not be here this hour.
They feel the cool wet turf under their feet
By the stream side, after the dusty lanes
In which they have toiled all night from Catana,
And scarcely will they budge a yard. O Pan!
How gracious is the mountain at this hour!

[The harper Callicles sings. The scene described.]

The track winds down to the clear stream
To cross the sparkling shallows; there
The cattle love to gather, on their way
To the high mountain pastures, and to stay,
Till the rough cow-herds drive them past,
Knee-deep in the cool ford; for 'tis the last
Of all the woody, high, well-water'd dells
On Etna; and the beam
Of noon is broken there by chesnut boughs
Down its steep verdant sides; the air
Is freshen'd by the leaping stream, which throws
Eternal showers of spray on the moss'd roots
Of trees, and veins of turf, and long dark shoots
Of ivy-plants, and fragrant hanging bells
Of hyacinths, and on late anemones,
That muffle its wet banks; but glade,
And stream, and sward, and chesnut trees,
End here; Etna beyond, in the broad glare
Of the hot noon, without a shade,
Slope behind slope, up to the peak, lies bare;
The peak, round which the white clouds play.

8. M. Arnold's New Poems, 1867; *Empedocles on Etna.*

* * * the sun
Is shining on the brilliant mountain crests,
And on the highest pines; but further down
Here in the valley is in shade; the sward
Is dark, and on the stream the mist still hangs;
One sees one's footprints crush'd in the wet grass,
One's breath curls in the air; and on these pines
That climb from the stream's edge, the long grey tufts,
Which the goats love, are jewell'd thick with dew.

9. HAZY SCENE.—

'Twas summer, and the sun had mounted high:
Southward the landscape indistinctly glared
Through a pale steam; but all the northern downs,
In clearest air ascending, showed far off
A surface dappled o'er with shadows flung
From many a brooding cloud, far as the sight
Could reach, those many shadows lay in spots
Determined and unmoved, with steady beams
Of bright and pleasant sunshine interposed;
Pleasant to him who on the soft cool moss
Extends his careless limbs along the front
Of some huge cave, whose rocky ceiling casts
A twilight of its own, an ample shade,
Where the wren warbles, while the dreaming man,
Half conscious of the soothing melody,
With sidelong eye looks out upon the scene,
By that impending covert made more soft,
More low and distant!———

A WOODY DELL.—

1. —— More dark
And dark the shades accumulate—the oak,
Expanding its immense and knotty arms
Embraces the light beech. The pyramids
Of the tall cedar over-arching, frame
Most solemn domes within, and far below,
Like clouds suspended in an emerald sky,
The ash and the acacia floating hang
Tremulous and pale. Like restless serpents, clothed
In rainbow and in fire, the parasites,
Starred with ten thousand blossoms, flow around
The gray trunks; and, as gamesome infant's eyes,
With gentle meanings, and midst innocent wiles,
Fold their beams round the hearts of those that love,
These twine their tendrils with the wedded boughs
Uniting their close union; the woven leaves

9. *The Excursion.* 1. Shelley's *Alastor.*

Make net-work of the dark blue light of day,
And the night's noontide clearness, mutable
As shapes in the weird clouds. Soft mossy lawns
Beneath these canopies extend their swells,
Fragrant with perfumed herbs, and eyed with blooms
Minute yet beautiful. One darkest glen
Sends from its woods of musk-rose, twined with jasmine,
A soul-dissolving odour, to invite
To some more lovely mystery. Through the dell,
Silence and Twilight here, twin-sisters, keep
Their noon-day watch, and sail among the shades,
Like vaporous shapes half-seen; beyond, a well,
Dark, gleaming, and of most translucent wave,
Images all the woven boughs above,
And each depending leaf, and every speck
Of azure sky, darting between their chasms;
Nor aught else in the liquid mirror laves
Its portraiture, but some inconstant star
Between one foliaged lattice twinkling fair,
Or painted bird, sleeping beneath the moon,
Or gorgeous insect, floating motionless,
Unconscious of the day, ere yet his wings
Have spread their glories to the gaze of noon.

A CALM SCENE.—

2. The sun's bright orb, declining all serene,
Now glanced obliquely o'er the woodland scene.
Creation smiles around; on every spray
The warbling birds exalt their evening lay.
Blithe skipping o'er yon hill, the fleecy train
Join the deep chorus of the lowing plain:
The golden lime and orange there were seen,
On fragrant branches of perpetual green.
The crystal streams, that velvet meadows lave,
To the green ocean roll with chiding wave.
The glassy ocean hush'd forgets to roar,
But trembling murmurs on the sandy shore:
And lo! his surface, lovely to behold!
Glows in the west, a sea of living gold!
While, all above, a thousand liveries gay
The skies with pomp ineffable array.
Arabian sweets perfume the happy plains:
Above, beneath, around enchantment reigns!
While yet the shades, on time's eternal scale,
With long vibration deepen o'er the vale;

2. W. Falconer, *The Shipwreck.*

While yet the songsters of the vocal grove
With dying numbers tune the soul to love;
With joyful eyes th' attentive master sees
Th' auspicious omens of an eastern breeze.
* * * *

Deep midnight now involves the livid skies,
While infant breezes from the shore arise.
The waning moon, behind a wat'ry shroud,
Pale-glimmer'd o'er the long-protracted cloud.
A mighty ring around her silver throne,
With parting meteors cross'd portentous shone.
This in the troubled sky full oft prevails;
Oft deem'd a signal of tempestuous gales.
* * * *

From east to north the transient breezes play;
And in the Egyptian quarter soon decay.
* * * *

Now morn, her lamp pale glimmering on the sight,
Scatter'd before her van reluctant night,
She comes not in refulgent pomp array'd,
But sternly frowning, wrapt in sullen shade.
Above incumbent vapours, Ida's height,
Tremendous rock! emerges on the sight.
North-east the guardian isle of Standia lies,
And westward Freschin's woody capes arise.
* * * *

EVENING.—

3. The sultry summer day is done.
The western hills have hid the sun,
But mountain peak and village spire
Retain reflection of his fire.
Old Barnard's towers are purple still,
To those that gaze from Toller-hill;
Distant and high, the tower of Bowes
Like steel upon the anvil glows;
And Stanmore's ridge, behind that lay,
Rich with the spoils of parting day,
In crimson and in gold array'd,
Streaks yet awhile the closing shade,
Then slow resigns to darkening heaven
The tints which brighter hours had given.
* * * *

The eve, that slow on upland fades,
Has darker closed on Rokeby's glades,

3. Scott's *Rokeby*, c. v.

Where, sunk within their banks profound,
Her guardian streams to meeting wound.
The stately oaks, whose sombre frown
Of noontide made a twilight brown,
Impervious now to fainter light,
Of twilight make an early night.
Hoarse into middle air arose
The vespers of the roosting crows,
And with congenial murmurs seem
To wake the Genii of the stream;
For louder clamour'd Greta's tide,
And Tees in deeper voice replied.
And fitful waked the evening wind,
Fitful in sighs its breath resign'd.

LAKE SCENE.—

4. The summer dawn's reflected hue
To purple changed Loch Katrine blue;
Mildly and soft the western breeze
Just kiss'd the lake, just stirr'd the trees;
And the pleased lake, like the maiden coy,
Trembled but dimpled not for joy;
The mountain-shadows on her breast
Were neither broken nor at rest;
In bright uncertainty they lie,
Like future joys in Fancy's eye.
The water-lily to the light
Her chalice rear'd of silver bright;
The doe awake, and to the lawn,
Begemm'd with dewdrops, led her fawn;
The grey mist left the mountain side,
The torrent show'd its glistening pride;
Invisible in flecked sky,
The lark sent down her revelry;
The blackbird and the speckled thrush
Good-morrow gave from brake and bush;
In answer coo'd the cushat dove
Her notes of peace, and rest, and love.

RUSTIC SCENE.—

5. On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And thro' the field the road runs by
To many-tower'd Camelot;
And up and down the people go,

4. Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, c. iii. 5. Tennyson's *Lady of Shalott*.

Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
The island of Shalott.
Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river
Flowing down to Camelot.
* * * *
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers
The Lady of Shalott.

STERILE SCENE.—

6. No matter what the sketch might be;
Whether the high field on the bushless Pike,
Or even a sand-built ridge
Of heaped hills that mound the sea,
Overblown with murmurs harsh,
Or even a lowly cottage whence we see
Stretch'd wide and wild the waste enormous marsh,
Where from the frequent bridge,
Like emblems of infinity,
The trenched waters run from sky to sky;

MOORLAND.—

7. 'Tis the place, and all around it, as of old, the curlews call,
Dreary gleams about the moorland flying over Locksley Hall;
Locksley Hall, that half in ruin overlooks the sandy tracts,
And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts.
* * * *
——— great Orion sloping slowly to the West.
Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising thro' the mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid.
* * * *
In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast;
In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest;
In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd dove.

6. Tennyson's *Ode to Memory*. 7. Ibid. *Locksley Hall*.

SPRING MORNING.—

8. How beauteous, how lovely, is ev'rything here!
The sun on the hill-side, the shade on the weir;
Where through the bright crystal the fishes are seen,
Where wave o'er the water the alder-trees green.

How glow the bright meadows with young verdure new!
How fresh bloom the flow'rets bespangled with dew!
The berry already is blushing in red;
The wheat-ear is smiling with promise of bread.

The slender birch waves in the whispering grove;
The blackberry twineth the rockstone above;
The honey-bee hums as he swiftly speeds on;
The frog's voice is drowned in the lark's sweeter tone.

How beauteous, how lovely do all things appear!
The waterfall's murmur, the shade on the weir.
On all sides around us pure joys are unfurled,
To light with their radiance our path through the world.

SPRING.—

9. And see where surly Winter passes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts;
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shattered forest, and the ravaged vale;
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch,
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.
* * * *

The bittern knows his time, with bill ingulphed
To shake the sounding marsh; or, from the shore,
The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,
And sing their wild notes to the listening waste.
* * * *

In various hues; but chiefly thee, gay green!
Thou smiling Nature's universal robe!
United light and shade! where the sight dwells
With growing strength, and ever-new delight.
* * * *

The hawthorn whitens, and the juicy groves
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
Till the whole leafy forest stands displayed,
In full luxuriance, to the sighing gales.
* * * *

8. Dulcken's German Songs (W. G. Becker). 9. *The Seasons.*

The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
With lavish fragrance; while the promised fruit
Lies yet a little embryo, unperceived,
Within its crimson folds.
* * * *
Moist, bright, and green, the landscape laughs around.

SUMMER.—

1. But yonder comes the powerful king of day,
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illumed with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad.———
* * * *
The very dead creation, from thy touch
Assumes a mimic life. By thee refined,
In brighter mazes the reluctant stream
Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,
Projecting horror on the blackened flood,
Softens at thy return. The Desert joys
Wildly, through all his melancholy bounds.
* * * *
Half in a blush of clustering roses lost,
Dew-drooping Coolness to the shade retires;
There, on the verdant turf, or flowery bed,
By gelid founts and careless rills to muse;
While tyrant Heat, dispreading through the sky,
With rapid sway, his burning influence darts
On man, and beast, and herb, and tepid stream.
* * * *
—— Say, shall we wind
Along the streams? or walk the smiling mead?
Or court the forest-glades? or wander wild
Among the waving harvests? or ascend,
While radiant Summer opens all its pride,
Thy hill, delightful Shene?

AUTUMN.—

2. Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
And, unperceived, unfolds the spreading day;
Before the ripened field the reapers stand,
In fair array;——
* * * *
When Autumn scatters his departing gleams,
Warned of approaching Winter, gathered, play

The swallow-people; and tossed wide around,
O'er the calm sky, in convolution swift,
The feathered eddy floats: rejoicing once,
Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire;
* * * *
But see the fading many-coloured woods,
Shade deepening over shade, the country round
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, dusk and dun
Of every hue, from wan-declining green
To sooty dark.
* * * *
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat whose artless strains so late
Swelled all the music of the swarming shades,
Robbed of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock;
With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
And nought save chattering discord in their note.
* * * *
Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields;
And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race
Their sunny robes resign. ———

WINTER.—

3. See, Winter comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train;
Vapours, and clouds, and storms.——
* * * *
Hung o'er the farthest verge of heaven, the Sun
Scarce spreads through ether the dejected day.
* * * *
—— a blackening train
Of clamorous rooks thick urge their weary flight,
And seek the closing shelter of the grove.
Assiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl
Plies his sad song. The cormorant on high
Wheels from the deep, and screams along the land.
Loud shrieks the soaring hern; and with wild wing
The circling sea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.
* * * *
Huge Uproar lords it wide. The clouds commixed
With stars swift-gliding, sweep along the sky.
All nature reels:——
* * * *
———. The cherished fields
Put on their winter-robe of purest white.

3. Thomson, *The Seasons.*

'Tis brightness all;——
* * * *

'Tis done! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquered year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His desolate domain. ———

4. Oft have I seen a sudden storm arise,
From all the warring winds that sweep the skies
The heavy harvest from the root is torn,
And whirl'd aloft the lighter stubble borne:
With such a force the flying rack is driv'n,
And such a winter wears the face of heav'n.
And oft whole sheets descend of sluicy rain,
Suck'd by the spongy clouds from off the main:
The lofty skies at once come pouring down,
The promis'd crop and golden labours drown.
The dikes are fill'd; and, with a roaring sound,
The rising rivers float the nether ground;
And rocks the bellowing voice of boiling seas rebound.
* * * *

When winter's rage abates, when cheerful hours
Awake the Spring, and Spring awakes the flow'rs,
* * * *

Above the rest, the sun, who never lies,
Foretels the change of weather in the skies:
* * * *

The sun reveals the secrets of the sky;
And who dares give the source of light the lie?

EVENING.—

5. The Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

4. Dryden's Virgil's *Georgics*, G. i. 5. T. Gray's *Elegy*.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

6. The deep'ning shades o'erspread the golden west,
The mottled clouds sweep on before the breeze,
Rude Labour leaves his weary sons to rest,
And sea-like murmurs sound among the trees.

The muffled owl sails by on silent wing,
The drowsy moth pursues his dusky way,
Light-crested gnats their busy carols sing,
And closing flowrets mourn departing day.

Soft dews descending bathe the thirsty ground,
A mingled fragrance cheers the pensive night,
Dim rising vapours slowly roll around,
And wand'ring glow-worms shed their emerald light.

Now breathe the high romantic love-lorn tale,
And mix ideal scenes of fairy bliss;
Let airy harps from ev'ry passing gale
Steal heav'nly notes with soft enchanting kiss.

The mingled charm shall cheat my ardent soul;
And, gleaming thro' the dim fantastic light,
Bright shadowy forms around my head shall roll,
And golden visions bless my ravish'd sight.

7. I stood on the mountain summit,
At the hour when the sun did set;
I mark'd how it hung o'er the woodland
The evening's golden net.

And, with the dew descending,
A peace on earth there fell,—
And Nature lay hushed in quiet,
At the voice of the evening bell.
* * * *

— every flower is closing
In silence its little eye,—
And every wave in the brooklet
More softly murmureth by.

6. Miss Aikin, *Evening*. 7. F. Ruckert's *Evening Song* (from Dulcken's German Songs).

The weary caterpillar
  Hath nestled beneath the weeds;
All wet with dew now slumbers
  The dragon-fly in the reeds.

The golden beetle hath laid him
  In a rose-leaf cradle to rock;
Now wend to their nightly shelter
  The shepherd and his flock.

The lark from on high is seeking
  In the moistened grass her nest,
The hart and the hind have laid them
  In their woodland haunt to rest.

The two classes of Descriptive Poetry of which we have presented illustrations in this and the preceding Chapter, differ in no essential characteristic from each other, except in that which has given rise to the classification we have adopted. The one has reference to minute and single objects; the other embraces varied and complex views of Nature's wide domain. Necessarily, therefore, the latter includes the former, as the forest includes its constituent trees; and the delineation of a tree includes a picture of the leaves which form its chief adornment. To the poet, however, there is a wide difference in the uses to which the two classes of subjects may be applied. The more minute portraiture of single objects is more effective than vague generalization; and short, terse descriptions are in continual request for apt comparisons, and other figures of speech.

Having thus considered the external features of Nature, the heavens above, and the earth beneath; land and water; the vegetable and the mineral kingdoms; the seasons in all their changing aspects, and characteristic phenomena;

the irrational tribes of the animal creation; in short the vast universe, Mankind only excepted, we shall now be prepared to receive the poet's inspirations in reference to the human race—the beings for whose occupation and use our globe and its productions have been prepared and set apart.

Chapter VII.

Human Nature; an independent and important study: illustrative poetical examples, physical, metaphysical, ethical, theological, social, and political; Fletcher's *Purple Island*; general observations.

What an interminable study is Man! Singly or socially, physically or metaphysically, sensually or spiritually, the subject enlarges, and expands, and grows before our imaginations as the one proper study in Creation to which all others must acknowledge complete subjection. It has consequently been the poet's particular privilege from time immemorial to sing hymns of praise referring to the abodes of blessed spirits, to excite the passions in war-songs, to commemorate heroic deeds of arms, and in other ways, whether in odes, pastorals, or convivial and bacchanalian ballads to delight their hearers in temples, academies, or at festive boards. No age has been so rude or rustic as to be without its poetic sages, and the sister arts of poetry and music.

The poetry of Human Nature has the advantage over all other poetry of engaging the attention of all classes of society. Hence the drama, which vivifies to the imagination the past, the present, or the remote. Whether the poetry partakes of the social or political; the influence of the worst or the best passions; or depicts pleasing or tragical events, so long as the actions

relate to humanity so surely will they live to last and to please. As Akenside declared:—

> —— all the teeming regions of the south
> Hold not a quarry, to the curious flight
> Of knowledge, half so tempting or so fair,
> As man to man. ———

The illustrative extracts which ensue will give a pretty clear insight into the poet's usual mode of treating this voluminous subject in certain interesting phases; and which we have chosen to classify as Physical, Metaphysical, Ethical, Theological, Social, and Political; not, however, from considering such an arrangement as being absolutely necessary, but simply for convenience. These, like all other extracts, it may be observed, have not been specially sought out, but have occurred along with others in a course of general reading, otherwise the collection might have been made considerably more imposing, while at the same time no especial advantage would have accrued from such a devious course.

PHYSICAL.

MAN.—

1. (83.) There be many strange things, but the strangest of them all is Man. Though the sea be white with foam, and wintry winds be blowing, he crosseth over the noisy billows. Earth, Mother Earth, is from everlasting to everlasting; she is the greatest of all goddesses; but Man fretteth and wearieth her; for he putteth his horse to harness, and his ploughs go to and fro in the furrow, ever as the seasons come round. He spreadeth his snares for the silly birds; he gathereth the fishes of the sea in the meshes of his nets! Man surpassing in wisdom. By craft he over-reacheth the wild beast upon the mountain, and putteth to his yoke the long-maned steed and the strength of the great bison.

1. Thompson's *Sales Attici.* (*Sophocles.*) Edin. 1867.

He sheltereth himself against the rain and frost; he maketh laws and ordinances for himself and his brethren; his thoughts are as swift as the wind; but he catcheth hold of them a-flying, and mouldeth them into speech. Disease assaileth him in baffling shapes, but he dealeth skilfully with all. Nothing taketh him unawares; saving Death only; and from Death he cannot escape. O Man, surpassing in wisdom!

2. [*Hamlet.*] I have of late, (but wherefore, I know not) lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercises: and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals! And yet to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me,—nor woman neither; though, by your smiling you seem to say so.

WOMAN.—

3. Know you not the season sweet,
Windless, rainless, calm and still,
Which, untouch'd of Summer's heat,
Hath forgotten Winter's chill?
So sweet the Spring of woman's life,
Ere yet the girl puts on the wife;
* * *
Write the vows, that women swear,
On running water, or thin air.

BABY.—

4. Fair is the sunlight streaming down;
Fair is a sea, clear, blue, serene;
Fair, Autumn, grave in russet gown;
Fair, Spring, bedeckt in mantle green;
But neither sound nor sight, I trow,
In sweetness or in beauty vies
With merry noise of baby-crow,
With starry light of baby-eyes.

2. *Hamlet.* Act 2, sc. 2. 3. Thompson's *Sales Attici*; (Sophocles.) 4. Ibid. (Euripides).

BROWS.—

5. His lowering brows o'erwhelming his fair sight,
Like misty vapours when they blot the sky.

EYES.—

6. To see the inclosed lights, now canopy'd
Under these windows: White and azure! lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct. ——

SMILES.—

7. O, he smiles valiantly,
* * *
O, yes; an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

8. (*Cæsar says of Cassius.*)
—— ; he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at anything.

9. Will Ianthe wake again,
And give that faithful bosom joy
Whose sleepless spirit waits to catch
Light, life, and rapture from her smiles?

SLEEP.—

1. Come, Sleep ———
——— the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
Th' indifferent judge between the high and low!

2. Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

3. ——— the innocent sleep;
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
That death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast; ——

4. Harpers must lull him to his rest,
* * * *
Till sleep sink down upon his breast,
Like the dew on a summer hill.

5. Shakspeare's Poems (*Adonis.*) 6. *Cymbeline.* 7. *Troilus and Cressida.* 8. *Julius Cæsar.* 9. Shelley's *Queen Mab.* 1. Sir P. Sidney, *To Sleep.* 2. *Julius Cæsar.* 3. *Macbeth.* 4. Scott's *Bridal of Triermain*, c. i.

5. Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
* * * *
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.

6. A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by,
One after one; the sound of rain, and bees
Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds and seas,
Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure sky;
I've thought of all by turns; ———
* * * *
Even thus last night, and two nights more, I lay,
And could not win thee, Sleep! by any stealth.

Our lives.—

7. All the world 's a stage,
* * * *
——— At first the infant
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
And then, the whining school-boy with his satchel,
And shining-morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school:
And then the lover;
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow:
Then a soldier;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth:
And then, the justice:
* * *
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
* * * *
The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon;
* * * *
——— his big manly voice,
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound:
Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

5. Young's *Night Thoughts*. 6. Wordsworth, *To Sleep*.
7. *As you like it*, Act ii. sc. 7.

8. Four Seasons fill the measure of the year;
There are four seasons in the mind of man:
He has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear
Takes in all beauty with an easy span:
He has his Summer, when luxuriously
Spring's honey'd cud of youthful thought he loves
To ruminate, and by such dreaming high
Is nearest unto heaven: quiet coves
His soul has in its Autumn, when his wings
He furleth close; contented so to look
On mists in idleness—to let fair things
Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook:—
He has his Winter too of pale misfeature,
Or else he would forego his mortal nature.

9. Time rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore,
Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
And told our marvelling boyhood legends store,
Of their strange ventures happ'd by land or sea,
How are they blotted from the things that be!
How few, all weak and wither'd of their force,
Wait on the verge of dark eternity,
Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse,
To sweep them from our sight! Time rolls his ceaseless course.

OLD AGE, &c.—

10. Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses (I cannot err)
Tell me thou art my son Antipholis.

1. But summer months bring wilding shoot
From bud to blossom, from bloom to fruit:
And years draw on our human span,
From child to boy, from boy to man;
And soon in Rokeby's woods is seen
A gallant boy in hunter's green.

HUMAN FRAME.—

2. In all her mazes, nature's face they view'd,
* * * *

8. Keats' *Human Seasons*. 9. Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, c. iii. 10. *Comedy of Errors*, Act v. sc. 1. 1. *Rokeby*. 2. Garth's *Dispensary*, c. i.

Now she unfolds the faint and dawning strife
Of infant atoms kindling into life;
How ductile matter new meanders takes,
And slender trains of twisting fibres makes;
And how the viscous seeks a closer tone,
By just degrees to harden into bone;
While the more loose flow from the vital urn,
And in full tides of purple streams return;
How lambent flames from life's bright lamps arise,
And dart in emanations through the eyes;
How from each sluice a gentle torrent pours,
To slake a feverish heat with ambient showers;
Whence their mechanic powers the spirits claim;
How great their force, how delicate their frame;
How the same nerves are fashion'd to sustain
The greatest pleasure and the greatest pain.

LIFE.—

3. The more we live, more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages:
A day to childhood seems a year,
And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth
Ere passion yet disorders,
Steals lingering like a river smooth
Along its grassy borders.

But as the careworn cheek grows wan,
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,
Ye Stars, that measure life to man,
Why seem your courses quicker?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath
And life itself is vapid,
Why, as we reach the Falls of Death,
Feel we its tide more rapid?

It may be strange—yet who would change
Time's course to slower speeding,
When one by one our friends have gone
And left our bosom bleeding?

Heaven gives our years of fading strength
Indemnifying fleetness;
And those of youth, a seeming length,
Proportion'd to their sweetness.

DEATH.—

4. How wonderful is Death,
Death, and his brother Sleep!

3. Campbell's *River of Life*. 4. Shelley's *Queen Mab*.

One, pale as yonder waning moon
With lips of lurid blue;
The other, rosy as the morn
When throned on the ocean's wave
It blushes o'er the world:
Yet both so passing wonderful!
* * * *
——— those azure veins
Which steal like streams along a field of snow,
* * * *
That lovely outline, which is fair
As breathing marble, ———

5. ——— We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. ——

METAPHYSICAL.

MIND, &c.—

1. 'Twas given to man to view the heavens on high,
But not in them the mysteries of the sky;
Yet boldly dares his reason penetrate
The darksome chaos, o'er it to dilate.
With staggering step, thus scorning heavenly light,
In error's paths he wanders, lost in night.
Confused, but not made wise, he pores about,
Betwixt opinion wavering and doubt.
Seeking for light, and shadows doom'd to feel,
He ponders, studies, labours to unseal
The secret, and at length finds his advance;
The more he learns, how great his ignorance.
Of matter, form, or motion, or the soul,
Or moments that away incessant roll,
Or the unfathomable sea of space,
Without a sky, without a shore to trace,
Nothing he reaches, nothing comprehends,
Nor finds its origin, nor where it tends;
But only sinking, all absorb'd may see
In the abysses of eternity.

2. How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complete, how wonderful, is man!
* * * *
O what a miracle to man is man.

5. *The Tempest*, Act iv. sc. 1. 1. Kennedy's *Poets of Spain* (Gaspar Melchor de Jovellanos). 1860. 2. Young's *Night Thoughts*.

3. Mysterious Thought, swift angel of the mind!
By space unbounded, tho' to space confin'd,
How dost thou glow with just disdain? how scorn?
That Thought cou'd ever think thee earthly born,
Thou who canst distance motion in thy flight,
Wing with aspiring plume the wond'rous height,
Swifter than light, outspeed the flame of day,
Pierce through the dark profound, and shame the darting ray,
Throughout the universal system range,
New form old systems, and new systems change,
Thro' Nature traffick on, from pole to pole,
And stamp new worlds on thy dilated soul;
(By Time unlimited, unbounded by Space)
Sure demonstration of thy heav'nly race,
Deriv'd from *that*, which is deriv'd from none,
Which ever *Is*,——but of Himself alone——

GENIUS.—

4. Nature's kindling breath
Must fire the chosen genius; nature's hand
Must string his nerves, and imp his eagle-wings
Impatient of the painful sleep, to soar
High as the summit: there to breathe at large
Ethereal air, with bards and sages old,
Immortal sons of praise.

MAN AND NATURE.—

5. I live not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me; and to me
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
Of human cities tortures: I can see
Nothing to loathe in nature, save to be
A link reluctant in a fleshly chain,
Class'd among creatures, when the soul can flee,
And with the sky, the peak, and heaving plain
Of ocean, or the stars, mingle, and not in vain.

* * * *

Are not the mountains, waves, and skies, a part
Of me and of my soul, as I of them?
Is not the love of these deep in my heart
With a pure passion? should I not contemn
All objects, if compared with these? and stem
A tide of suffering, rather than forego

3. H. Brooks's *Universal Beauty*, 1735. 4. Akenside's *Pleasures of Imagination*. 5. Byron's *Childe Harold*, c. iii.

Such feelings for the hard and worldly phlegm
Of those whose eyes are only turn'd below,
Gazing upon the ground, with thoughts which dare
not glow?

PASSIONS.—

6. Many terrible things doth Earth nurture in her bosom; many creatures terrible to man doth Amphitritê hold within her arms; consider also the lightning that gleameth between heaven and earth, the flying birds, and the beasts of the field, and the anger of tempestuous winds. But who shall fully tell the daring spirit of man, or of woman? or the passion of desire that dareth all, and is linked with sorrow?

7. Like the cluster'd stars that roll
In a circle round the pole,
Come, and go, and come again:
Nought within wide Nature's range
But must ever change and change;
Spangled Night must pale away
Before the glory of the Day;
Death broods here, and there the while
Baby-lips begin to smile;
If we joy o'er riches won,
Ere the words of joy be done,
The substance of our joy is gone.

LOVE.—

8. Standest thou, Love, a power alone?
Or art thou twenty powers in one?
O thou art Agony, and Delight,
Sweet Weakness, and resistless Might;
Without appeal, thy slightest breath
Passeth award of life and death;
Thou can'st with Frenzy fire the brain,
And Fever pour thro' every vein;
And, even when the passion tide
Thro' throbbing pulse and vein is sent,
Can'st calm the troubled soul, and guide
To tranquil efforts and still content:
The fish that in the waters glide,
The birds thro' air that wing their way,
The beast that roams the mountain side
Thy penetrant influence must obey;
* * * *
O Love, to thee all things must yield,

6. Thompson's *Sales Attici*. (Æschylus). 7. 8. *Ibid.* (Sophocles.)

Bird of the air and beast of the field ;
Cold-blooded fish that swim the sea,
Brutes of the forest, none are free
When in the cheek of sweet maiden sixteen
Bird-like thou buildest a cozy warm nest,
Then canst thou make, as may daily be seen,
Fools of our wisest, and knaves of our best.

9. Whence comes my love ? O heart disclose ;
It was from cheeks that shamed the rose,
From lips that spoil the ruby's praise,
From eyes that mock the diamond's blaze :

1. I tell thee love is nature's second sun,
Causing a spring of virtues where he shines.
And as without the sun, the world's great eye,
All colours, beauties, both of art and nature,
Are given in vain to men ; so without love
All beauties bred in woman are in vain,
All virtues born in men lie buried,
For love informs them as the sun doth colours.

2. Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs ;
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes ;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears :
What is it else ? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.

3. *Pro.* ——, As in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.
Val. And writers say, As the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly ; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.

4. Oh, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day ;
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away !

Frail Beauty.—

5. Brittle beautie, that Nature made so fraile,
Whereof the gifte is smalle, and shorte is the season ;

9. J. Harrington's Sonnet. 1. G. Chapman's Comedy of *All Fools*. 2. *Romeo and Juliet*. 3, 4. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. 5. H. Howard, Earl of Surrey, *Frailtie of Beautie*.

Flouring to-day, to-morrow apt to faile;
Fickle treasure, abhorred of reason:
Dangerous to deal with,—vain,—of none avail;
Costlie in keeping, past—not worth two peason;
Slipper and sliding, as is an eel's tail;
Hard to obtain, once gotten, not geason:
Jewell of jeopardy, that peril dothe assail;
False and untrue, enticeth oft to treason;
Enemie to youth, that most may I bewaile;
Ah! bitter sweet, infecting as the poison,
Thou farest as fruit that with the frost is taken:
To-day ready ripe, to-morrow all too shaken.

MATCHLESS BEAUTY.—

6. Where is the maiden of mortal strain,
That may match with the Baron of Triermain?
She must be lovely, and constant, and kind,
Holy and pure, and humble of mind,
Blithe of cheer, and gentle of mood,
Courteous, and generous, and noble of blood—
Lovely as the sun's first ray,
When it breaks the clouds of an April day;
Constant and true as the widow'd dove,
Kind as a minstrel that sings of love;
Pure as the fountain in rocky cave,
Where never sunbeam kiss'd the wave;
Humble as maiden that loves in vain,
* * *
Gentle as breeze that but whispers and dies,
Yet blithe as the light leaves that dance in its sighs;
* * * *
Generous as spring-dews that bless the glad ground;

MELANCHOLY.—

7. Welcome, folded arms, and fixèd eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fastened on the ground,
A tongue chained up without a sound!
Fountain-heads, and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves!
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls!
* * —— a parting groan!
These are the sounds we feed upon;

6. Scott's *Bridal of Triermain*, c. i. 7. Beaumont and Fletcher.

LIBERTY.—

8. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please: for so fools have:
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh:———

TIME.—

9. The Gods alone know neither age nor death;
On all things else Time breathes a withering breath;
The fruits of earth grow, ripen, and decay;
Man's strength and beauty dwindle, day by day;
Faith, dying out, commingles with the dust,
From whence upsprings a harvest of distrust:
Ever 'twixt man and man, 'twixt state and state,
The breeze of Love veers round to gale of Hate;
What's sweet to-day is by to-morrow sour:—
Thus change we all beneath Time's magic power,
Some once a season, others twice an hour.

ETHICAL.

GENEROUS NATURE.—

1. Behold, O man! that toilsome pains dost take
The flowers, the fields, and all that pleasant grows,
How they themselves do thine ensample make,
Whiles nothing envious Nature them forth throws
Out of her fruitful lap: how no man knows
They spring, they bud, they blossom fresh and fair,
And deck the world with their rich pompous shows;
Yet no man for them taketh pains or care,
Yet no man to them can his careful pains compare.

The lily, lady of the flow'ring field,
The flower-de-luce, her lovely paramour,
Bid thee to them thy fruitless labours yield,
And soon leave off the toilsome weary stour;
Lo, lo! how brave she decks her bounteous bower,
With silken curtains and gold coverlets,
Therein to shroud her sumptuous belamoure;
Yet neither spins nor cards, ne cares nor frets,
But to her mother Nature all her care she lets.

LIFE.—

2. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipp'd them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues. ——

8. *As you like it.* 9. Thompson's *Sales Attici*, (Sophocles.)
1. *Fairy Queen*, b. ii. c. 6. 2. *All's well that ends well.*

PRIDE.—

3. O, the good gods,
How blind is pride! What eagles are we still
In matters that belong to other men!
What beetles in our own!——

VIRTUES.—

4. —— his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongu'd, against
The deep damnation of his taking off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.——

5. The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes:
The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.

6. Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny.

INGRATITUDE.—

7. Blow, blow, thou wintry wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
* * *
Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.

NATURE'S LESSONS.—

8. Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The season's difference; as the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,—

3. G. Chapman, *Pride*. 4. *Macbeth*, Act i. sc. 7. 5, 6. *Hamlet*. 7, 8. *As you like it*.

This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
* * * *
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

FLATTERY.—

9. Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery,
Words are easy like the wind:
Faithful friends are hard to find.

SLANDER.—

1. —— No, 'tis slander;
—— whose tongue
Out-venoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world; ——————
* * the secrets of the grave
This vip'rous slander enters.

2. The evil, that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar!

IDLENESS.—

3. A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumults, raptured or alarm'd,
At ought this scene can threaten or indulge,
Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

4. Thick in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,
Upward, and downward, thwarting and convoled,
The quivering nations sport; till tempest-winged,
Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of day.
Even so luxurious men, unheeding, pass
An idle summer-life in fortune's shine,
A season's glitter! thus they flutter on
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;
Till, blown away by death, oblivion comes
Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

9. Shakspeare's *Poems*. 1. *Cymbeline*. 2. *Julius Cæsar*. 3. Young's *Night Thoughts*. 4. Thomson's *Seasons*. (*Summer*).

COWARD.—

5. ——— I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind: ———

6. And love and friendship on his coward heart
Shine like the powerless sun on polar ice.

BOUNTY.—

7. —— For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping: ——

RUIN.—

8. *Alc.* How came the noble Timon to this change?
Tim. As the moon does, but wanting light to give;
But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.

1. What numbers, once in fortune's lap high-fed,
Solicit the cold hand of charity!
To shock us more, solicit it in vain!

GOOD OR EVIL FORTUNE.—

2. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.

AMBITION, &c.—

3. ('a fire and motion of the soul')
—but once kindled, quenchless evermore
Preys upon high adventure, nor can tire
Of aught but rest,——

4. The high, the mountain majesty of worth
Should be, and shall, survivor of its woe,
And from its immortality look forth
In the sun's face, like yonder Alpine snow,
Imperishably pure beyond all things below.

5. Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but a empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

5. *All's well that ends well.* 6. S. T. Coleridge's Lit. Remains. 7. *Antony and Cleopatra.* 8. *Timon of Athens.* 1. *Night Thoughts.* 2. *Alls well that ends well.* 3, 4. Byron's *Childe Harold*, c. iii. 5. H. W. Longfellow's *Psalm of Life.*

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.
* * *

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;
* * *

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

6. It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make Man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:
A lily of a day,
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night—
It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

LIFE.—

7. Life is like the stormy breezes
Raging with a restless sway;
Like the wintry wind that freezes
Snow-heaps which soon melt away.
Age, age—year, year overpowers;
Still they flow, and still they must;
And while children gather flowers,
Aged fathers sleep in dust.
Rouse thee, up to noble doing,
Noble cares and thoughts pursue;
Even the boisterous wind, pursuing
Its fierce course, wafts drops of dew.

AGE.—

8. The spring, proudly smiling,
Shall all things revive;
And gay bridal-garments
Of splendour shall give.

6. Ben Jonson, *The Noble Nature*. 7. Bowring's Magyar Poems; *Hungarian Song*. 8. Bowring's Russian Poets, (Karamsin.)

But man's chilling winter
Is darksome and dim;
For no second spring-tide
E'er dawns upon him.

DEATH.—

9. The very moment that man biddeth adieu unto the world,
Dust, and silver, and gold, unto him, are all three one.

1. Death is here and death is there,
Death is busy everywhere,
All around, within, beneath,
Above, is death—and we are death.

Death has set his mark and seal
On all we are and all we feel,
On all we know and all we fear.

THEOLOGICAL.

DIVINE LOVE.—

2. Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair: thou hast doves' eyes within thy locks: thy hair is as a flock of goats, that appear from mount Gilead. (1.)
Thy lips, O my spouse, drop as the honey-comb: honey and milk are under thy tongue; and the smell of thy garments is like the smell of Lebanon. (11.)

3. My beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand. (10.)
His head is as the most fine gold, his locks are bushy, and black as a raven. (11.)
His eyes are the eyes of doves by the rivers of waters, washed with milk, and fitly set. (12.)
His cheeks are as a bed of spices, as sweet flowers: his lips are like lilies, dropping sweet-smelling myrrh. (13.)

4. Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners? (10.)

5. Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm: for love is strong as death; jealousy is

9. Raverty's Afghan Poetry, 1862. 1. Shelley, *Death*. 2. *Solomon's Song*, c. iv. 3. Ibid., c. v. 4. Ibid., c. vi. 5. Ibid., c. viii.

cruel as the grave; the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame. (6.)

Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it: if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned. (7.)

DEVOTION.—

6. A man on earth devoted to the skies;
Like ships in seas, while in, above the world.
* * * *
He sees with other eyes than theirs; where they
Behold a sun, he spies a Deity;
What makes them only smile, makes him adore.
Where they see mountains, he but atoms sees;
An empire in his balance weighs a grain.

SOUL.—

7. What though my strains and sorrows flow combin'd?
Yet ears are slow, and carnal eyes are blind.
Free through each mortal form the spirits roll,
But sight avails not.—Can we see the soul?

FUTURITY.—

8. All, all on earth is shadow; all beyond
Is substance; the reverse is Folly's creed:
How solid all, where change shall be no more!

SUN.—

9. Hangs out the sun his lustre but for me,
The single man? ——

BLOOD.—

1. Which blood ———————— cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth.

VENGEANCE.—

2. —— the will of heaven;
Who, when they see the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

SOCIAL.

RICH PARENTS.—

3. How quickly nature falls into revolt,
When gold becomes her object!
—— over-careful fathers
* * * *

6, 8, 9. Young's *Night Thoughts*. 7. S. Rousseau's *Flowers of Persian Literature*. 1, 2. *Richard II.* 3. *King Henry IV.*, 2nd Part, Act iv. sc. 4.

For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts and martial exercises:
When, like the bee, tolling [taking toll] from every flower
The virtuous sweets;
Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive; and like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains.——

CHARACTER.—

4. ——— he (Ajax) is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant.

5. With a half-glance upon the sky
At night he said, 'The wanderings
Of this most intricate Universe
Teach me the nothingness of things.'
Yet could not all creation pierce
Beyond the bottom of his eye.

YOUTH.—

6. But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy!
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of nature's gifts, thou may'st with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose:—

7. Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st.
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
——— and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rudest wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale.——

8. Like a clear little stream,
That with scarcely a sound,
Through the plain among flowers,
Glides whirling around,
So the fugitive years
Of my easy life sped,
Amidst laughter and play,
Like a dream have fled.
On that dream to look back,
Oft in wonder I dwell;
Nor to tear me have power
From its pleasing spell.

4. *Troilus and Cressida.* 5. Tennyson's *Poems*, 1857. 6. *King John.* 7. *Cymbeline.* 8. Kennedy's *Poets of Spain*, (Melendez.)

9. Little charm of placid mien,
Miniature of Beauty's Queen,
Numbering years, a scanty nine,
Stealing hearts without design,
Young inveigler, fond in wiles,
Prone to mirth, profuse in smiles,
Yet a novice in disdain,
Pleasure giving without pain,
Still caressing, still caressed,
Thou and all thy lovers blessed,
Never teased, and never teasing,
Oh for ever pleased and pleasing!

* * * *

Is the silken web so thin
As the texture of her skin?
Can the lily and the rose
Such unsullied hue disclose?
Are the violets so blue
As her veins exposed to view?
Do the stars in wintry sky
Twinkle brighter than her eye?
Has the morning lark a throat
Sounding sweeter than her note?

1. Little gossip, blithe and hale,
Tattling many a broken tale,
Singing many a tuneless song,
Lavish of a heedless tongue;
Simple maiden, void of art,
Babbling out the very heart,
Yet abandon'd to thy will,
Yet imagining no ill,
Yet too innocent to blush;
Like the linnet in the bush
To the mother-linnet's note
Moduling her slender throat;
Chirping forth thy petty joys,
Wanton in the change of toys.

2. Swift the golden moments flitted
Of my childhood's blissful days—
Soon the smiling joys retreated,
Which o'er boyhood flung their rays.

9. A. Philips, *To Miss Carteret*. 1. Ibid, *To Miss Pulteney*. 2. Bowring's *Magyar Poetry*, (Kisfaludy.)

Spring, whose footstep never lingers,
Flowers upon the vernal field,
All the forest's plumy singers,
All the lights that nature gild—
Will not winter's breath destroy them?
Other springs shall re-enjoy them;
Youth re-kindles not its beam—
Why do I so idly dream?

FRIENDSHIP.—

3. ———. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart.

4. —— we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And whereso'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

HAND.—

5. ——— O that her hand!
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach;——

INDECISION.—

6. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue: the swan's down feather,
That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

LOVELINESS.—

7. O thou, whose wanton footsteps tread
The garden's flower-enamell'd glade,
Whose pouting rose-bud lips contain
More luscious honey than the cane,
Whose eyes in liquid lustre shine
Bright as the hue of sparkling wine,
Whose bending eyebrows shafts of woe
Dart like arrows from the bow,
Brows that stole their pearly light
From the silver queen of night,
Whose charms have stol'n my soul away,—
Thy name, thou beauteous tyrant, say!

3. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* 4. *As you like it.* 5. *Troilus and Cressida.* 6. *Antony and Cleopatra.* 7. Dr. J. Leyden's Poetical Remains; *Ode from the Persic* of Khakani.

The wine of love, that thrills the soul,
Thy bard has drunk beyond control;
To learn thy name would gladly drain
His life from each enamour'd vein:
Thou charmer of Khakani, say,
What beauty steals his soul away?—

8. Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes
Which starlike sparkle in their skies;
Nor be you proud, that you can see
All hearts your captives; yours yet free:
Be you not proud of that rich hair
Which wantons with the love-sick air;
Whenas that ruby which you wear,
Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,
Will last to be a precious stone
When all your world of beauty's gone.

9. ——— beauty ———
A crystal brow, a moon's despair,
—— the snow's daughter, a white hand,
—— mermaid's yellow pride of hair.

——— your starry eyes,
Your lips that seem on roses fed,
Your breasts, where Cupid trembling lies,
Nor sleeps for kissing of his bed:—

A bloomy pair of vermeil cheeks,
Like Hebe's in her ruddiest hours,
A breath that softer music speaks
Than summer winds a-wooing flowers.*

1. Thou seem'st a rosebud born in snow;
A flower of purpose sprung to bow
To heedless tempests and the rage
Of an incensèd stormy age:
And yet as balm-trees gently spend
Their tears for those that do them rend,
Thou didst nor murmur nor revile,
But drank'st thy wormwood with a smile.

2. She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:

8. Herrick, *To Dianeme.* 9. Dr. Trench's *Household Book of Poetry;* Anon, *True Loveliness.* 1. Ibid., *H. Vaughan, To Elizabeth of Bohemia.* 2. Byron, *She walks in Beauty.*

* These lines are given in contrast to *True Loveliness.*

Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.
One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace,
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express,
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.
And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

LOVE.—

3. Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That valleys, groves, [or] hills, and fields,
Woods or steepy mountain yields.
And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

4. —At first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stol'n;
Extended or contracted all proportions,
To a most hideous object: Thence it came,
That she, whom all men prais'd, and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

5. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily:
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd:
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not lov'd:
Or if thou hast not broke from company,

3. Marlow, *The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.* 4. *All's well that ends well.* 5. *As you like it.*

Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd:——

6. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When everything doth make a gleeful boast?
The birds chant melody on every bush;
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground:
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit.

7. *Luc.* I do not seek to quench you love's hot fire;
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.
Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns:
The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage:
But, when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamel'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course:
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;——

8. What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be, to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon;——

9. He says, he loves my daughter,
I think so too; for never gazed the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think, there is not half a kiss to choose,
Which loves another best.

6. *Titus Andronicus.* 7. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii. sc. 7. 8. Ibid., Act iii. sc. 1. 9. *Winter's Tale.*

LOVE.—

1. *Imogen.* I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd them, but
To look upon him; till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle:
Nay, follow'd him 'till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.——

2. ——She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at Grief.——

3. *Juliet.* Wilt thou begone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Romeo. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountains' tops;
I must be gone and live, or stay and die, [being banished.]

Juliet. Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I;
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

Romeo. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, if thou wilt have it so.
I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
I have more care to stay, than will to go;—
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.—
How is't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day.

1. *Cymbeline*, Act i. sc. 4. 2. *Twelfth Night*, Act ii. s. 4.
3. *Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii. sc. 5.

4. The lowest trees have tops; the ant her gall;
The fly her spleen; the little sparks their heat:
The slender hairs cast shadows, though but small;
And bees have stings, although they be not great.
Seas have their surges, so have shallow springs;
And love is love, in beggars as in kings.
Where rivers smoothest run, deep are the fords;
The dial stirs, yet none perceives it move;
The firmest faith is in the fewest words;
The turtles cannot sing, and yet they love.
True hearts have eyes, and ears, no tongues to speak;
They hear and see, and sigh; and then they break.

WOMAN.—

5. O, woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!——

6. —— the sigh
And virgin-glance of first affection cast
Upon their youth's smooth current, as it pass'd!

7. But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that which, withering on the virgin-thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

MISFORTUNE.—

8. ——. Then was I as a tree,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but, in one night,
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.
—— I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.
* * * *

9. This is the state of man; To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms;
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. ——

4. Dr. Trench's *Household Book of Poetry;* Anon. p. 5. 5. *Marmion,* c. vi. 6. *Lalla Rookh.* 7. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* 8. *Cymbeline.* 9. *King Henry VIII.,* Act iii. sc. 2.

AGE.—

1. (*Macbeth says*) ——— my May of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;

2. What should we speak of,
When we are as old as you? When we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? ——

MIND.—

3. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!

4. Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

TEARS.—

5. —— one, whose subdu'd eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their med'cinable gum :——

6. Aumerle, thou weep'st; My tender-hearted cousin!
We'll make foul weather with despisèd tears;
Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land.

7. Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm:
Commend these waters to those baby eyes,
That never saw the giant world enrag'd;——

RIOT.—

8. His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last;
For violent fires soon burn out themselves:
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short.

1. 3. 4. *Macbeth.* 2. *Cymbeline.* 5. *Othello.* 6. 8. *King Richard II.* 7. *King John,* Act v. sc. 2.

GRIEF.—

9. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which show like grief itself, but are not so:
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like perspectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,
Show nothing but confusion;—ey'd awry,
Distinguish form: * *
(*York says*) —— What a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!

10. *G.* What is six winters? they are quickly gone.
B. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.

CONTENT.—

1. O, my soul's joy!
If after every tempest comes such calmness,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,
Olympus-high; and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

DELIGHT.—

2. All the bright world's charms seem brighter,
All the frowns of grief are gone;
Livelier beats my heart—and lighter;
Sweeter is my harp's sweet tone.
Life's fresh spring is renovated,
Bliss finds wings of pride and power,
Nobler passions are created,
Being's struggles upward tower:
I, a new-born life possessing,
Lov'd and loving—bless'd and blessing—
Darkening thoughts have pass'd away,
All is new delight and day.

STATION.—

3. Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty given,

9. 10. *King Richard II.* 1. *Othello*, Act ii. sc. 1. 2. Bowring's *Magyar Poems*, (Kisfaludy). 3. Pope's *Essay on Man.*

The poor contents him with the care of Heaven.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king;
The starving chemist in his golden views
Supremely blest, the poet in his muse.

MUSIC.—

4. That strain again;—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear, like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour.—

RAGE.—

5. High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

CUNNING.—

6. ——— look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it.——

MURDER.—

7. —— Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere, to black Hecate's summons,
The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

THE PAST.—

8. There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away,

* * * *
* * * *

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth distract the breast,
Through midnight hours that yield no more their former hope of rest;
'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruined turret wreathe,
All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and grey beneath.

Oh could I feel as I have felt, or be what I have been,
Or weep as I could once have wept, o'er many a vanished scene;
As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish though they be,
So 'midst the withered waste of life, those tears would flow to me.

4. *Twelfth Night.* 5. *King Richard II.* 6. 7. *Macbeth.*
8. Lord Byron's *Stanzas for Music.*

EXTERNAL AND HUMAN NATURE.—

9. Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
Before rude hands have touched it?
Have you remarked but the fall o' the snow,
Before the soil hath smutched it?
Have you felt the wool of the beaver?
Or swan's down ever?
Or have smelt o' the bud of the briar?
Or the nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag o' the bee?
O so white! O so soft! O so sweet is she!

DYING.—

10. Softly! she is lying
With her lips apart:
Softly! she is dying
Of a broken heart.

Whisper! she is going
To her final rest:
Whisper! life is growing
Dim within her breast.

Gently! she is sleeping,
She has breathed her last:
Gently! while you are weeping,
She to Heaven has past.

POLITICAL.

WAR.—

1. The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

9. Ben Jonson's *Triumph of Charis*. 10. C. G. Eastman, *A Dirge*. 1. Lord Byron, *The Destruction of Sennacherib*.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances uplifted, the trumpets unblown:

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the Temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

MURDER.—

(*Duchess of Gloucester says*)

1*. One vial full of Edward's sacred blood,
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded,
By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.

KING.—

2. —— he is gracious, if he be observed;
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity:
—— being incens'd he's flint;
As humorous as winter, and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.
His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd:—
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth:
But, being moody, give him line and scope;
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working.——

3. Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord.

CIVIL WAR.—

4. Glad am I, that your highness is so arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolved to tears;
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel.

1*, 3, 4. *King Richard II.* 2. *King Henry IV.* 2nd Part.

5. The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed, and pluck away.

6. But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm:
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

7. Ah, Richard! with the eyes of heavy mind
I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament!
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest:
Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes;
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes.

8. If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:
(But far from Bolingbroke's desire that)
—— such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair king Richard's land.

9. Go,—————— while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.—
* * * * *
Methinks, king Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thund'ring shock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:
The rage be his, whilst on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth and not on him.

KING RICHARD.—

1. See, see, king Richard doth himself appear,
As doth the blushing discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the east;
When he perceives, the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to stain the tract
Of his bright passage to the occident.
Yet looks he like a king; behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty:——
(*His Sceptre*)

2. —— well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre.
* * * *

5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 1, 2, *King Richard II.*

—— He (Bolingbroke) is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war;

(*His crown.*)

3. Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
That owes two buckets, filling one another;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water:
The bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

(*His grief.*)

4. Oh, that I were a mockery king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water-drops!—

(Exton *having slain the king*, Bolingbroke *says*)

5. Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow:

FITZ-JAMES.—

6. Still at the gallop prick'd the Knight,
His merry-men follow'd as they might.
Along thy banks, swift Teith! they ride,
And in the race they mock thy tide;
Torry and Lendrick now are past,
And Deanstown lies behind them cast;
They rise, the banner'd towers of Doune,
They sink in distant woodland soon;
Blair-Drummond sees the hoofs strike fire,
They sweep like breeze through Ochtertyre;
They mark just glance and disappear
The lofty brow of ancient Kier;
They bathe their coursers' sweltering sides,
Dark Forth! amid thy sluggish tides,
And on the opposing shore take ground,
With plash, with scramble, and with bound.
Right-hand they leave thy cliffs, Craig-Forth!
And soon the bulwark of the North,
Grey Stirling, with her towers and town,
Upon their fleet career look'd down.

KING JAMES.—

7. The monarch's form was middle size;
For feat of strength, or exercise,

3, 4, 5, *King Richard II.* 6. Scott's *Lady of the Lake.* 7. *Marmion*, c. v.

Shaped in proportion fair;
And hazel was his eagle eye,
And auburn of the darkest dye,
His short curl'd beard and hair.
Light was his footstep in the dance,
And firm his stirrup in the lists;
And, oh! he had that merry glance,
That seldom lady's heart resists.
Lightly from fair to fair he flew,
And loved to plead, lament, and sue;—
Suit lightly won, and short-lived pain,
For monarchs seldom sigh in vain.

A MOB.—

8. ——— He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: You are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun.——

CHECKS.—

9. ——— checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions, highest rear'd;
As knots by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.

With every effort to abridge our selection of poetical illustrations of studies of Human Nature, it has assumed a somewhat formidable appearance, from its affording the chief topic of all poetry. We have only to take Ayscough's index to Shakspeare's dramas to make this obvious by turning to 'man,' giving upwards of 80 lines of references; 'woman,' above 60 lines; 'wife,' 28; 'widow,' 14; 'the passion of love,' above 280 lines, and so on. One such dramatist would alone afford abundant examples of variety in subjects, if not equally so in modes of treatment.

In treating of Human Nature, we may remark

8. *Coriolanus*, Act i. sc. 1. 9. *Troilus and Cressida.*

that in 1633 Phineas Fletcher published his singular poem entitled *The Purple Island, or the Isle of Man*, in which he sings the anatomy of the human frame in metaphorical language, delivered in a very pedantic style; yet some bibliopolists have affected to find in his performance lines that would match with many in Spenser or Milton.

So far as we have proceeded, whether in descriptive poetry of animate or inanimate Nature, or of Human Nature singly, it is observable that the imagination and fancy have been comparatively tethered; it is therefore necessary that we should now pursue a more airy, pleasing, and gratifying path in our range among poetical literature.

Chapter VIII.

Meditative, and religious, moral, or serious poetry; ancient Hebrew poetry; the Old Testament; Wordsworth on universal Nature; prose examples; illustrative poetical selections; remarks on the adopted arrangement.

In classifying poetical compositions we find a style which is neither truly descriptive nor yet purely imaginative: even when apostrophizing Nature, forming associations with it; or calling it in aid for comparison, reflection, or meditation. Such pieces are, therefore, generally written in more of a grave than a lively turn of expression, well suited for sacred poems, elegies, epitaphs, and all serious forms of odes, sonnets, or songs. This style is characteristic of Hebrew poetry, its essential outlines being, as observed by Herder:* its cosmology, the most ancient conceptions of God, of Providence, of Angels, of the Elohim, and of the Cherubim, and individual objects, and poetical representations of Nature. In the Old Testament we find a rich interchange of figurative representation, of characters, and of scenery. As in Isaiah, employing the bold imagery—

> Heaven is my throne,
> The earth my footstool.

The intermediate style of which we are

* See *The Spirit of Hebrew Poetry*. By J. G. Herder. Translated by J. Marsh, 2 vols. 8vo. Burlington, 1833.

treating is fully exemplified in Wordsworth's poetry, of which we shall but give the following example, from the fourth book of *The Excursion* :—

> Happy is he who lives to understand,
> Not human nature only, but explores
> All natures,—to the end that he may find
> The law that governs each; and where begins
> The union, the partition where, that makes
> Kind and degree, among all visible Beings;
> The constitutions, powers, and faculties,
> Which they inherit—cannot step beyond,—
> And cannot fall beneath; that do assign
> To every class its station and its office,
> Through all the mighty commonwealth of things;
> Up from the creeping plant to sovereign Man.
> Such converse, if directed by a meek,
> Sincere, and humble spirit, teaches love:
> For knowledge is delight; and such delight
> Breeds love: yet, suited as it rather is
> To thought and to the climbing intellect,
> It teaches less to love, than to adore;
> If that be not indeed the highest love!

Cottle, in his *Reminiscences of S. T. Coleridge*, 1847, quotes a passage written by the poet in 1807, which reaches the poetical in conception :—

> I recollect when I stood on the summit of Etna, and darted my gaze down the crater; the immediate vicinity was discernible, till, lower down, obscurity gradually terminated in total darkness. Such figures exemplify many truths revealed in the Bible. We pursue them, until, from the imperfection of our faculties, we are lost in impenetrable night.

In a very unlikely work in which to find any similar apposite association with Nature, namely, Alison's *History of Europe*, the following passage occurs at the close of the introduction :—

> It is by slow degrees, and imperceptible additions, that all the great changes of nature are accomplished. Vegetation, commencing with lichens, swells to the riches and

luxuriance of the forest; continents, the seat of empires and the abode of millions, are formed from the deposits of innumerable rills; animal life, springing from the torpid vitality of shell-fish, rises to the energy and power of man. It is by similar steps, and as slow a progress, that the great fabric of society is formed.

At a recent public meeting on the state of Ireland, Mr. J. Bright, M.P., took occasion to remark that the censors of the Press had declared that the discussion in parliament would occupy thirty hours of talk, and end in no result; adding:—

I have observed that all great questions in this country require thirty hours' talk many times repeated before they are settled. There is much shower and much sunshine between the sowing of the seed and the reaping of the harvest; but the harvest is reaped after all.

The annexed prose and poetical illustrations expressly apply to the present division of our subject.

APOSTROPHE.

MOON.—

1. Daughter of heaven, fair art thou! the silence of thy face is pleasant: thou comest forth in loveliness; the stars attend thy blue steps in the east. The clouds rejoice in thy presence, O Moon! and brighten their dark-brown sides. Who is like thee in heaven, daughter of the night? The stars are ashamed in thy presence, and turn aside their sparkling eyes. Whither dost thou retire from thy course, when the darkness of thy countenance grows? Hast thou thy hall, like Ossian? Dwellest thou in the shadow of grief? Have thy sisters fallen from Heaven? and are they who rejoiced with thee at night no more?—Yes, they have fallen, fair light! and often dost thou retire to mourn.—But thou thyself shalt one night fail, and leave thy blue path in heaven. The stars will then lift their heads; they who in thy presence were astonished will rejoice.

1. Ossian's *Poems*.

TREES, &c.—

2. Ye trees that make so sweet a shade,
Bend down your waving heads, when he,
The youth ye honour, through your glade,
Comes on love's messages to me.
Ye stars, that shine o'er heaven's blue deep,
And all its arch with glory fill,
O wake him, wake him from his sleep,
If that dear youth is slumbering still.

MOUNTAINS, &c.—

3. Ye towering mountains upon mountains pil'd,
Rocks upon rocks up to the clouded sky,
Build me a temple on your summits high,
Whence I may reach that angel, far exil'd.
Ye towering mountains upon mountains pil'd!
Ye gathering streams that, through your beds beguil'd,
Roll thundering to the ocean's majesty,
Singing loud anthems as ye hasten by—
Bear these, my tears, uncheck'd and undefil'd.
Ye gathering streams to ocean's depths that hie!
Ye winds, ye breezes, wherefore are ye still?
Freshen and bear my sighs to her high throne:
Take pity—hasten—and my prayers fulfil—
Ye winds, ye breezes, wherefore are ye still?
Waft me to her, seraphic messengers,
Or her to me—nor let me pine alone;
For what are clouds, or storms, or ghostly fears?
Waft me to her, seraphic messengers!

HEAVEN.—

4. ——. But if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!

NATURE.—

5. *Urania! Nature!* from thy heights descend,
And low to earth thy bright irradiance bend,
Dispel the clouds, that round our fancy stray;
The mist, that damps our intellectual ray;
And show what *Pow'r*, all height of Power transcends,
And in one act, *performs ten thousand ends.*

2. Bowring's *Poetry of Spain* (*the Maiden waiting her Lover. Anonymous*, 1595.) 3. Bowring's *Poetical Literature of Bohemia*, (*Sonnet* 102, *from John Kollar's Slawy Deera.*) 4. *Cymbeline.* 5. Henry Brooke's *Universal Beauty*, fol. 1735.

6. Nature, great parent, whose unceasing hand
Rolls round the Seasons of the changeful year,
How mighty, how majestic, are thy works!
With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul,
That sees astonished, and astonished sings!
Ye too, ye winds, that now begin to blow,
With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.
Where are your stores, ye powerful beings, say;
Where your aerial magazines, reserved
To swell the brooding terrors of the storm;
In what far-distant region of the sky,
Hushed in deep silence, sleep ye when 'tis calm?

WINDS.—

7. O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing
Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed
The wingèd seeds ———
* * * *

MARTIAL FAITH.—

8. Fair as the earliest beam of eastern light,
When first, by the bewilder'd pilgrim spied,
It smiles upon the dreary brow of night,
And silvers o'er the torrent's foaming tide,
And lights the fearful path on mountain side;—
Fair as that beam, although the fairest far,
Giving to horror grace, to danger pride,
Shine martial Faith, and Courtesy's bright star,
Through all the wreckful storms that cloud the brow of War.

MOUNTAINS, &c.—

9. Ye mountains stern! within whose rugged breast
The friends of Scottish freedom found repose
Ye torrents! whose hoarse sounds have soothed their rest,
Returning from the field of vanquish'd foes;
Say, have ye lost each wild majestic close,
That erst the choir of Bards or Druids flung,
What time their hymn of victory arose,

6. Thomson's *Seasons* (*Winter*). 7. Shelley's *Ode to the West Wind.* 8. Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, c. v. 9. *Vision of Don Roderick*, iv.

And Cattraeth's glens with voice of triumph rung,
And mystic Merlin harp'd, and grey-hair'd Llywarch sung!

ASSOCIATION.

LEAF.—

—— Like the leaf,
That bows its lithe top till the blast is blown;
By its own virtue rear'd then stands aloof;
So I. ——

FIRE.—

2. And sure as smoke doth indicate a flame,

3. Every deed that a man doth shall not be concealed:
Did any one tell thee to kindle a fire, and make no smoke?

ALPS.—

4. Like unto these unmeasurable mountaines
So is my painful life, the burden of ire;
For high be they, and high is my desire;
And I of tears, and they be full of fountaines:
Under craggy rocks they have barren plaines;
Harde thoughts in me my woful minde doth tire;
Small fruit and many leaves their tops do attire,
With small effect great trust in me remains:
The boisterous winds oft their high boughs do blast;
Hot sighs in me continually be shed:
Wild beasts in them, fierce love in me is fed;
Unmoveable am I, and they stedfast.
Of singing birds they have the tune and note:
And I alwaies plaintes passing through my throat.

AUTUMN.—

5. That time of year thou may'st in me behold,
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare, ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou seest the twilight of such day,
As after sun-set fadeth in the west,
Which by-and-bye black night doth take away,
Death's second self, and seals up all in rest.

1. Cary's Dante (*Paradise*), c. xxvi. 2. Ibid. (*Purgatory*), xxxiii. 3. Raverty's *Afghan Poetry*. 4. Sir T. Wiat, *A Lover's Life compared to the Alps*. 5. Shakspeare's *Sonnets*.

NATURE.—

6. 'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more :
I mourn ; but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you ;
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glitt'ring with dew.
Nor yet for the ravage of Winter I mourn ;
Kind Nature the embryo-blossom shall save :
But when shall Spring visit the mouldering urn !
O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave !

BLUE.—

7. I've looked into the dark blue sea,
I've trusted to the deep blue sea ;
A sky lay mirror'd bright therein,
And twinkling stars and moonlight sheen ;
But sadly did it 'fall ;—
For when to the deep sea I flew,
I found therein no sky of blue,
But wild waves to appal.—
'Twas treachery, falsehood, all !

I've looked unto the bright blue sky,
I've trusted to the bright blue sky ;
It glanced so pure, it gleamed so fair,
A golden sun was rising there ;
But sadly did it 'fall ;—
The sun that burned so hot and proud,
Around me many a thunder-cloud
And lightning-flash did call.—
'Twas treachery, falsehood, all !

I've look'd into two bright blue eyes ;
I've trusted those two bright blue eyes ;
They seemed so clear, and pure, and young,
I gazed thereon in raptures long ;
But sadly did it 'fall ,—
Their lightsome glance was angry glare,
A tossing flood their mirror fair,
That did my soul enthral.—
'Twas treachery, falsehood, all !

ACTION.—

8. The water it rushes,
And never will stay ;

6. Beattie, *The Hermit*. 7. Dulcken's *German Songs*, (*False Blue. Reinick.*) 8. Ibid. (*The water it rushes. Goethe.*)

The stars through the sky
Wend so gaily their way;
The clouds through the heavens
So merrily glide—
Thus love rushes onward,
And ne'er may abide.

ANSWER.

The waters rush onward,
The cloudlets pass by;
But the stars go not from us,—
They stay, though they fly:
Of love that is loyal
The like we may say;
It heaves and it rushes,
Yet fades not away.

POPLARS.—

9. The poplars are fell'd, farewell to the shade
And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade;
The winds play no longer and sing in the leaves,
Nor Ouse on his bosom their image receives.

* * * *

Short lived as we are, our enjoyments, I see
Have a still shorter date, and die sooner than we.

ROSE.—

1. 'The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears;
The rose is sweetest wash'd with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalm'd in tears.
O wilding rose, whom fancy thus endears,
I bid your blossoms in my bonnet wave,
Emblem of hope and love through future years!'—
Thus spoke young Norman, heir of Armandave,
What time the sun arose on Vennachar's broad wave.

DAISY.—

2. Thrice welcome, little English flower!
To this resplendent hemisphere,
Where Flora's giant-offspring tower
In gorgeous liveries all the year:
Thou, only thou, art *little* here,
Like worth unfriended or unknown,
Yet to my British heart more dear
Than all the torrid zone.

9. Cowper, *The Poplar Field.* 1. *Lady of the Lake,* c. iv. 2. Montgomery, *The Daisy in India.*

THISTLE.—

3. The rough burr-thissle, spreading wide
Amang the bearded bear,
I turn'd the weeder-clips aside,
And spared the symbol dear :

CHANGE.—

4. Like April morning clouds, that pass,
With varying shadow, o'er the grass,
And imitate, on field and furrow,
Life's chequer'd scenes of joy and sorrow ;
Like streamlet of the mountain north,
Now in a torrent racing forth,
Now winding slow in silver train,
And almost slumbering on the plain ;
Like breezes of the Autumn day,
Whose voice inconstant dies away,
And ever swells again as fast,
When the ear deems its murmur past ;
Thus various, my romantic theme
Flits, winds, or sinks, a morning dream.
Yet pleased, our eye pursues the trace
Of Light and Shade's inconstant race ;
Pleased, view the rivulet afar,
Weaving its maze irregular ;
And pleased, we listen as the breeze
Heaves its wild sigh through Autumn trees :
Then, wild as cloud, or stream, or gale,
Flow on, flow unconfined, my Tale !

MOONLIGHT.—

5. The Moon is in her summer glow,
But hoarse and high the breezes blow,
And, racking o'er her face, the cloud
Varies the tincture of her shroud ;
On Barnard's towers, and Tees's stream ;
She changes as a guilty dream,
When Conscience, with remorse and fear,
Goads sleeping Fancy's wild career,
Her light seems now the blush of shame,
Seems now fierce anger's darker flame,
Shifting that shade, to come and go,
Like apprehension's hurried glow ;
Then sorrow's livery dims the air,
And dies in darkness, like despair.

3. Burns' *Poems*. 4. *Marmion*, c. iii. 5. *Rokeby*, c. i.

Such varied hues the warder sees,
Reflected from the woodland Tees,
* * *
Hears, upon turret-roof and wall,
By fits the plashing rain-drop fall.

SNOW.—

6. It will not melt, like man, to time;
Tyrant and slave are swept away,
Less form'd to wear before the ray;
But that white veil, the lightest, frailest,
Which on the mighty mount thou hailest,
While tower and tree are torn and rent,
Shines o'er its craggy battlement;
In form a peak, in height a cloud,
In texture like a hovering shroud.

BRIGHT SCENE.—

7. Yet it *was* not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas *not* her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still,
'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were near.

A PASS.—

8. There's not a nook within this solemn Pass
But were an apt confessional for One
Taught by his summer spent, his autumn gone,
That life is but a tale of morning grass
Withered at eve.——

SOUNDS.—

9. Two voices are there; one is of the Sea,
One of the Mountains; each a mighty voice:
* * * * * *
(Liberty) what sorrow would it be
That Mountain floods should thunder as before,
And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful Voice be heard by Thee!

HUMAN NATURE.—

1. Three years she grew in sun and shower;
Then Nature said, 'A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown:
This child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

6. Byron's *Siege of Corinth*. 7. Moore's Irish Melodies (*Meeting of the Waters*). 8. Wordsworth's *Sonnets, The Trosachs*. 9. Ibid., *England and Switzerland*. 1. Ibid., *The Education of Nature*.

Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse: and with me
The girl, in rock and plain
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs;
And her's shall be the breathing balm,
And her's the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see
E'en in the motions of the storm
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.'

GRAVEYARD.—
2. Where Claribel low-lieth
The breezes pause and die,
Letting the rose-leaves fall:
But the solemn oak-tree sigheth,
Thick-leaved, ambrosial,
With an ancient melody
Of an inward agony,
Where Claribel low-lieth.

At eve the beetle boometh
Athwart the thicket lone:
At noon the wild bee hummeth
About the moss'd headstone:
At midnight the moon cometh,
And looketh down alone.

Her song the lintwhite swelleth,
The clear-voiced mavis dwelleth,

2. Tennyson's Poems, *Claribel.*

The callow throstle lispeth
The slumbrous wave out-welleth,
The babbling runnel crispeth
The hollow grot replieth
Where Claribel low-lieth.

[*A Dirge. Each verse alluding to subjects as follows:*]

3. Shadows of the silver birk——
Sweep the green that folds thy grave.

Light and shadow ever wander
O'er the green that folds thy grave.

Chaunteth not the brooding bee
Sweeter tones than calumny?

The woodbine and eglatere
Drip sweeter dews than traitor's tear.

Rain makes music in the tree
O'er the green that folds thy grave.

Round thee blow, self-pleached deep,
Bramble-roses, faint and pale,
And long purples of the dale.

The gold-eyed kingcups fine;
The frail bluebell peereth over
Rare broidery of the purple clover.

The balm-cricket carols clear
In the green that folds thy grave.

WING.—

4. —— ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.

GROVES.—

5. Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never-sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude;
And, with forced fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year:
* * * *
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear,
* * * *
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,

3. Tennyson's Poems, *A Dirge;* 4. *King Henry IV., 2nd Part.* 5. Milton's *Lycidas.*

* * * *
* * * *

—— return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells, and flowrets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart-star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureat hearse where Lycid lies.

* * * *
* * * *

—— Lycidas——
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor;
So sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:

* * * *
* * * *

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
While the still Morn went out with sandals gray;

* * * *

And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay;
At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue;
To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

Morning, &c.—

6. In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And reddening Phœbus lifts his golden fire,
The birds in vain their amorous descant join,
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire.
These ears, alas! for other notes repine,
A different object do these eyes require;

6. T. Gray, *On the Death of R. West.*

My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine,
And in my breast the imperfect joys expire;
Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men:
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear,
To warm their little loves the birds complain;
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
And weep the more, because I weep in vain.

THE EAST.—

7. If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath in Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus every beautous object that I view
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

COMPARATIVE.

DEITY.—

8. Bless the Lord, O my soul. O Lord my God, thou art very great; thou art clothed with honour and majesty.
Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment: who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain:
Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters: who maketh the clouds his chariot: who walketh upon the wings of the wind:
Who maketh his angels spirits; his ministers a flaming fire:
Who laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be removed for ever.

* * * *
* * * *

He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth: be toucheth the hills and they smoke.

9. O thou unutterable Potentate!
Through nature's vast extent sublimely great!
Thy lovely form the flower-decked field discloses,
Thy smiles are seen in nature's sunny face:
Milk-coloured lilies and wild blushing roses
Are bright with Thee:—Thy voice of gentleness
Speaks in the light-winged whispering zephyrs playing
Midst the young boughs, or o'er the meadows straying:
Thy breath gives life to all; below, above,
And all things revel in Thy light and love.

7. John Gay's *Black-eyed Susan*. 8. Psalm civ.
9. Bowring's *Russian Poets* (*Bobrov's Address to the Deity*.)

But here, on these gigantic mountains, here
Thy greatness, glory, wisdom, strength, and spirit,
In terrible sublimity appear;
Thy awe-imposing voice is heard,—we hear it!
Th' Almighty's fearful voice; attend, it breaks
The silence, and in solemn warnings speaks:
His the light tones that whisper midst the trees;
His, his the whistling of the busy breeze;
His, the storm-thunder roaring, rattling round,
When element with element makes war
Amidst the echoing mountains: on whose bound,
Whose highest bound he drives his fiery car
Glowing like molten iron; or enshrin'd
In robes of darkness, riding on the wind
Across the clouded vault of heaven:—

1. God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

* * * *

* * * *

The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

NATURE.—

2. Now day conceals her face, and darkness fills
The field, the forest, with the shades of night;
The gloomy clouds are gathering round the hills,
Veiling the last ray of the lingering light,
The abyss of heaven appears—the stars are kindling round;
Who, who can count those stars, who that abyss can sound?
Just as a sand 'whelm'd in the infinite sea;
A ray the frozen iceberg sends to heaven;
A feather in the fierce flame's majesty;
A mote, by midnight's maddened whirlwind driven,

1. Cowper, *Psalm* xcvii. 2. Bowring's *Russian Poets* (Lomonsov's *Evening Reflections*.)

Am I, midst this parade: an atom, less than nought,
Lost and o'erpower'd by the gigantic thought.
* * * *
Where are thy secret laws, O nature, where?
Thy north-lights dazzle in the wintry zone:
How dost thou light from ice thy torches there?
There has thy sun some sacred, secret throne?
See in yon frozen seas what glories have their birth;
Thence night leads forth the day to illuminate the earth.
* * * *
Who can reach or read yon milky way?
Creation's heights and depths are all unknown—untrod—
Who then shall say how vast, how great creation's God?

TIME.—

3. The country cocks do crow; the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
* * *
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,
—— doth limp
So tediously away. ——

4. Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays?

5. Time, stern huntsman! who can baulk,
Stanch as hound, and fleet as hawk;

SUN.—

6. Whom love did melt away, as sun the mist,

7. [*Tro.*] I was about to tell thee, When my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain,
* * *
I have (as when the sun doth light a storm)
Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:

8. (*Richard says, allusive to the traitorous Bolingbroke*:)
— when the searching eye of heaven is hid

3. *King Henry V.* 4. Shakspeare's *Sonnets.* 5. Scott's *Hunting Song.* 6. Cary's Dante, c. xii. 7. *Troilus and Cressida.* 8. *King Richard II.*

Behind the globe, that lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
* * * *
But when from under this terrestrial ball,
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders ——
* * * *
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves.
* * * *
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day.

MORNING.—

9. That hair which shrouds
Thy form of snow,
Is like the clouds
On Morning's brow.

But Morning ne'er,
In light array'd,
Was half so fair
As that fair maid.

WIND, AIR.—

1. (*The wicked*) They are as stubble before the wind, and as chaff that the storm carrieth away.

2. (*The wicked*) — are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

3. (*The Greeks—in silence moved.*)
As when the south wind o'er the mountain tops
Spreads a thick veil of mist, the shepherd's bane,
But friendlier to the thief than shades of night,
That a stone's throw the range of vision bounds;
So rose the dust-cloud, as in serried ranks
With rapid step they moved across the plain.

4. As by the west wind driven, the ocean waves
Dash forward on the far-resounding shore,
Wave upon wave; first curls the ruffled sea
With whitening crests; anon with thundering roar
It breaks upon the beach, and from the crags
Recoiling flings in giant curves its head

9. Bowring's Poetry of Spain, (*The Maid fairer than Morning*. Anon. 1644.) 1 Job xxi. 18. 2. Psalm i. 4. 3. Lord Derby's Homer's *Iliad*, b. iii. 4. Ibid. b. iv.

Aloft, and tosses high the wild sea-spray :
(*so ceaseless poured the hosts of* Greece *to the war.*)

5. (*Trojans and Greeks—keeping watch.*)
As when two stormy winds ruffle the sea,
Boreas and Zephyr, from the hills of Thrace
With sudden gust descending; the dark waves
Beat high their angry crests, and toss on shore
Masses of tangled weed; such stormy grief
Each Grecian breast with thoughts conflicting rent.

6. —— as when the west wind drives
The clouds, and battles with the hurricane,
Before the clearing blast of Notus driven;
The big waves heave and roll, and high aloft
The gale, careering, flings the ocean spray;
So thick and furious fell on hostile heads
The might of Hector.

7. As embers, at the breathing of the wind,
Their flame enliven, so that light I saw
* * * *
* * * grew
More fair to look on.

8. Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust;
Such is the lightness of you common men.

9. —— But I was born so high,
Our aiery [nest] buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

1. God made
The firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,
Transparent, elemental air, diffused
In circuit to the uttermost convex
Of this great round.

2. At length the freshening western blast
Aside the shroud of battle cast;
And, first, the ridge of mingled spears
Above the brightening cloud appears;

5. Lord Derby's Homer's *Iliad*, b. x. 6. Ibid., b. xi. 7. Cary's Dante (*Paradise*), c. xvi. 8. *King Henry VI.*, 3rd Part. 9. *King Richard III.* 1. *Paradise Lost*, b. vii. 2. *Marmion*, c. vi.

And in the smoke the pennons flew,
As in the storm the white sea-mew.
Then mark'd they, dashing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war,
And plumèd crests of chieftains brave,
Floating like foam upon the wave;

WATER.—

3. — man — drinketh iniquity like water.

4. (*Greeks and Trojans—meet in war.*)
As when, descending from the mountain's brow,
Pour downward to the narrow pass, where meet
Their mingled waters in some deep ravine,
Their weight of flood, on the far mountain's side
The shepherd hears the roar; so loud arose
The shouts and yells of those commingling hosts.

5. —— as a stream,
Swollen by the rains of Heaven, and from the hills
Pours down its wintry torrent to the plain;
And many a blighted oak, and many a pine
It bears, with piles of drift-wood, to the sea;
So swept illustrious Ajax o'er the plain,
O'erthrowing men and horses;——

6. Like as the waves towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.

WATER, &c.—

7. There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond.

8. The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath:——

9. Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.

1. [*Tro.*] —— There my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd.——

2. The tear, down childhood's cheek that flows,
Is like the dewdrop on the rose;

3. Job xv. 16. 4. Lord Derby's Homer's *Iliad.* 5. Ibid., b. xi. 6. Shakspeare's *Sonnets.* 7, 8. *Merchant of Venice.* 9. *King Henry VI.*, 1*st Part.* 1. *Troilus and Cressida.* 2. *Rokeby*, c. iv. 11.

When next the summer breeze comes by,
And waves the bush, the flower is dry.

3. When lovers meet in adverse hour,
'Tis like a sun-glimpse through a shower,
A watery ray, an instant seen
The darkly closing clouds between.

FISH.—

4. As in a quiet and clear lake the fish,
If aught approach them from without, do draw
Towards it, deeming it their food ; so drew
Full more than thousand splendours towards us.

ROCK.—

5. Hector straight forward urged his furious course.
As some huge boulder, from its rock bed
Detached, and by the wintry torrent's force
Hurled down the cliff's steep face, when constant rains
The massive rock's firm hold have undermined ;
With giant bounds it flies ; the crashing wood
Resounds beneath it ; still it hurries on,
Until, arriving at the level plain,
Its headlong impulse checked, it rolls no more ;
So Hector, ——

6. I am sunk in care, to this degree, on account of the fair,
Like unto a stone, submerged at the bottom of Æman's sea.*

7. I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love :
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

WINTER.—

8. His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves [thatch] of reeds :—

TREES.—

9. (*The godly man.*) And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season.

3. Scott's *Rokeby*, c. iv. 17. 4. Cary's Dante (*Paradise*), c. v. 5. Lord Derby's Homer's *Iliad*, b. xiii. 6. Raverty's *Afghan Poetry*. 7. *Merchant of Venice*. 8. *The Tempest* 9. Psalm i. 3.

* The Persian Gulf.

1. I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree.

2. The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree: he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon.

3. (*The wicked man.*) He shall shake off his unripe grape as the vine, and shall cast off his flower as the olive.

4. ——— As when a man
Hath reared a fair and vigorous olive plant,
In some lone spot, by copious-gushing springs,
And seen expanding, nursed by every breeze,
Its whitening blossoms; till with sudden gust
A sweeping hurricane of wind and rain
Uproots it from its bed, and prostrate lays;
So lay the youthful son of Panthöus, slain
By Atreus' son,——

5. Who loves of life the golden mean
Escapes ——
* * * *
The giant pine-trees most invite
The stormy winds; with heaviest crash
Fall proudest towers; the mountain height
The first attracts the lightning's flash.

6. It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make men better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere.

A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night—
It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

7. —— That now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't.——

8. [A Gardener. *His servant observes on the state of England.*]
— our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers chok'd up,

1. Psalm xxxvii. 35. 2. Ps. xcii. 12. 3. Job xv. 33. 4. Lord Derby's Homer's *Iliad*, b. xvii. 5. Ibid., *Translations* (*Horace*, Od. ii. 10.) 6. Ben Jonson, *True Growth*. 7. *The Tempest*. 8. *King Richard II.*, Act iii. sc. 4.

Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots disorder'd and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars.

[*The Gardener replies.*]

He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring,
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:
The weeds, which his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,
That seem'd, in eating him, to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;
I mean, the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

[*He proceeds.*]

—— We at this time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees;
Lest, being over-proud with sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself:
Had he [the King] done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty. All superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live.

ROSE.—

9. What's in a name? That which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet.

VIOLET.—

1. She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove;
* * *
A violet by a mossy stone
Half-hidden from the eye!
— Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

PLANTS.—

2. The rush may rise where waters flow,
And flags beside the stream;
But soon their verdure fades and dies
Before the scorching beam.

So is the sinner's hope cut off;
Or, if it transient rise,
'Tis like the spider's airy web,
From every breath that flies.

9. *Romeo and Juliet.* 1. Wordsworth, *The Lost Love.*
2. Anon. Job viii. 11—22.

3. (*The people.*)
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide.

4. When the wicked spring as the grass, and when all the workers of iniquity do flourish; it is that they shall be destroyed for ever. (7.)

5. (*The wicked.*) Let them be as the grass upon the house-tops, which withereth afore it groweth up.
Wherewith the mower filleth not his hand; nor he that bindeth sheaves his bosom.

6. For all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away:
But the word of the Lord endureth for ever. (24, 25.)

7. As sickly plants betray a niggard earth,
Whose barren bosom starves her gen'rous birth,
Nor genial warmth, nor genial juice retains
Their roots to feed, and fill their verdant veins:
And as in climes, where winter holds his reign,
The soil, though fertile, will not teem in vain,
Forbids her germs to swell, her shades to rise,
Nor trusts her blossoms to the churlish skies;
* * * *
But tyranny has fix'd her empire there,
To check their tender hopes with chilling fear,
And blast the blooming promise of the year.

8. As flowrets, by the frosty air of night
Bent down and clos'd, when day has blanch'd their leaves,
Rise all unfolded on their spiry stems; *

9. (*Enobarbus says to Antony.*)
———— And, indeed, the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

3, 9. *Antony and Cleopatra.* 4. Psalm xcii. 5. Ps. cxxix. 6. 1 Peter i. 7. Gray, *Alliance of Education and Government.* 8. Cary's Dante (*Hell*), c. ii. 127-8.

* Cary observes:—This simile is well translated by Chaucer, in *Troilus and Cressida*, b. ii.; and imitated by many others—as Berni, Marino, and Spenser in his *Fairy Queen.*

SNOW, &c.—

1. Drought and heat consume the snow waters : so doth the grave those which have sinned. (19.)

2. Thus they, with cheering words, sustained the war :
Thick as the snow-flakes on a wintry day,
When Jove ————————————
His snow-storm sends, and manifests his power :
Hushed are the winds ; the flakes continuous fall,
That the high mountain-tops, and jutting crags,
And lotus-covered meads are buried deep,
And man's productive labours of the field ;
On hoary Ocean's beach and bays they lie,
The approaching waves their bound ; o'er all beside
Is spread by Jove the hoary veil of snow :
So thickly flew the stones from either side,
By Greeks on Trojans hurled, by these on Greeks.

3. —— unknit that threat'ning unkind brow ;
* * * *
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads ;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds ;
* * *
A woman mov'd, is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty.

CORN.—

4. (*The wicked are*) — cut off as the tops of the ears of corn.

5. As in the corn-land of some wealthy lord
The rival bands of reapers mow the swathe,
Barley or wheat ; and fast the trusses fall ;
So Greek and Trojans mowed the opposing ranks.

POISON, &c.—

6. —— that which proves
Strong poison unto me, another loves,
And eats, and lives : Thus hemlock juice prevails,
And kills a man, but fattens goats and quails.

7. Leaves of wild olives yield a sweet repast
To goats, to man a rough and bitter taste.

SERPENTS.—

8. They have sharpened their tongues like a serpent ; adders' poison is under their lips.

1. Job xxiv. 2. Lord Derby's Homer's *Iliad*, b. xii. 3. *Taming the Shrew*. 4. Job xxiv. 5. Lord Derby's Homer's *Iliad*, b. xi. 6. Creech's *Lucretius*, b. iv. 7. Ibid. b. vi. 8. Psalm cxl. 3.

REPTILES.—

9. —— The o'erweening brood,
That plays the dragon after him that flees,
But unto such, as turn and show the tooth,
Ay or the purse, is gentle as a lamb.

HORNET.—

1. The pain of illness affects not them who are in health:
I will not disclose my grief but to those,
Who have tasted the same affliction.
It were fruitless to talk of an hornet to them, who never felt its sting.

BIRDS.—

2. E'en as the young stork lifteth up his wing
Through wish to fly, yet ventures not to quit
The nest, and drops it; so in me desire
Of questioning my guide arose, and fell.

3. (*He is willing to imitate, not contend with Epicurus.*)
—— For how can larks oppose
The vigorous swans? They are unequal foes;
Or how can tender kids with feeble force
Contend in racing with the noble horse?

4. [*Troilus says he's* "mad in Cressid's love"]
—— her hand!
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach, to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman!

5. We bodg'd again; as I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

6. True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings.

ANIMALS.—

7. To climb steep hills,
Requires slow pace at first: Anger is like
A full-hot horse; who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him.——

8. Even the beast, in the plough, goeth uniform to the furrow;
Wherefore then, quittest thou, thus sinfully, the Law's precepts?

9. Cary's Dante (*Paradise*), c. xvi. 1, 8. Raverty's *Afghan Poetry*. 2. Cary's Dante (*Purgatory*), c. xxv. 3. Creech's *Lucretius*, b. iii. 4. *Troilus and Cressida*. 5. *Henry VI.*, 3rd *Part*. 6. *Richard III*. 7. *King Henry VIII*.

9. The hunting tribes of air and earth
Respect the brethren of their birth;
Nature, who loves the claim of kind,
Less cruel chase to each assign'd.
The falcon, poised on soaring wing,
Watches the wild-duck by the spring;
The slow-hound wakes the fox's lair;
The greyhound presses on the hare;
The eagle pounces on the lamb;
The wolf devours the fleecy dam:
Even tiger fell, and sullen bear,
Their likeness and their lineage spare;—
Man, only, mars kind Nature's plan,
And turns the fierce pursuit on man;
Plying war's desultory trade,
Incursion, flight, and ambuscade,
Since Nimrod, Cush's mighty son,
At first the bloody game begun.

REFLECTIVE.

SUN.—

1. Thro' horn the sunbeams pass, and strike our eye,
But water on the surface stays:——

2. Though the bat hideth himself from the light of the sun,
In what manner doth the sun sustain injury therefrom?

3. Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;

4. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.——

5. The sun, that now blesses our arms with his light,
Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain;——

6. ——If the thing we seek
Be genuine knowledge, bear we then in mind
How, from his lofty throne, the sun can fling
Colours as bright on exhalations bred
By weedy pool or pestilential,

9. Scott's *Rokeby*, c. iii. 1. Creech's *Lucretius*, b. ii. 2. Raverty's *Afghan Poetry*. 3. Shakespeare's *Sonnets*. 4. *King Richard III.*, Act v. sc. 3. 5. Moore's *Irish Melodies, Brien the Brave*. 6. Wordsworth.

As by the rivulet sparkling where it runs,
On the pellucid lake.

MOON.—

7. ——When Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,
Decking with liquid pearls the bladed grass.

STARS.—

8. If of the smallest star in the sky
We know not the dimensity;
If those pure sparks that stars compose,
The highest human wit do pose;
How then, poor shallow man, canst thou
The Maker of these glories know?

SPACE.—

9. —— this mighty space
Is infinite, and knows no lowest place,
Nor uppermost; no bounds this All control,
For that's against the nature of the whole.

LIGHTNING.—

1. How lightning-wing'd do pleasures fly.

2. Oh, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous,
To use it like a giant.
* * * *
Merciful heaven!
Thou rather, with thy sharp, and sulphurous bolt
Split'st the unwedgable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle :——

3. Thoughts, from the tongue that slowly part,
Glance quick as lightning through the heart.

CLOUD.—

4. *Macb.* Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder?——

LIGHT.—

5. Thoughts come, as pure as light.

HEAT.—

6. Thus heat and cold, and other qualities
Affect the touch, whilst colours strike the eyes,

7. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* 8. J. Howell, *Shallowness of Human Knowledge.* 9. Creech's *Lucretius*, b. ii. 1. Bowring's *Poetry of Spain*, Anon. 1595. 2. *Measure for Measure.* 3. Scott's *Rokeby* c. i. 4. *Macbeth.* 5. Moore's Irish Melodies, *Take back the virgin page.* 6. Creech's *Lucretius*, b. iv.

Odours the smell, vapours the taste, but none
Invades another's right, usurps his throne,
All live at peace, contented with their own.

WIND.—

7. Should a wise man utter vain knowledge, and fill his belly with the east wind?

8. The Arabian wind, whose breathing gently blows
Purple to the violet, blushes to the rose,
Did never yield an odour such as this:
Why are you then so thrifty of a kisse,
Authorized even by custom?——

MORNING.—

9. *Rich.* See, how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a yonker, prancing to his love!
* * * *

K. Henry. This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with glowing light;
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.

NIGHT.—

1. (*In bed.*) * * * *
And keep my drooping eye-lids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see.

2. (*Macbeth says.*) Come, seeling night,——
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowze;
While night's black agents to their preys do rouze.

3. The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.

4. The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea.

5. At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly,
To the lone vale we loved,——

7. Job xv. 2. 8. W. Habington, *To Castara.* 9. *King Henry VI.*, 3rd *Part.* 1. Shakspeare's *Sonnets.* 2. *Macbeth.* 3. *King Richard III.* 4. *King Henry VI.*, 2nd *Part.* 5. T. Moore's *Poems.*

6. How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea.

STREAMS.—

7. ——— 'Tis sweet to visit first
Untoucht and virgin streams, and quench my thirst:
I joy to crop fresh flowers, and get a crown
For new and rare inventions of my own;

8. Smooth runs the water, where the brook is deep.

9. Comes next from Ross-shire and from Sutherland
The horny-knuckled kilted Highlandman:
From where, upon the rocky Caithness strand
Breaks the long wave that at the Pole began.

WATER.—

1. Thus little puddles that in streets do lie,
Tho' scarce inch deep, admit the searching eye,
To view as large a space, as earth from sky.

FLINT.—

2. Hearts are not flint, and flints are rent,
Hearts are not steel, and steel is bent.

SCENERY.—

3. The hinds how bless'd who ne'er beguil'd
To quit their hamlet's hawthorn-wild;
* * * *
'Midst gloomy glades, in warbles clear,
While Nature's sweetest notes they hear;
On green untrodden banks they view
The hyacinth's neglected hue;
In their lone haunts, and woodland rounds,
They spy the squirrel's airy bounds:
And startle from her ashen spray,
Across the glen, the screaming jay:
Each native charm their steps explore
Of Solitude's sequester'd store.

4. Why do those cliffs or shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?—
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

6. T. Moore, *How dear to me the hour.* 7. 1. Creech's *Lucretius*, b. iv. 8. *King Henry VI., 2nd Part.* 9. W. Tennant's *Anster Fair.* 2. Scott's *Rokeby*, c. i. 3. T. Warton, *The Hamlet.* 4. T. Campbell's *Pleasures of Hope.*

5. Deem'st thou these sadden'd scenes have pleasure still,
Lov'st thou through Autumn's fading realms to stray,
To see the heath-flower wither'd on the hill,
To listen to the wood's expiring lay,
To note the red leaf shivering on the spray,
To mark the last bright tints the mountain stain,
On the waste fields to trace the gleaner's way,
And moralize on mortal joy and pain?—
O! if such scenes thou lovest, scorn not the minstrel strain.

No! do not scorn, although its hoarser note
Scarce with the cushat's homely song can vie,
Though faint its beauties as the tints remote
That gleam through mist in autumn's evening sky,
And few as leaves that tremble, sear and dry,
When wild November hath his bugle wound;
Nor mock my toil—a lonely gleaner I,
Through fields time-wasted, on sad inquest bound,
Where happier bards of yore have richer harvest found.

SEASONS.—

6. 1. Mark the soft-falling snow,
And the diffusive rain;
To heaven, from whence it fell,
It turns not back again;
But waters earth
Through every pore,
And calls forth all
Its secret store.

2. Array'd in beauteous green,
The hills and valleys shine,
And man and beast is fed
By Providence divine;
The harvest bows
Its golden ears,
The copious seed
Of future years.

7. Sorrow breaks seasons, and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.

FLOWERS—

[*Enter Arviragus, bearing Imogen as dead.*]

8. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: Thou shalt not lack

5. *Lord of the Isles*, c. i. 6. Doddridge, *Effects of the Gospel*. 7. *King Richard III*. 8. *Cymbeline*.

The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose ; nor
'The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins ; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath ; the ruddock [red-breast] would,
* * bring thee all this ;———
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none
To winter-ground thy corse.

9. ————————————; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken. Act iv. sc. 3.
* * * *
I have liv'd long enough : my May of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf. Act v. sc. 3.

1. ———————— Not a tree,
A plant, a leaf, a blossom, but contains
A folio volume. We may read, and read,
And read again, and still find something new.

2. The morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noon-tide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.

Nipt by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.

So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows :
Fairer than Spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the virgin-rose.

FROST.—

3. ————————chaste as the icicle,
That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple :——

4. The snow fell on the mountains ; and covered the blue-bells and the hyacinths, * *
* *
On the tops of mountains the snow does not get lower ; where the rose-trees grow, the thorns do not get scarcer ; though clinging every night to my bosom, my sweetheart does not get less loving.

9. *Macbeth*. 1. Hurdis. 2. S. Wesley, *The young cut off in their prime*. 3. *Coriolanus*. 4. Alex. Chodzko's *Poetry of Persia*.

LAMBS.—

5. Say ye that know, ye who have felt and seen,
Spring's morning smiles, and soul-enlivening green,
Say, did you give the thrilling transport way ?
Did your eye brighten, when young lambs at play
Leap'd o'er your path with animated pride,
Or grazed in merry clusters by your side ?
Ye who can smile, to wisdom no disgrace,
At the arch meaning of a kitten's face ;
If spotless innocence, and infant mirth,
Excite to praise, or give reflection birth,
In shades like these pursue your favourite joy,
'Mid Nature's revels, sports that never cloy.

INSECTS.—

6. (Augur.) *Four small but very active things.*)
Four things are little on earth,
But wiser than the wisest.
The ant race are a people without strength,
Yet they prepare their meat in summer.
The conies are a feeble race,
Yet build their houses in the rocks.
The locusts have no kings to rule them,
Yet all of them go forth by bands.
The lizard ; one may seize it with his hand,
And yet it dwells in royal palaces.

7. The bee is little among such as fly ; but her fruit is the chief of sweet things.

8. From the green myriads in the peopled grass ;
What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam ;
Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
And hound sagacious, in the tainted green ;
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood !
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine !
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line :
In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true
From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew ?

5. Bloomfield, *Lambs*. 6. Herder's Spirit of Hebrew Poetry, 1833. (Proverbs xxx.) 7. Ecclesiasticus xi. 3. 8. Pope's *Essay on Man*.

MEDITATIVE.

CREATION.—

1. 1. Now let a spacious world arise,
Said the Creator-Lord ;
At once the obedient earth and skies
Rose at his sovereign word.

2. Dark was the deep ; the waters lay
Confused, and drown'd the land,
He call'd the light ; the new-born day
Attends on his command.

3. He bade the clouds ascend on high ;
The clouds ascend, and bear
A watery treasure to the sky,
And float on softer air.

4. The liquid element below
Was gather'd by his hand ;
The rolling seas together flow,
And leave the solid land.

5. With herbs and plants, a flowery birth,
The naked globe He crown'd,
Ere there was rain to bless the earth,
Or sun to warm the ground.*

2. Where sleepes the northe wind when the south inspires
Life in the Spring, and gathers into quires
The scattered nightingales ? Whose subtle ears
Hearde first the harmonious language of the spheres ?
Whence hath the stone magnetic force t'allure
The enamoured iron ? From a seede impure,
Or natural, did first the mandrake grow ?
What power in the ocean makes it flow ?
What strange material is the azure sky
Compacted of ? of what is brightest eye,
The ever-flaming sunne ? What people are
In th' unknown world ? what worlds in every star ?—
Let curious fancies at these secrets rove :
Castara, what we know we'll practise,—Love.

NATURE.—

3. ——————————— each moss,
Each shell, each crawling insect, holds a rank
Important in the plan of Him who fram'd
This scale of beings ; holds a rank, which lost,

1. Watts, *The Creation*, *Gen.* i. 2. W. Habington, *To Castara*. 3. B. Stillingfleet, *Economy of Human Nature*.

* Then follow, the skies, sun, moon, and stars ; fowl and fish ; lion, grazing beasts, &c. ; and finally Adam.

Would break the chain, and leave behind a gap
Which Nature's self would rue.

4. To think, that He, who rolls yon solar sphere,
Uplifts the warbling songster to the sky ;
To mark His presence in the mighty bow
That spans the clouds, as in the tints minute
Of tiniest flower ; to hear His awful voice
In thunder speak, and whisper in the gale :
To know and feel His care for all that lives ;—
'Tis this that makes the barren waste appear
A fruitful field, each grove a paradise.

5. Like Nature's law, no eloquence persuades,
The mute harangue our ev'ry sense invades ;
Th' apparent precepts of th' Eternal Will,
His ev'ry work, and ev'ry object fill.

6. Nature I'll court in her sequester'd haunts,
By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove, or cell,
Where the poised lark his evening ditty chaunts,
And Health, and Peace, and Contemplation dwell.

7. Ah happy hills ! ah pleasing shade !
Ah, fields beloved in vain,
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain !
I feel the gales that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

8. By ceaseless action all that is subsists.
Constant rotation of th' unwearied wheel,
That Nature rides upon, maintains her health,
Her beauty, her fertility. She dreads
An instant pause, and lives but while she moves.
Its own revolvency upholds the World.

9. Away, away, from men and towns,
To the wild woods and the downs—
To the silent wilderness
Where the soul need not repress

4. Grahame, *Study of Nature*. 5. H. Brooke's *Universal Beauty*, 1735. 6. T. Smollett's *Ode to Independence*. 7. T. Gray's *Distant Prospect of Eton College*. 8. Cowper, *The Task*, b. i. 9. Shelley, *The Invitation*.

Its music, lest it should not find
An echo in another's mind,
While the touch of Nature's art
Harmonizes heart to heart.

1. To Nature thus, with arms of love,
Entranced I clung, till, fondly pressed,
The Goddess seemed to breathe, to move,
To warm beneath my poet-breast.

With kindling fire she seemed to burn,
To speak in accents soft and sweet;
My glowing kisses to return,
Throb heart to heart, and beat to beat.

Then grove and field with life were fraught;
With life the flashing waters sang;
Ev'n soulless things my feeling caught,
And forth a new creation sprang.

How swelled my bosom's narrow space!
A boundless world of thought was there!
I panted to begin my race,
To see, to feel, to die, to dare!

How glorious seemed this world of ours,
While but the opening buds were seen!
How few are now the expanded flowers,
And ev'n those few, how poor and mean!

2. For oh, is it you, is it you,
Moonlight, and shadow, and lake,
And mountains, that fill us with joy,
Or the Poet who sings you so well?
Is it you, O Beauty, O Grace,
O Charm, O Romance, that we feel,
Or the voice which reveals what you are?
Are ye, like daylight and sun,
Shared and rejoiced in by all?
Or are ye immersed in the mass
Of matter, and hard to extract,
Or sunk at the core of the world
Too deep for the most to discover?
Like stars in the deep of the sky,
Which arise on the glass of the sage,
But are lost when their watcher is gone.

* * *

1. Lord Derby's Translations, *Schiller, The Ideal.*
2. M. Arnold's Poems, *The Youth of Nature.*

'Race after race, man after man,
Have dream'd that my secret was theirs,
Have thought that I lived but for them,
That they were my glory and joy.—
They are dust, they are chang'd, they are gone.—
I remain.'

SCENERY.—

[Scott *impressed with the scenes of his childhood calling to mind.*]

3. — feelings roused in life's first day.

* * * *

Then rise those crags, that mountain tower
Which charm'd my fancy's wakening hour.
Though no broad river swept along,
To claim, perchance, heroic song;
Though sigh'd no groves in summer gale,
To prompt of love a softer tale;
Though scarce a puny streamlet's speed
Claim'd homage from a shepherd's reed;
Yet was poetic impulse given,
By the green hill and clear blue heaven.
It was a barren scene, and wild,
Where naked cliffs were rudely piled;
But ever and anon between
Lay velvet tufts of loveliest green:
And well the lonely infant knew
Recesses where the wall-flower grew
And honeysuckle love to crawl
Up the low crag and ruined wall.
I deem'd such nooks the sweetest shade
The sun in all its rounds survey'd;
And still I thought that shatter'd tower
The mightiest work of human power;

ITALY.—

4. How has kind Heaven adorn'd the happy land,
And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand!
But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that Heaven and earth impart,
The smiles of nature, and the charms of art,
While proud oppression in her valleys reigns,
And tyranny usurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The reddening orange and the swelling grain:

3. Scott's *Marmion, Introduction*, c. iii. 4. J. Addison, *Letter from Italy*.

Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines,
Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty curst,
And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirst.

MORN.—

5. But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

6. The stars shall drop, the sun shall lose his flame:
But Thou, O God! for ever shine the same.

WORLD.—

7. How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! O, fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature,
Possess it merely.—— Act i. sc. 2.

SEASONS.—

8. From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything;
That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew.
Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion of the rose:
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you; you, pattern of all those,
Yet seemed it winter still, and you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

9. Sweet Spring, thou turn'st with all thy goodly train,
Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with flow'rs,
The zephyrs curl the green locks of the plain,
The clouds for joy in pearls weep down their show'rs.
Thou turn'st, sweet Spring;—but ah! my pleasant hours,
And happy days with thee come not again.

1. Why dost thou looke so pale, decrepit man?
Why doe thy cheekes curle, like the ocean,
Into such furrows? Why dost thou appeare
So shaking like an ague to the yeare?
The sunne is gone.——

5, 7. *Hamlet.* 6. Gay's *Contemplation on Night.* 8. Shakspeare's *Sonnets.* 9. W. Drummond (*Hawthornden*) *Sonnets.* 1. W. Habington, *To Winter.*

2. Now the golden morn aloft
Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
With vermil cheek, and whisper soft,
She woos the tardy spring:
Till April starts, and calls around
The sleeping fragrance from the ground,
And lightly o'er the living scene
Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.

New-born flocks, in rustic dance,
Frisking ply their feeble feet;
Forgetful of their wintry trance,
The birds his presence greet:
But chief the skylark warbles high
His trembling, thrilling ecstacy,
And, lessening from the dazzled sight,
Melts into air and liquid light.

Yesterday the sullen year
Saw the snowy whirlwind fly;
Mute was the music of the air,
The herd stood drooping by:
Their raptures now that wildly flow,
No yesterday, nor morrow know;
'Tis man alone that joy descries
With forward and reverted eyes.

Smiles on past misfortune's brow
Soft Reflection's hand can trace,
And o'er the cheek of sorrow throw
A melancholy grace;
While Hope prolongs our happier hour,
Or deepest shades, that dimly lower
And blacken round our weary way,
Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

TIME.—

3. Time of itself is nothing; but from thought
Receives its rise, by labouring fancy wrought
From things consider'd, whilst we think on some
As present, some as past, or yet to come,
No thought can think on Time, that's still confest,
But thinks on things in motion, or at rest.

4. When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silvered o'er with white,

2. T. Gray, *On Vicissitude*. 3. Creech's *Lucretius*, b. i. 4. Shakspeare's *Sonnets*.

When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard;
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence,
Save Love, to brave him, when he takes thee hence.

DECAY.—

5. To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

6. What does not fade? the tower that long had stood
The crush of thunder and the warring winds,
Shook by the slow, but sure destroyer, Time,
Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base.
And flinty pyramids, and walls of brass,
Descend: the Babylonian spires are sunk;
Achaia, Rome, and Egypt moulder down.
Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,
The tottering empires crush by their own weight,
This huge rotundity where tread grows old;
And all those worlds that roll around the sun,
The sun himself, shall die.

7. This common field, this little brook,
What is there hidden in these two,
That I so often on them look—
Oftener than on the heavens blue?
No beauty lies upon the field;
Small music doth the river yield;
And yet I look, and look again,
With something of a pleasant pain.

5. *Macbeth.* 6. Armstrong's *Art of Preserving Health.* 7. Barry Cornwall, *The Poet.*

"'Tis thirty—*can* it be thirty years
Since last I stood upon this plank,
Which o'er the brook its figure rears,
And watched the pebbles as they sank?
How white the stream! I still remember
Its margin glassed by hoar December,
And how the sun fell on the snow:
Ah! *can* it be so long ago?

8. Unwatch'd, the garden bough shall sway,
The tender blossom flutter down,
Unloved that beech will gather brown,
This maple burn itself way;

Unloved, the sun-flower, shining fair,
Ray round with flames her disk of seed,
And many a rose-carnation feed
With summer spice the humming air;

Unloved, by many a sandy bar,
The brook shall babble down the plain,
At noon or when the lesser wain
Is twisting round the polar star;

Uncared for, gird the windy grove,
And flood the haunts of hern and crake;
Or into silver arrows break
The sailing moon in creek and cove;

Till from the garden and the wild
A fresh association blow,
And year by year the landscape grow
Familiar to the stranger's child;

As year by year the labourer tills
His wonted glebe, or lops the glades;
And year by year our memory fades
From all the circle of the hills.

I.

9. With blackest moss the flower-plots
Were thickly crusted, one and all:
The rusted nails fell from the knots
That held the pear to the garden-wall.
* * *
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
Upon the lonely moated grange.
* * *

8. Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, 100. 9. Tennyson's Poems (1865), *Mariana*.

II.

Her tears fell with the dews at even ;
  Her tears fell ere the dews were dried ;
She could not look on the sweet heaven,
  Either at morn or eventide.
After the flitting of the bats,
  When thickest dark did trance the sky,
  She * * *
—— glanced athwart the gloomy flats.
  * * *

III.

Upon the middle of the night,
  Waking she heard the night-fowl crow:
The cock sung out an hour ere light ;
  From the dark fen the oxen's low
    Came to her :——
  * * *
  Till cold winds woke the gray-eyed morn
About the lonely moated grange.
  * * *

IV.

About a stone-cast from the wall
  A sluice with blackened waters slept,
And o'er it many, round and small,
  The cluster'd marish-mosses crept.
Hard by a poplar shook alway,
  All silver-green with gnarled bark:
  For leagues no other tree did mark
The level waste, the rounding gray.
  * * *

V.

And ever when the moon was low,
  And the shrill winds were up and away,
In the white curtain, to and fro,
  She saw the gusty shadow sway.
But when the moon was very low,
  And wild winds bound within their cell,
  The shadow of the poplar fell
Upon her bed, across her brow.
  * * *

VI.

All day within the dreamy house,
  The doors upon their hinges creak'd ;
The blue fly sung in the pane ; the mouse
  Behind the mouldering wainscot shriek'd,
Or from the crevice peer'd about.
  * * *

VII.

The sparrow's chirrup in the roof,
The slow clock ticking, and the sound
Which to the wooing wind aloof
The poplar made, did all confound
Her sense; but most she loathed the hour
When the thick-moted sunbeam lay
Athwart the chambers, and the day
Was sloping toward his western bower.
Then, said she, 'I am very dreary,
He will not come,' she said;
She wept, 'I am aweary, aweary,
Oh God, that I were dead!'

DEATH.—

1. The breath of Time shall blast the flow'ry spring,
Which so perfumes thy cheeke, and with it bring
So dark a mist, as shall eclipse the light
Of thy faire eyes in an eternal night.

SUBTILTY.—

2. Those odours too, whose smells delight
And please the nose, are all too thin for sight.
We view not heat, nor sharpest colds, which wound
The tender nerves, nor can we see a sound.

3. Thus odours rise from gums, a gentle breeze
From rivers flow, and from the neighbouring seas
Sharp salts arise, and fret the shores around;
Thus all the air is filled with murmuring sound;
And whilst we walk the strand, and pleas'd to view
The wanton waves, or squeeze and mingle rue,
Or salt or bitter tastes our tongues surprise;
So certain 'tis, that subtle parts arise
From all, and wander in the lower skies;
These never cease to flow, because the ear,
And eye, and nose, still smell, or see, or hear.

SHAPES.—

4. Besides, consider men, or beasts, or trees,
Or silent fish that cut the yielding seas,
Or birds, or those that wanton o'er the floods,
Or fill with tuneful sounds the list'ning woods;
Consider each particular, you'll find,
How different shapes appear in every kind.

1. W. Habington, *To Castara: On Age and Death.*
2. Creech's *Lucretius*, b. i. 3. Ibid., b. iv. 4. Ibid., b. ii.

5. Besides, what various shapes in corn appear?
A different size to every grain and ear;
And so in shells, where waters washing o'er
With wanton kisses bathe the amorous shore.
And therefore seeds,———
* * * *
Must not be all alike, their shapes the same.

WATER.—

6. Besides, that seas, that rivers waste, and die,
And still increase by constant new supply,
What need of proofs? This streams themselves do show,
And in soft murmurs babble as they flow.
But lest the mass of water prove too great,
The sun drinks some, to quench his natural heat;
And some the winds brush off, with wanton play
They dip their wings, and bear some parts away:
Some passes through the earth, diffused all o'er,
And leaves its salt behind in every pore;
For all returns thro' narrow channels spread,
And joins where'er the fountain shows her head:
And thence sweet streams in fair meanders play,
And thro' the valleys cut their liquid way;
And herbs, and flowers on every side bestow,
The fields all smile with flowers where'er they flow.

7. This glassy stream, that spreading pine,
Those alders quiv'ring to the breeze,
Might soothe a soul less hurt than mine,
And please, if anything could please.
* * * *
Me frightful scenes and prospects waste,
Alike admonish not to roam;
These tell me of enjoyments past,
And those of sorrows yet to come.

8. Thy braes were bonny, Yarrow stream,
When first on them I met my lover;
Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream,
When now thy waves his body cover!
For ever now, O Yarrow stream!
Thou art to me a stream of sorrow;
For never on thy banks shall I
Behold my Love, the flower of Yarrow.

5. Creech's *Lucretius*, b. ii. 6. Ibid., b. v. 7. Cowper, *The Shrubbery*. 8. J. Logan, *The Braes of Yarrow*.

HERDS, &c.—

9. Happy the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.
Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire:
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter, fire.

TREES.—

1. Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,
Hear the soft winds, above me flying,
With all their wanton boughs dispute,
And the more tuneful birds to both replying;
Nor be myself, too, mute.

A silver stream shall roll his waters near,
Gilt with the sunbeams here and there,
On whose enamelled banks I'll walk,
And see how prettily they smile, and hear
How prettily they talk.

2. The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclined
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
The wandering streams, that shine between the hills,
The grots that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;
No more these scenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to rest the visionary maid.

3. When Fortune smil'd, and Nature's charms were new,
I lov'd to see the oak majestic tower,—
I lov'd to see the apple's painted flower,
Bedropp'd with pencill'd tints of rosy hue;
Now, more I love thee, Melancholy Yew!
Whose still green leaves in solemn silence wave,
Above the peasant's rude unhonour'd grave,
Which oft thou moistenest with the morning dew.

4. O Reader! hast thou ever stood to see
The Holly-tree?
The eye that contemplates it well, perceives
Its glossy leaves
Order'd by an intelligence, so wise
As might confound the Atheist's sophistries.

9. Pope, *The Quiet Life*. 1. Cowley, *Solitude*. 2. Pope, *Eloisa to Abelard*. 3. Dr. Leyden, *To the Yew Tree*. 4. Dr. Southey, *The Holly Tree*.

Below a circling fence its leaves are seen,
Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle through their prickly round
Can reach to wound;
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarm'd the pointless leaves appear.*
I love to view these things with curious eyes,
And moralize:

5. Round thy young front, all dark and sear,
I twined e'en now the cypress wreath;
And paler than the paling year
Thou bendest toward the bed of death.

Ere yonder russet grass shall fade,
Ere droop upon yon vine-clad height
The last remains of lingering shade,
Thy youth shall feel the nipping blight.

And I must die! the chilling blast
Congeals me with its icy touch;
And ere my spring of life is past,
I feel my winter's near approach.

FLOWERS.—

6. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute:
No more.————

7. Ask me why this flower does show
So yellow-green, and sickly too?
Ask me why the stalk is weak,
And bending, yet it doth not break?
I will answer, these discover
What fainting hopes are in a lover.

8. Sweet-scented flower! who art wont to bloom
On January's front severe,
And o'er wintry desert drear
To waft thy waste perfume!

5. Lord Derby's Translations, *Millevoye*, (French). 6. *Hamlet*. 7. R. Herrick, *The Primrose*. 8. H. K. White, *To the Rosemary*.

* See extract from Southey's *Diary*. Chap. ii. p. 73. No. 6.

Come, thou shalt form my nosegay now,
And I will bind thee round my brow ;
And, as I twine the mournful wreath,
I'll weave a melancholy song ;
And sweet the strain shall be, and long,
The melody of death.

9. The flower in ripen'd bloom unmatch'd
Must fall the earliest prey ;
Though by no hand untimely snatch'd,
The leaves must drop away.
And yet it were a greater grief
To watch it withering leaf by leaf,
Than see it pluck'd to-day :
Since earthly eye but ill can bear
To trace the change to foul form fair.

* * *

1. I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups—
Those flowers made of light !
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday,—
The tree is living yet !

* * * *

The fir-trees dark and high ;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky :

2. I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth to me the show had brought,
For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye,
Which is the bliss of solitude :
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

3. There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a glimmering pass ;

9. Byron, *Elegy on Thyrza*. 1. T. Hood, *Past and Present*. 2. Wordsworth, *Daffodils*. 3. Tennyson, *The Lotus-Eaters*. (*Choric Song*.)

Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
Than tir'd eyelids on tir'd eyes ;
* * * *
All its allotted length of days,
The flower ripens in its place,
Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,
Fast rooted in the fruitful soil.
* * *
All things have rest, and ripen towards the grave
In silence ; ripen, fall, and cease ;
* * *
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
And tender curving lines of creamy spray.

In bringing this large collection of examples to a close, we may observe that the passages embodying Association and Reflection are nearly equal in number, while those devoted to Comparison and Meditation are twice as many. Assuming that our selection has been fairly made, this shows how prone the poets are to seize on subjects giving scope generally to the comparative and meditative, in their observances of Nature. The arrangement adopted is not so rigorous but that some subjects might change places ; still, any order that sufficiently distinguishes one class of subjects from another fully attains the required end.

The general impression received from a perusal of these specimens is, that where they are somewhat imaginative they are not sufficiently so to take a higher rank than that allotted them, although in many instances they would be otherwise considered in ordinary poetical selections. We have chosen, however, to make a distinction which we hope to show, satisfactorily, is neither arbitrary nor unnecessary.

Chapter IX.

Imagination and Fancy; former poetical illustrations generally deficient in both; Dr. Brown on Imagination; Professor Bain on poetical truth: Imagination and Fancy defined; Poetical conception excels production; sentiments of Humboldt, and Lord Macaulay; various illustrative poetical specimens; remarks on the same.

Many of the illustrative poetical specimens we have given might not inappropriately have found a place in the present chapter; such, for example, as the descriptive pieces taken from *Paradise Lost*, and similar works of imagination, which are little other than fancy's sketches. Several pieces of this class will be given which in like manner might rank as Descriptive, rather than Imaginative pieces. But in the present part of our work we necessarily feel less restricted than in the previous classifications, which, indeed, we have adopted chiefly for convenience in future reference. We may now, therefore, introduce a more extended variety of topics and modes of treatment.

Dr. Brown, in his *Philosophy of the Mind*, 1846, treating on imagination, observes: Of the various images that exist in the mind of the poet, in those efforts of fancy which we term creative, having already some leading conception in his mind, he perceives the relation which certain images of the group bear to his leading conception; and these images instantly becoming more lively,

and more permanent, the others gradually disappear, and leave those beautiful groups which he seems to have brought together by an effort of volition. Nature is to him, what it has been in every age, the only true and everlasting muse —the Inspirer—to whom we are indebted as much for everything which is magnificent in human art, as for those glorious models of excellence, which, in the living and inanimate scene of existing things, is presented to the admiration of the genius which Nature inspires.

So much has been written on the subject of imagination by metaphysicians that we feel relieved from the necessity of any elaborate discussion in these pages; a discussion which, indeed, would be scarcely pertinent to our present purpose.

Professor Bain in concluding his treatise on *The Senses and the Intellect*, 1864, remarks that: there always will be a distinction between the degree of truth attainable by an artist, and that attained by a man of science. The poet cannot study realities with an undivided attention. His readers do not desire truth simply for its own sake; and it cannot be supposed that the utmost plenitude of poetic genius will ever be able to represent the world faithfully, by discarding all devices in favour of flowery ornament and melodious metre. We ought not to look to an artist to guide us to truth; *it is enough for him that he does not mis-guide us.*

As regards the poet, he may frequently infringe truth to nature without censure; but he has not the same licence in reference to senti-

ment, whether moral or religious; for while his deviations from exact truth in the one case may even be admired, and can never misguide our intelligence in respect to physical facts; a similar deviation in the other case would be fraught with serious consequences to the well-being of society.

Imagination appears to be analogous to Design in the originating of any poetical subject, independently of the colouring or treatment in language; and Fancy, as distinguished therefrom, may be regarded as the colouring or language, apart from the design itself: the one compassing the subject as a whole, the other dealing with its details. We may, therefore, find examples of Imagination, classical and severe, without any considerable display of Fancy; and examples of Fancy, rich and glowing, without commensurate Imagination; or we may meet with passages in which there is a discordant mingling of both. To their harmonious union we owe the works of Homer and Milton, of Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakspeare. Fancy has been designated a lighter play of the imaginative faculty. But whatever definition we may be inclined to adopt, the impressions produced by Imagination and Fancy on our minds will remain as universal as their source. With Campbell we may declare:—

> Above, below, in ocean, earth, and sky,
> Thy fairy worlds, Imagination, lie.

Next to the possession of Imagination, is the Poet's power of producing, through his work, on the minds of his readers, a strong and abiding

impress of this grand mental faculty. Poets often give expression to a sense of their own deficiencies in this respect, and perhaps no man of genius ever yet felt satisfied that he had in his works done justice to his own conceptions. In *The Prelude*, Wordsworth, having alluded to the influences of breezes, brooks, waves, and groves, exclaims:—

> Oh! that I had a music and a voice
> Harmonious as your own, that I might tell
> What ye have done for me.

Such are the difficulties experienced in embodying poetical conceptions by sensitive, intelligent minds, not averse to equally candid confessions, even when poets —

> ——— as Prophets, each with each
> Connected in a mighty scheme of truth,
> Have each his own peculiar faculty,
> Heaven's gift, a sense that fits him to perceive
> Objects unseen before.———

Wordsworth concludes *The Prelude*:—

> —— Nature's secondary grace
> Hath hitherto been barely touched upon,
> The charm more superficial that attends
> Her works, as they present to Fancy's choice
> Apt illustrations of the moral world,
> Caught at a glance, or traced with curious pains.

This latter topic—

> Apt illustrations of the moral world,

would admit of considerable enlargement. Humboldt in his *Cosmos* observes that: As intelligence and forms of speech, thought and its verbal symbols, are united by secret and indissoluble links, so does the external world blend, almost unconsciously to ourselves, with our ideas and feelings. And Lord Macaulay in his *Essays* has very happily remarked that:

Everything has passed away but the great features of Nature, and the heart of man, and poetry, among the miracles of art, of which it is the office to reflect back the heart of man and the features of Nature.

No writer would be suspected of possessing imagination or fancy who should merely say: 'Man is but flesh and blood, and like all animal nature, when overcome by age, disease, or famine, then will he become a sudden prey to death.' But we should judge differently of the language of Job: 'Although affliction cometh not forth of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground; yet man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward. Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season.'

The passages which follow are selected as examples of the predominance of Imagination and Fancy over mere description in poetical composition.

UNIVERSE.

NATURE.—

1. ——— come, trace
The epitaph of glory fled,
For now the Earth has changed her face,
A frown is on the Heaven's brow.

We wander'd to the Pine Forest
That skirts the ocean's foam;
The lightest wind was in its nest,
The tempest in its home.
The whispering waves were half asleep,
The clouds were gone to play,
And in the bosom of the deep
The smile of Heaven lay;
It seem'd as if the hour were one
Sent from beyond the skies,

1. Shelley, *The Recollection.*

Which scatter'd from above the sun
A light of Paradise!

We paused amid the pines that stood
The giants of the waste,
Tortured by storms to shapes as rude
As serpents interlaced,—
And soothed by every azure breath
That under heaven is blown,
To harmonies and hues beneath
As tender as its own:
Now all the tree-tops lay asleep
Like green waves on the sea,
As still as in the silent deep
The ocean-woods may be.

How calm it was! the silence there
By such a chain was bound,
That even the busy woodpecker
Made stiller by her sound
The inviolable quietness;
* * * *

We paused beside the pools that lie
Under the forest bough;
Each seem'd as 'twere a little sky
Gulf'd in a world below;
A firmament of purple light
Which in the dark earth lay,
More boundless than the depth of night
And purer than the day—
In which the lovely forests grew
As in the upper air,
More perfect both in shape and hue
Than any spreading there.

2. As a lizard with the shade
Of a trembling leaf,
Thou with sorrow art dismay'd;
* * * *

I love all that thou lovest,
Spirit of Delight!
The fresh Earth in new leaves drest
And the starry night;
Autumn evening, and the morn
When the golden mists are born.

I love snow and all the forms
Of the radiant frost;

2. Shelley's *Invocation.*

I love waves, and winds, and storms,
Everything almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery.

3. O Nature! holy, meek, and mild,
Thou dweller on the mountain wild;
Thou haunter of the lonesome wood;
Thou wanderer by the secret flood;
Thou lover of the daisied sod,
Where Spring's white foot hath lately trod;
Finder of flowers, fresh-sprung and new,
Where sunshine comes to seek the dew;
* * * *
Or lead me forth o'er dales and meads,
E'en as her child the mother leads;
Where corn, yet milk in its green ears;
The dew upon its shot blade bears;
Where blooming clover grows, and where
She licks her scented foot, the hare;
Where twin-nuts cluster thick, and springs
The thistle with ten thousand stings;
Untrodden flowers and unprun'd trees,
Gladden'd with songs of birds and bees.

4. Say, ye gentle breezes, say,
Round me why so gently breathing?
What impels thee, streamlet! wreathing
Through the rocks thy silver way?

5. Thou little woodland flower
Who always art conceal'd,
Through forest and through field
I've sought thee many an hour,
* * * *
* * * *
I love the birds that sing,
The shade the branches fling,
The golden-winged fly,
As, pleased he springs on high.

6. Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends;
Where roll'd the ocean, thereon was his home;
Where a blue sky and glowing clime extends;
He had the passion and the power to roam;
The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam,

3. A Cunningham, *Nature*. 4. Bowring's *Russian Poets*, (*Zhukovsky*.) 5. Oxenford's *French Songs*, *Emile Barateau*. *The Woodland Flower*. 6. *Childe Harold*, c. iii.

Were unto him companionship; they spake
A mutual language, clearer than the tome
Of his land's tongue, which he would oft forsake
For Nature's pages glass'd by sunbeams on the lake. xiii.

* * * *

——— Above me are the Alps,
The palaces of nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!
All that expands the spirits, yet appals,
Gather around these summits, as to show
How earth may pierce to heaven, yet leave vain man below. lxii.

7. Thin, thin the pleasant human voices grow,
And faint the city gleams;
Rare the lone pastoral huts; marvel not thou!
The solemn peaks, but to the stars are known,
But to the stars, and the cold lunar beams;
Alone the sun arises, and alone
Spring the great streams.

8. I.

Nature, so far as in her lies,
Imitates God, and turns her face
To every land beneath the skies,
Counts nothing that she meets with base,
But lives and loves in every place.

II.

Fills out the homely quickset-screens,
And makes the purple lilac ripe,
Steps from her airy hill, and greens
The swamp, where hums the dropping snipe,
With moss and braided marish-pipe.

III.

And on thy heart a finger lays,
Saying, 'beat quicker, for the time
Is pleasant, and the woods and ways
Are pleasant, and the beech and lime
Put forth and feel a gladder clime.'

Sun, &c.—

9. The pair of blessed luminaries move,
Like the accordant twinkling of two eyes,
Their beamy circlets, dancing to the sounds.

7. Arnold's *Poems*. 8. Tennyson, *On a Mourner*.
9. Cary's *Dante*, c. xx.

1. Blest power of sunshine! genial day,
What balm, what life is in thy way!
To feel thee is such real bliss,
That had the world no joy but this,
To sit in sunshine calm and sweet,—
It were a world too exquisite
For men to leave it for the gloom,
The deep, cold shadow of the tomb!

Moon, &c.—

2. How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
—— Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines* of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins.
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.——

3. Along a wide-spread pasture stray
A flock of sheep all silver white;
And as we see them there to-day,
So stood they erst in Adam's sight.
(Their guardian) * *
A shepherdess with silver horn.

4. The rising moon has hid the stars;
Her level rays, like golden bars,
Lie on the landscape green,
With shadows brown between.

And silver white the river gleams,
As if Diana, in her dreams,
Had dropt her silver bow
Upon the meadow low.

1. *Lalla Rookh.* 2. *Merchant of Venice*, Act v. sc. 1. 3. Lambert's *Poems from the German.* (*Schiller.*) 4. H. W. Longfellow's *Endymion.*

* A flat dish for administering the Eucharist.

EARTH.—

5. There stands a spacious residence
On viewless columns strong,
None absent there, none go from thence,
Yet there none tarry long.
* * *
It has a roof of crystal sheen,
One gem of lustre rare;
But never was the Builder seen
Who rear'd the fabric fair.

STARS.—

6. 1. When marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2. Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the star of Bethlehem.

3. Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud,—the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd—and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.

4. Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the star of Bethlehem.

5. It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark foreboding cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

6. Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The star!—the Star of Bethlehem!

7. Bright Star! would I were stedfast as thou art—
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like nature's patient sleepless Eremite,

5. Schiller, *The Earth and Sky*. 6. H. K. White, *The Star of Bethlehem*. 7. J. Keats' *Poems*.

8. Gem of the crimson-colour'd Even,
Companion of retiring day,
Why at the closing gates of heaven
Beloved Star, dost thou delay?

So fair thy pensile beauty burns
When soft the tear of twilight flows;
So due thy plighted love returns
To chambers brighter than the rose;

To Peace, to Pleasure, and to Love
So kind a star thou seem'st to be,
Sure some enamour'd orb above
Descends and burns to meet with thee!

9. [Thou art, oh God,]
When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies.

1. Ye stars! which are the poetry of Heaven!
* * * *
——— ye are
A beauty and a mystery,——

MORNING.—

2. Light hath no tongue, but is all eye;

3. When daylight was yet sleeping under the billow.

4. The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living, as if earth contain'd no tomb,—
And glowing into day: we may resume
The march of our existence: —— xcviii.

5. [Such was the golden hour that broke
Upon the world, when HINDA woke
From her long trance, ———]*

How calm, how beautiful comes on
The stilly hour, when storms are gone;
When warring winds have died away,
And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,
Melt off, and leave the land and sea
Sleeping in bright tranquillity,—

8. T. Campbell, *To the Evening Star.* 9. Moore's Poems, *Sacred Songs.* 1. Byron's *Poems.* 2. Dr. J. Donne, *The break of day.* 3. Moore's *Irish Melodies, Ill Omens.* 4. *Childe Harold*, c. iii. 5. *Lalla Rookh.*

* These lines conclude those following.

Fresh as if Day again were born,
Again upon the lap of Morn!—
When the light blossoms, rudely torn
And scatter'd at the whirlwind's will,
Hang floating in the pure air still,
Filling it all with precious balm,
In gratitude for this sweet calm;—
And every drop the thunder-showers
Have left upon the grass and flowers
Sparkles, as 'twere that lightning-gem
Whose liquid flame is born of them!
When, 'stead of one unchanging breeze,
There blow a thousand gentle airs,
And each a different perfume bears,—
As if the loveliest plants and trees
Had vassal breezes of their own
To watch and wait on them alone,
And waft no other breath than theirs:
When the blue waters rise and fall,
In sleepy sunshine mantling all;
And ev'n that swell the tempest leaves
Is like the full and silent heaves
Of lovers' hearts, when newly blest,
Too newly to be quite at rest!

CALM.—

6. All heaven and earth are still: From the high host
Of stars, to the lull'd lake and mountain-coast
All is concenter'd in a life intense. lxxxix.

7. 'Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white;
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk;
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font:
The fire-fly wakens: waken thou with me.

Now droops the milkwhite peacock like a ghost,
And like a ghost she glimmers on to me.

Now lies the Earth all Danaë to the stars,
And all thy heart lies open unto me.

Now slides the silent meteor on, and leaves
A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in me.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake:
So fold thyself, my dearest, and so slip
Into my bosom and be lost in me.'

6. Byron's *Childe Harold*, c. iii. 7. Tennyson, *The Princess*.

8. To tearless eyes and hearts at ease
To leafy shore and sun-bright seas,
That lay beneath the mountain height,
Had been a fair enchanting sight.
'Twas one of those ambrosial eves
A day of storm so often leaves
At its calm setting—when the West
Opens her golden bowers of rest,
And a moist radiance from the skies
Shoots trembling down, as from the eyes
Of some meek penitent, whose last,
Bright hours atone for dark ones past,
And whose sweet tears, o'er wrong forgiven,
Shine, as they fall, with light from heaven!

'Twas stillness all—the winds that late
Had rush'd through KERMAN's almond groves,
And shaken from her bowers of date
That cooling feast the traveller loves,
Now lull'd to languor, scarcely curl
The Green-Sea wave, whose waters gleam
Limpid, as if her mines of pearl
Were melted all to form the stream.
And her fair islets, small and bright,
With their green shores reflected there,
Look like those Peri-isles of light,
That hung by spell-work in the air.

RAINBOW.—

8*. There is a bridge that's built of pearls,
Across a grey sea arching fair;
Rear'd in a trice, where giddy whirls
The brain, it mounts the realms of air.

9. Sisters six without a brother
Born of wondrous parents we;
Grave and solemn is our mother,
And our father blythe and free.
* * * *
Caves where darkness dwells forsaking,
Where 'tis day we love to be,
* * * *
Shines the king in pomp and splendour,
All his glory we bestow.

8. *Lalla Rookh.* 8*. Lambert's *Poems from the German. Schiller, The Rainbow.* 9. Ibid. *The Colours.*

SOUND.—

10. That strain again ;—it had a dying fall :
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour.——

1. Hark ! Music speaks from out the woods and streams ;
Amidst the winds, amidst the harmonious rain ;
It fills the voice with sweets, the eye with beams ;
It stirs the heart ; it charms the sting from pain.

2. Each sound, too, here to languishment inclined,
Lulled the weak bosom, and inducèd ease ;
Aërial music in the warbling wind,
At distance rising oft, by small degrees,
Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees
It hung, and breathed such soul-dissolving airs
As did, alas ! with soft perdition please :
Entangled deep in its enchanting snares,
The listening heart forgets all duties and all cares.
* * * *
Near the pavilions where we slept, still ran
Soft-tinkling streams, and dashing waters fell,
And sobbing breezes sighed, and oft began
(So worked the wizard,) wintry storms to swell,
As heaven and earth they would together mell :
——————————————seemed to call
The demons of the tempest, growling fell,
Yet the least entrance found they none at all,
Whence sweeter grew our sleep, secure in massy hall.

NIGHT.—

3. The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

CLOUDS.—

1*. Sometimes we see a cloud that's dragonish ;
A vapour, sometimes like a bear, or lion,
——————————————a pendant rock,
* * * * * *
That which is now a horse, even with a thought,
The rack dislimns ; and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

10. *Twelfth Night.* 1. B. Cornwall, *Music.* 2. Thomson's *Castle of Indolence.* 3. H. W. Longfellow's *Poems*, *The day is done.* 1*. *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act. iv. sc. 12.

2 I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast ;
And all the night, 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.

FIRE.—

3. Thus is one heat from many embers felt.

4. In a house of stone I dwell,
Where I lie conceal'd, and sleep,
Till from out my quiet cell
Called by clash of steel, I leap.

LIGHTNING.—

5. There's one among the serpent breed,
Engender'd not on earth,
Without a rival in its speed,
A rival in its wrath.

Upon its prey with fearful cry
It darts with crushing force ;
And stricken low, together lie
The rider and his horse.

* * *

Once menaces the monster dire,
And threatens not again,
Dying itself in its own fire,
For as it slays 'tis slain.

RAINBOW.—

6. Triumphant arch, that fill'st the sky,
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud philosophy
To teach me what thou art.

Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station given,
For happy spirits to alight
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that optics teach, unfold
Thy form to please me so,
As when I dreamt of gems and gold,
Hid in thy radiant bow ?

When science from Creation's face,
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws !

2. Shelley, *The Cloud*. 3. Cary's Dante (*Paradise*), c. xix. 4. 5. Lambert's *Poems from the German*, (*Schiller*.) 6. T. Campbell, *To the Rainbow*.

SOUNDS.—

3. (*the Guitar,*)———had learnt all harmonies
Of the plains and of the skies,
Of the forests and the mountains,
And the many-voicèd fountains ;
The clearest echoes of the hills,
The softest notes of falling rills,
The melodies of birds and bees,
The murmuring of summer seas,
And pattering rain, and breathing dew,
And airs of evening ; and it knew
That seldom-heard mysterious sound
Which, driven on its diurnal round,
As it floats through boundless day,
Our world enkindles on its way.

4. Like the gale, that sighs along
Beds of oriental flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song,
That once was heard in happier hours ;
Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death ;
So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in Music's breath !

5. Oh Music ! thy celestial claim
Is still resistless, still the same ;
And, faithful as the mighty sea
To the pale star that o'er its realm presides,
The spell-bound tides
Of human passion rise and fall for thee !

6. And that eternal, saddening sound
Of torrents in the glen beneath,
As 'twere the ever-dark Profound
That rolls beneath the Bridge of Death.

7. There seems a floating whisper on the hill ;
But that is fancy, for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into nature's breast, the spirit of her hues.

WATER.—

8. From centre to the circle, and so back
From circle to the centre, water moves

3. Shelley, *To a lady with a Guitar.* 4. Moore's *Irish Melodies. On Music.* 5. Ibid., *A melologue upon National Music.* 6. Ibid., *Lalla Rookh.* 7. Byron's *Childe Harold*, c. iii. 87. 8. Cary's Dante (*Paradise*), c. xiv.

In the round chalice, even as the blow
Impels it, inwardly, or from without.
Such was the image glanc'd into my mind,
As the great spirit————————

WATER.—

9. Ye laughing streamlets, say,
Sporting with the sands, where do ye wend your way
From the flow'rets flying,
To rocks and caverns hieing:
When ye might sleep in calmness and in peace,
Why hurry thus in wearying restlessness?

1. When bright and gay the waters roll
In crystal rivers to the sea,
'Midst shining pearls, they take, my soul!
Their sweetest, loveliest smile from thee;
And when their dimpling currents flow,
They imitate thy laughing brow.

When morning from its dusky bed
Awakes with cold and slumbering eye,
Ere yet he wears his tints of red,
He looks to see if thou art nigh,
To offer thee a diadem
Of every ruby,—every gem.

When spring leads on the joyous sun
He brightens on thy eyes, and takes
A nobler lustre,—when the dun
And darksome April first awakes,
And gives his better smiles to May,
He keeps for thee his fairest day.

2. The moving waters at their priestlike task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors:—

OCEAN.—

3. Time writes no wrinkles on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now. 182.
* * * *
Dark-heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime. 183

4. ————————— a matchless cataract,
Horribly beautiful! ————————— 72

9. Bowring's *Poetry of Spain* (*Francisco de Borja*, 1663.) 1. Ibid., *Silva's Smile*. 2. Keats' Poems. 3. Byron's *Childe Harold*, c. iv. 4. Ibid., c. iv.

5. Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea,
A rivulet then a river:
No where by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

But here will sigh thine alder tree,
And here thine aspen shiver;
And here by thee will hum the bee,
For ever and for ever.

A thousand suns will stream on thee,
A thousand moons will quiver;
But not by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

6. 'Whence come you?' and the brook, why not? replies.
I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow,
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

* * * *

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I stride by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

5. Tennyson, *A Farewell*. 6. Ibid., *The Brook*.

Isle.—

7. There was a little lawny islet
By anemone and violet,
Like mosaic, paven:
And its roof was flowers and leaves
Which the summer's breath enweaves,
Where no sun, nor showers, nor breeze
Pierce the pines and tallest trees,
Each a gem engraven.
Girt by many an azure wave
With which the clouds and mountains gave
A lake's blue chasm.

Seasons.—

(*Imagined state of climate on earth immediately after the fall.*)

8. ——— Now from the north
Of Norumbega and the Samoed shore,
Bursting their brazen dungeon, arm'd with ice,
And snow, and hail, and stormy gust, and flaw,
Boreas, and Cæcias, and Argestes loud,
And Thrascias rend the woods, and seas upturn;
With adverse blast upturns them from the south
Notus, and Afer black with thund'rous clouds
From Serraliona; thwart of these as fierce
Forth rush the Levant and the Ponent winds,
Urus and Zephyr with their lateral noise,
Sirocco and Libecchio. Thus began
Outrage from lifeless things:——

9. So forth issued the seasons of the year;
First lusty spring, all dight in leaves and flowers
That freshly budded, and new blooms did bear,
In which a thousand birds had built their bowers,
* * * *
Then came the jolly summer, being dight
In a thin silken cassock coloured green,
* * * *
Then came the autumn, all in yellow clad,
* * * *
Laden with fruits that made him laugh,—
* * * *
Lastly came winter, clothed all in frieze,
Clattering his teeth for cold that did him chill.

7. Shelley, *The Isle.* 8. *Paradise Lost.* 9. Spenser's *Fairy Queen, Procession of the Seasons.*

10. I love to go in the capricious days
Of April and hunt violets; when the rain
Is in the blue cups trembling, and they nod
So gracefully to the kisses of the wind.
It may be deemed unmanly, but the wise
Read Nature like the manuscript of Heaven,
And call the flowers its poetry.——

1. When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh.

2. I come, I come! ye have call'd me long,
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breath'd on the South, and the chesnut-flowers,
By thousands, have burst from the forest-bowers,
And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes,
Are veil'd with wreaths on Italian plains.
— But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have pass'd o'er the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
And the fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the rein-deer bounds through the pasture free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright, where my step has been.

3. Hang all your leafy banners out!

4. When on the boughs the purple buds expand,
The banners of the vanguard of the spring,
And rivulets, rejoicing, rush and leap,
And wave their fluttering signals from the steep.

5. The brightest hour of unborn Spring
Through the winter wandering,
Found, it seems, the halcyon morn
To hoar February born;

10. N. P. Willis, *April.* 1. Moore's *Sacred Songs.* 2. Mrs. Hemans, *The Voice of Spring.* 3. H. W. Longfellow, *Daybreak.* 4. Ibid., *The Poet's Tale.* 5. Shelley, *The Invitation.*

Bending from Heaven, in azure mirth,
It kiss'd the forehead of the earth,
And smiled upon the silent sea,
And bade the frozen streams be free,
And waked to music all their fountains,
And breathed upon the frozen mountains,
And like a prophetess of May
Strew'd flowers upon the barren way,
* * *

Away, away———
To the wild wood and the downs—
To the silent wilderness
Where the soul need not repress
Its music, lest it should not find
An echo in another's mind,
While the touch of Nature's art
Harmonizes heart to heart.

Radiant Sister of the Day
Awake! arise! and come away!
To the wild woods and the plains,
To the pools where winter rains
Image all their roof of leaves,
Where the pine its garland weaves
Of sapless green, and ivy dun,
Round stems that never kiss the sun,
Where the lawns and pastures be
And the sandhills of the sea,
Where the melting hoar-frost wets
The daisy-star that never sets,
And wind-flowers and violets
Which yet join not scent to hue
Crown the pale year weak and new;
When the night is left behind
In the deep east, dim and blind,
And the blue noon is over us,
And the multitudinous
Billows murmur at our feet,
Where the earth and ocean meet,
And all things seem only one
In the universal Sun.

6. O Winter, ruler of the inverted year,
Thy scatter'd hair with sleet like ashes fill'd,
Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fringed with a beard made white with other snows

6. Cowper, *The Task*, b. iv.

Than those of age, thy forehead wrapp'd in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
But urged by storms along its slippery way,
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art! Thou hold'st the sun
A pris'ner in the yet undawning east,
Short'ning his journey between morn and noon,
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy west;——————

7. When first the fiery-mantled Sun
His heavenly race began to run,
Round the earth and ocean blue
His children four the seasons flew.
First in green apparel dancing,
The young Spring smiled with angel grace;
Rosy Summer next advancing
Rush'd into her sire's embrace:—
Her bright-hair'd sire, who bade her keep
For ever nearest to his smiles,
On Calpe's olive-shaded steep
On India's citron-cover'd isles.
More remote and buxom-brown,
The Queen of vintage bow'd before his throne;
A rich pomegranate gemm'd her crown,
A ripe sheaf bound her zone.

But howling Winter fled afar,
To hills that props the polar star,
* * *
Round the shore where loud Lofoden
Whirls to death the roaring whale,
* * *
Deflowering Nature's grassy robe,
And trampling on her faded form:—
* * *
Milder yet thy snowy breezes
Pour on yonder tented shores,
Where the Rhine's broad billow freezes,
Or the dark-brown Danube roars.

8. I dream'd that as I wander'd by the way
Bare Winter suddenly was chang'd to Spring,
And gentle odours led my steps astray,
Mix'd with a sound of waters murmuring

7. T. Campbell's *Ode to Winter*, (*Germany*, 1800.)
8. Shelley, *A Dream of the Unknown*.

Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay
Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling
Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,
But kiss'd it and then fled, as Thou mightest in dream.

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets,
Daisies, those pearl'd Arcturi of the earth,
The constellated flower that never sets;
Faint oxlips; tender blue-bells, at whose birth
The sod scarce heaved; and that tall flower that wets
It's mother's face with heaven-collected tears,
When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears.

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,
Green cow-bind and the moonlight-colour'd May,
And cherry-blossoms, and white cups, whose wine
Was the bright dew yet drain'd not by the day;
And wild roses, and ivy serpentine
With its dark buds and leaves, wandering astray;
And flowers azure, black, and streak'd with gold,
Fairer than any waken'd eyes behold.

And nearer to the river's trembling edge
There grew broad flag-flowers, purple prankt with white,
And starry river-buds among the sedge,
And floating water-lilies, broad and bright,
Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge
With moonlight beams of their own watery light;
And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep green
As soothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen.

Methought that of these visionary flowers
I made a nosegay, bound in such a way
That the same hues, which in their natural bowers
Were mingled or opposed, the like array
Kept these imprison'd children of the Hours
Within my hand,—and then, elate and gay,
I hasten'd to the spot whence I had come
That I might there present it—O! to Whom?

STORM.—

9. ———let fall
Your horrible pleasure.
* * * *
——the pelting of this pitiless storm.

9. *King Lear*, Act iii. sc. 2.

UNSTABLE.—

1. The waters are flashing,
The white hail is dashing,
The lightnings are glancing,
The hoar-spray is dancing—
Away!
The whirlwind is rolling,
The thunder is tolling,
The forest is swinging,
The minster bells ringing—
Come away!
The earth is like ocean,
Wreck-strewn and in motion:
Bird, beast, man and worm,
Have crept out of the storm—
Come away!
* * *
While around the lashed ocean,
Like mountains in motion,
Is withdrawn and uplifted,
Sunk, shattered, and shifted,
To and fro.

2. Swifter far than summer's flight,
Swifter far than youth's delight,
Swifter far than happy night,
Art thou come and gone;
As the earth when leaves are dead,
As the night when sleep is sped,
As the heart when joy is fled,
I am left lone, lone.

The swallow Summer comes again,
The owlet Night resumes her reign,
But the wild swan Youth is fain
To fly with thee, false as thou.
My heart each day desires the morrow,
Sleep itself is turned to sorrow,
Vainly would my winter borrow
Sunny leaves from any bough.

Lilies for a bridal bed,
Roses for a matron's head,
Violets for a maiden dead,
Pansies let my flowers be;
On the living grave I bear,
Scatter them without a tear,
Let no friend, however dear,
Waste one hope, one fear for me.

1. Shelley, *The Fugitives.* 2. Ibid., *A Lament.*

3. I know that all beneath the moon decays.

4. ——These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit shall dissolve;
And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind: We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.——

4*. *Mercutio.* True, I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air:
And more inconstant than the wind, who wooes
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs, away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

5. A court is like a garden shade;
The courtiers and the flowers that rise
Too suddenly, 'neath changeful skies,
Oft sink into the dust and fade.
In short, we all are like thy flower,
And ever, both in weal and woe,
With strange perverseness, we bestow
Our thoughts on time's swift-fleeting hour.

6. I.

Tell me where's the violet fled,
Late so gayly blowing;
Springing under Flora's tread,
Choicest sweets bestowing.
Swain, the vernal scene is o'er,
And the violet blooms no more!

II.

Say, where hides the blushing rose,
Pride of fragrant morning;
Garland meet for Beauty's brows;
Hill and dale adorning.

3. Drummond of *Hawthornden, Sonnet.* 4. *The Tempest.* 4.* *Romeo and Juliet.* 5. Bowring's *Batavian Anthology, Jeremias de Decker, The too early opening flower.* 6. Taylor's *German Poetry, J. G. Jacobi, Elegy.*

Swain, alas, the summer's fled,
And the hapless rose is dead!

III.

Bear me then to yonder rill,
Late so freely flowing,
Wat'ring many a daffodil
On its margin growing.
Sun and wind exhaust its store;
Yonder rivulet glides no more!

IV.

Lead me to the bow'ry shade,
Late with roses flaunting;
Lov'd resort of youth and maid,
Amorous ditties chaunting.
Hail and storm with fury show'r;
Leafless mourns the rifled bow'r.

V.

Where's the silver-footed maid,
With curling flaxen tresses;
Oft I've met her in the glade,
Gathering water-cresses?
Swain, how short is Beauty's bloom?
Seek her in the grassy tomb.

VI.

Whither roves the tuneful swain,
Who, of rural pleasures;
Rose and violet, rill and plain,
Sung in deftest measures?
Swift Life's fairest vision flies,
Death has closed the Poet's eyes!

7. Who can pitying see the flowery race,
Shed by the Morn, their new flushed bloom resign,
Before the parching beam? So fade the fair,
When fevers revel through their azure veins.

8. ———fair Wyoming,
Although the wild-flower on thy ruin'd wall,
And roofless homes, a sad remembrance bring
Of what thy gentle people did befall.

9. ———fled
Fast as the shapes of mingled shade and mist,
That lurk in the glens of a twilight grove,
Flee from the morning beam.

7. Thomson's *Seasons, Summer.* 8. Campbell's *Gertrude of Wyoming.* 9. *Queen Mab.*

BEES.—

10. ——So work the honey bees;
Creatures, that, by a rule in nature, teach
The art of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of sorts:
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor:
Who, busy'd in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
And poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;
The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy, yawning drone.——

1. A populous solitude of bees and birds,
And fairy-form'd and many-coloured things. 102.

BIRDS.—

2. ——— As the rooks, at dawn of day,
Bestirring them to dry their feathers chill,
Some speed their way a-field, and homeward some,
Returning, cross their flight, while some abide
And wheel round their airy lodge; so seem'd
That glitterance, wafted on alternate wing,
As upon certain stair it met, and clash'd
Its shining,————

3. A widow bird sate mourning for her Love
Upon a wintry bough;
The frozen wind crept on above,
The freezing stream below.

There was no leaf upon the forest bare,
No flower upon the ground,
And little motion in the air
Except the mill-wheel's sound.

TREES.—

4. O leave this barren spot to me!
Spare, woodman, spare the Beechen-tree!

10. *King Henry V.* 1. *Childe Harold*, c. iii. 2. Cary's Dante (*Paradise*), c. xxi. 3. Shelley's *Poems*. 4. Campbell, *The Beech-tree's Petition*.

Though bush or flowerets never grow
My dark, unwarming shade below;
Nor Summer-bud perfume the dew,
Of rosy blush, or yellow hue:
* * *
Yet leave this barren spot to me:

5. ——For I have seen
The thorn frown rudely all the winter long
And after bear the rose upon its top;——

6. —— while we taste the fragrance of the rose,
Glows not her blush the fairer?
* * *
Of colours changing from the splendid rose,
To the pale violet's dejected hue.

7. 'Tis the last Rose of Summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flow'r of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her flushes,
Or give sigh for sigh!

8. Let Burns and old Chaucer unite
The praise of the Daisy to sing,—
Let Wordsworth of Celandine write,
And crown her the queen of the Spring;
The Hyacinth's classical fame
Let Milton embalm in his verse;
Be mine the glad task to proclaim
The charms of the untrumpeted Furze.
* * *
It is bristled with thorns, I confess;
But so is the much-flatter'd Rose:
Is the Sweet-brier lauded the less
Because among prickles it grows?
* * *
See! Nature with Midas-like touch,
Here turns a whole common to gold.

5. Cary's Dante (*Paradise*), c. xiii. 6. Akenside's *Pleasures of Imagination.* 7. Moore, *The Last Rose of Summer.* 8. Horace Smith, *The Furze-Bush.*

9. Sweet is the rose, but grows upon a brere:
Sweet is the juniper, but sharp his bough;
Sweet is the eglantine, but pricketh near;
Sweet is the fir-bloom, but his branches rough:
Sweet is the cypress, but his rind is tough;
Sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill;
Sweet is the broom-flowre, but yet sour enough;
And sweet is moly, but his root is ill:
So every sweet with sour is tempered still.

FLOWERS.—

10. I love all things the seasons bring,
All buds that start, all birds that sing,
All leaves from white to jet;
All the sweet words that summer sends,
When she recalls her flowery friends,
But chief—the Violet.

I love, how much I love the rose,
On whose soft lips the south-wind blows,
In pretty amorous threat:
The lily paler than the moon,
The odorous wonderous month of June,
Yet more—the Violet.

1. I wander'd lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine,
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretch'd in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:—
A Poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company!
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought;

9. E. Spenser, *Sonnet.* 10. B. Cornwall, *The Violet.* 1. Wordsworth, *The Daffodils.*

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

PERFUME.—

2. ———The perfume breathing round,
Like a pervading spirit;—the still sound
Of falling waters, lulling as the song
Of Indian bees at sunset, when they throng
Around the fragrant NILICA, and deep
In its blue blossoms hum themselves to sleep.

MOTION.—

3. Tell me, thou star, whose wings of light
Speed thee in thy fiery flight,
In what cavern of the night
Will thy pinions close now?

Tell me, moon, thou pale and grey
Pilgrim of heaven's homeless way,
In what depth of night or day
Seekest thou repose now?

Weary wind, who wanderest
Like the world's rejected guest,
Hast thou still some secret nest
On the tree or billow?

4. The opening morn, resplendent noon,
With heaven's bright glory graced,
————, and night's silent moon
Tell nought remains at rest.

The comet, wandering far on high,
'Midst countless planets placed,
Roll ceaseless through the boundless sky—
* * * *

The tide returns, and ebbs again
The river hies with haste,
With rills and springs into the main—
* * * *

The various seasons of the year,—
Midst spring with flowery vest,

2. *Lalla Rookh.* 3. Shelley, *The World's Wanderers.*
4. David Grant, *Action a Law of Nature.*

Bright summer, autumn, winter's skies,
Tell—— * *

Thus day, and night, and star, and flood,
And seasons—all attest
That, through the wondrous works of God,
There's nought remains at rest.

MAN.—

1. ——thou hast the dew of thy youth.—

2. [*Biron says of Armado,*] A man of fire-new words—

3. I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness :
Yet herein will I imitate the sun ;
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.

4. When Nature her great masterpiece design'd,
And framed her last, best work, the human mind,
Her eye intent on all the mazy plan,
She form'd of various parts the various man.

5. [*Mokanna—the veiled prophet*],
He knew no more of fear than one who dwells
Beneath the tropics knows of icicles !

TROUBLE.—

6. *Troilus.* But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance ;
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

7. [*The veiled prophet of Kharassan.*]
In every glance there broke, without control,
The flashes of a bright, but troubled soul,
Where sensibility still wildly play'd
Like lightning, round the ruins it had made !

ACTION.—

8. Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended,
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded :

1. Psalm cx. 3. 2. *Love's Labour Lost.* 3. *King Henry IV.*, 1st Part, Act i. sc. 1. 4. Burns' *First Epistle to Mr. Graham.* 5, 7. Moore's *Lalla Rookh.* 6. *Troilus and Cressida.* 8. Scott's *Gathering of Donald the Black.*

Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
Tenant and master.

DEATH.—

9. See the leaves around us falling,
Dry and wither'd to the ground ;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound :—

10. ——————————— The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun ; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between ;
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green ; and, poured round all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages.——

SOCIAL.

FEMALE BEAUTY.—

1. As at my window—all alone—
I stood about the break of day,
Upon my left Aurora shone,
To guide Apollo on his way.
Upon my right I could behold
My love, who comb'd her locks of gold ;
I saw the lustre of her eyes,
And, as a glance on me she cast ;
Cried, 'Gods retire behind your skies,
Your brightness is by hers surpass'd.'
As gentle Phœbe, when at night
She shines upon the earth below,
Pours forth such overwhelming light,
All meaner orbs must faintly glow.
Thus did my lady, on that day,
Eclipse Apollo's brighter ray,
Whereat he was so sore distrest
His face with clouds he overcast,
And I exclaim'd, 'That course is best,
Your brightness is by hers surpass'd.'

9. Bp. Horne, *The Emblems of Death*. 10. Bryant's *Thanatopsis*. 1. King Francis I., *Ballad* (*Oxenford's French Songs*).

2. She is fair,
Past compare,
One small hand her waist can span.
Eyes of light—
Stars, though bright,
Match those eyes you never can.

3. O happy Thames! that didst my Stella bear,
I saw thyself, with many a smiling line
Upon thy cheerful face, joy's livery wear,
While those fair planets on thy streams did shine.
The boat for joy could not to dance forbear,
While wanton winds, with beauty so divine
Ravished, staid not, till in her golden hair
They did themselves, (O sweetest prison!) twine.

4. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.

5. ——————— I thought her
As chaste as unsunn'd snow:——

6. ——————— the beloved ———————
Though every one of my words should be pearls of great price;
Still she doth not account them at all worthy of her ears.

7. O that I were the nightingale, or the zephyr of the morn,
That my path might lie amongst thy fragrant bowers!

8. The face of the beloved, the sun, and the moon, are all three one:
Her stature, the cypress, and the pine are all three one.

9. If, for once only, she will show her face from the veil,
She will take the diploma of beauty from the sun.
The tulip shall borrow bloom from her countenance;
The hyacinth will grow furious at the sight of her curls.

1. Thy face hath shamed the rose, and thy tresses, the spikenard,
The nightingale forsaketh the parterre, and flieth unto thee.

2. *Song*, attributed to King Henry IV. (*Oxenford's French Songs.*) 3. Sir P. Sidney, *Sonnets*. 4. *Romeo and Juliet*. 5. *Cymbeline*, 6, 7, 8, 9, 1, Raverty's *Afghan Poetry*.

2. These dark eyes of thine are, in themselves, black calamities;

3. A perfect garden is her lovely face, containing flowers of every hue.

4. A draught like this 'twere vain to seek,
No grape can such supply;
It steals its tint from Leila's cheek,
Its brightness from her eye.

5. Then to the flood she rushed; the parted flood
Its lovely guest with closing waves received;
And, every beauty softening, every grace
Flushing anew, a mellow lustre shed:
As shines the lily through the crystal mild;
Or as the rose amid the mountain dew,
Fresh from Aurora's hand, more sweetly glows.

6. Why does azure deck the sky?
'Tis to be like thine eyes of blue;
Why is red the rose's dye?
Because it is thy blushes' hue.
All that's fair, by love's decree,
Has been made resembling thee!

Why is falling snow so white,
But to be like thy bosom fair?
Why are solar beams so bright?
That they may seem thy golden hair!
All that's bright, by love's decree,
Has been made resembling thee!

Why are nature's beauties felt?
Oh! 'tis thine in her we see!
Why has music power to melt?
Oh! because it speaks like thee.
All that's sweet, by love's decree,
Has been made resembling thee!

7. Oh! fair as heaven and chaste as light!

8. Whence that aery bloom of thine,
Like a lily which the sun
Looks thro' in the sad decline,
And a rose-bush leans upon,
* * * *

2, 3. Raverty's *Afghan Poetry*. 4. Dr. J. D. Carlyle's *Specimens of Arabian Poetry*. 5. *The Seasons*. 6. Moore, *Song*. 7. Ibid., *A Warning*. 8. Tennyson's *Adeline*.

Hast thou heard the butterflies
What they say betwixt their wings?
Or in stillest evenings
With what voice the violet woos
To his heart the silver dews?
Or when little airs arise,
How the merry bluebell rings
To the mosses underneath?
Hast thou looked upon the breath
Of the lilies at sunrise?
Wherefore that faint smile of thine,
Shadowy, dreaming Adeline?

9. Long while I sought to what I might compare
Those powerful eyes which lighten my dark spright,
Yet find I nought on earth to which I dare
Resemble th' image of the goodly light.
Not to the sun, for they do shine by night;
Nor to the moon, for they are changèd never:
Nor to the stars, for they have purer sight:
Nor to the fire, for they consume not ever;
Nor to the lightning, for they still presever;
Nor to the diamond, for they are more tender;
Nor unto crystal, for nought may them sever;
Nor unto glass, such baseness mought offend her:
Then to the Maker self they likest be,
Whose light doth lighten all that here we see.

WATCHING.—

1. E'en as the bird, who midst the leafy bower
Has, in her nest, sat darkling through the night,
With her sweet brood, impatient to descry
Their wished looks, and to bring home their food,
In the fond quest unconscious of her toil;
She, of the time prevenient, on the spray,
That overhangs their couch, with wakeful gaze
Expects the sun; nor ever, till the dawn,
Removeth from the east her eager ken,
So stood the dame erect, and bent her glance
Wistfully. * * *

2. ——— And as a willow keeps
A patient watch over the stream that creeps
Windingly by it, so the quiet maid
Held her in peace: so that a whispering blade

9. E. Spenser, *Sonnet*. 1. Cary's Dante (*Paradise*), c. xxiii. 2. Keats' *Endymion*, B. 1.

Of grass, a wailful gnat, a bee bustling
Down in the blue-bells, or a wren light rustling
Among sear leaves and twigs, might all be heard.

LOVE.—

3. Ye tradeful Merchants! that with weary toil
Do seek most precious things to make your gain,
And both the Indias of their treasure spoil,
What needeth you to seek so far in vain?
For, lo! my love doth in herself contain
All this world's riches that may far be found.
If saphyrs, lo! her eyes be saphyrs plain;
If rubies, lo! her lips be rubies sound;
If pearls, her teeth be pearls, both pure and round;
If ivory, her forehead ivory ween;
If gold, her locks are finest gold on ground;
If silver, her fair hands are silver sheen:
But that which fairest is, but few behold,
Her mind, adorned with virtues manifold.

4. The rolling wheel that runneth often round,
The hardest steel in tract of time doth tear;
And drizzling drops, that often do redound
The firmest flint doth in continuance wear:
Yet cannot I, with many a dropping tear,
And long entreaty, soften her hard heart.

5. So oft as I her beauty do behold,
And therewith do her cruelty compare,
I marvel of what substance was the mould,
The which her made att once so cruel fair.
Not earth, for her high thoughts more heavenly are:
Not water, for her love doth burn like fire;
Not air, for she is not so light or rare;
Not fire, for she doth freeze with faint desire;
Then needs another element inquire,
Whereof she mote be made, that is the sky;
For to the heaven her haughty looks inspire,
And eke her love is pure immortal hy.
Then sith to heaven ye likened are the best,
Be like in mercy as in all the rest.

6. The forward violet thus did I chide;—
Sweet thief, whence did thou steal thy sweet that smells,
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.

3, 4, 5. Spenser's *Sonnets*. 6. Shakspeare's *Sonnets*.

The lily I condemnèd for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair :
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair ;
A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,
And to his robbery had annexed thy breath ;
But for this theft, in pride of all his growth,
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee.

7. Shall I compare thee to a summer's day ?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate :
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date :
Sometimes too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed ;
And every fair from fair sometimes declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimmed ;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owst ;
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest :
So long as man can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

8. As lead to grave in marble stone,
My song may pierce her heart as soon ;
* * * *
The rocks do not so cruelly
Repulse the waves continually.

9. Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose ;
For in your beauties orient deep
These flow'rs, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more, whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day ;
For, in pure love, heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more, whither doth haste
The Nightingale, when May is past ;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

7. Shakspeare's *Sonnets*. 8. Sir T. Wiat, *The Lover Complaineth*. 9. T. Carew, *Song*.

Ask me no more, where those stars light,
That downwards fall in dead of night ;
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixed become, as in their sphere.

1. And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies,
And a cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle ;

And a gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold ;

And a belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs ;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my love.

2. [*The Passionate Lover exclaims*]
Not he who reasons best, this wisdom knows :
Ears only drink what rapt'rous tongues disclose.
Nor fruitless deem the reed's heart-piercing pain :
See sweetness dropping from the parted cane.
* * * *

New plans for wealth your fancies would invent ;
Yet shells, to nourish pearls, must lie content.

3. With thee, fair plunderer of hearts ! a dungeon would seem delightful as a bed of roses.

4. O, my beloved ! thy brow is like a sword ; thy hair like a chain ; thy eyelashes like arrows ; thy bosom's garden is like the vale of Cashmire ; thy beauty is the conqueror of the world.

5. Of the two tresses of thy hair I will spin two strings for my guitar. * *

Thy height and shape are like unto a cypress, *naz*.
Thy two eyes are like those of a hawk. * *

1. C. Marlow, *The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.* 2. *A Translation by Sir W. Jones.* (S. Rousseau's *Persian Literature.*) 3. Ibid. 4, 5. Alex. Chodzko's *Persian Poetry.*

6. In the blue horizon's beaming,
Thee, sweet maid ! alone I see ;
In the silver wavelet's streaming,
Thee, sweet maiden ! only thee.
Thee, in day's resplendent noonlight,
Glancing from the sun afar ;
Thee, in midnight's softer moonlight ;
Thee, in every trembling star.
Wheresoe'er I go, I meet thee ;
Wheresoe'er I stay, I greet thee ;
Following always—everywhere :
Cruel maiden ! O, forbear !

7. She sleeps ;—Amaryllis
Midst flowrets is laid,
And roses and lilies
Make the sweet shade :

The maiden is sleeping,
Where, through the green hills,
Manzanares is creeping
Along with his rills.

Wake not Amaryllis,
Ye winds in the glade !
Where roses and lilies
Make the sweet shade.

The sun, while upsoaring,
Yet tarries awhile,
The bright rays adoring,
Which stream from her smile.

The wood-music still is ;
To rouse her afraid,
Where roses and lilies
Make the sweet shade.

8. In the bosom of April
The sun midst flowers is laid ;
His pillow is of jasmins,
And the painted meadows his bed :
The rivulet gently flowing
Is his sweet lullaby.
See by yon grove of myrtles,
Cloris sleeping tranquilly.

6. Bowring's *Magyar Poems*, (*A. Kisfaludy*) 7, 8. Ibid., *Poetry of Spain.*

The sun calls forth the odours
From Daphne's laurel grove—
The incense is of emeralds,
An holocaust of love.

9. Ask the mariner * *
* * * *

If wave, or star, or friendly gales,
Are half so fair as she.
* * * *

Ask the shepherd * *
* * * *

If the valley's lap, or the sun-crown'd rocks,
Are half so fair as she.

1. Hard is yon rock, around whose head,
Unfelt, the rudest tempests blow ;
And chilling cold the silver snow
On nature's ample bosom spread.
But harder is that heart of thine,
And colder all its frozen streams,
Where passion ne'er inscribed a line,
And love's warm sunshine never gleams.

Deaf as the surges of the sea
To the loud plaint of misery,
Though less than thou unkind and rude :
Dark is the evening's dying fall,—
But what are these,—or aught, or all,
To a tired spirit's solitude ?

2. Now appears the star of Venus,
Sol's last ray the mountain gilds,
While the night, in dusky mantle,
Travels o'er the darkening fields.
See yon moorish warrior flying
* * *

To the careless winds of heaven,
To the rocks and woods he cries ;
Nought but pitying Echo hears him—
Pitying Echo still replies.
'Zayde !—Zayde !—far more cruel
Than the wreck-absorbing wave ;
Harder than the hardest mountain,
Whose old feet the waters lave ;
* * *

9. Bowring's Poetry of Spain, *Gil Vicente*, 1562. 1. Ibid., *F. de Herrera*. 2. Ibid., *Romance*.

Wilt thou twine thy youthful tendrils
Round a proud and rugged tree ;
Leaving mine all stripp'd and blasted ;
Flowerless—fruitless, left by thee ?

3. Were mine the wealth of Crœsus old ;
Had I as many diamonds bright
As leaves that shake in summer's light,
Or sands o'er which the deep hath rolled ;—
Had I as many purest pearls
As grass blades hang upon the lea,
Or ripples dance along the sea
When o'er its breast the zephyr curls ;—
Had I a palace, crystal built,
And filled as full of golden bars
As yonder heaven is filled with stars
When evening fair the skies hath gilt ;—
Like lordly knights and kingly earls
With orders were I titled o'er
As thick as waves that kiss the shore
When Wind his banner bread unfurls ;—
I swear by yon bright worlds above,
I'd give them all this blessed night
To meet beneath this fair moonlight,
And clasp thee in my arms, my Love !

4. Were I as base as is the lowly plain,
And you, my Love, as high as heaven above,
Yet should the thoughts of me your humble swain
Ascend to heaven, in honour of my Love.
Were I as high as heaven above the plain,
And you, my Love, as humble and as low
As are the deepest bottoms of the main,
Wheresoe'er you were, with you my love should go.
Were you the earth, dear Love, and I skies,
My love should shine on you like to the sun,
And look upon you with ten thousand eyes
Till heaven wax'd blind, and till the world were done.
Wheresoe'er I am, below, or else above you,
Wheresoe'er you are, my heart shall truly love you.

5. Over the mountains
And over the waves,
Under the fountains
And under the graves ;

3. W. R. Alger's *Poetry of the East*, (*The Lover's Offer*). 4. J. Sylvester, *Love's Omnipresence*. 5. Anon., *The great Adventurer*.

Under the floods that are deepest,
Which Neptune obey;
Over rocks that are steepest
Love will find out the way.

6. I'll love thee as the bee the flower
In which the fragrant honey lies,
As nightingales the evening hour,
And as the star adores the skies.

7. If they knew it, the little flow'rets,
How deeply wounded my heart,
I ween they would all weep with me
To heal its aching smart.

And if the nightingales knew it,
How sick I am,—how sad,
They fain would carol for me
Their song so soothing and glad.

And knew they, the golden starlets,
And knew they of my woe,
They'd leave their high habitations
To comfort me here below.

But none of all these can know it,—
One only knoweth my smart;
'Tis she who herself hath riven
And torn asunder my heart.

8. The fountains mingle with the river,
And the rivers with the ocean,
The winds of heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single,
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle—
Why not I with thine.

See the mountains kiss high heaven
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister flower would be forgiven
If it disdain'd its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea—
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?

6. Oxenford's *French Songs* (*E. Gola*). 7. Dulcken's *German Songs* (*H. Heine*). 8. Shelley, *Love's Philosophy*.

9. And in the midst of this wide quietness
A rosy sanctuary will I dress
With the wreath'd trellis of a working brain,
With buds, and bells, and stars without a name,
With all the gardener Fancy e'er could feign,
Who breeding flowers, will never breed the same:
And there shall be for thee all soft delight
That shadowy thought can win,
A bright torch, and a casement ope at night,
To let the warm Love in!

1. Oh welcome, bat and owlet gray,
Thus winging low your airy way!
And welcome, moth and drowsy fly,
That to mine ear come humming by!
And welcome, shadows dim and deep,
And stars that through the pale sky peep!
O welcome all! to me ye say,
My woodland Love is on her way.

Upon the soft wind floats her hair:
Her breath is in the dewy air;
Her steps are in the whispered sound,
That steals along the stilly ground.
O dawn of day, in rosy bower,
What art thou to this witching hour?
O noon of day, in sunshine bright,
What art thou to the fall of night?

2. Oh Love! young Love! bound in thy rosy band,
Let sage or cynic prattle as he will,
These hours, and only these, redeem life's years of ill!

3. [*The Meeting of Hafed and Hinda.*]
Moments there are, and this was one,
Snatch'd like a minute's gleam of sun
Amid the black Simoon's eclipse—
Or like those verdant spots that bloom
Around the crater's burning lips,
Sweetening the very edge of doom!
The past—the future—all that Fate
Can bring of dark or desperate
Around such hours, but makes them cast
Intenser radiance while they last!

* * * *

9. Keats' *Ode to Psyche*. 1. Joanna Baillie, *Song*. 2. *Childe Harold*, c. ii. 81. 3. *Lalla Rookh*.

Never was scene so form'd for love !
Beneath them, waves of crystal move,
In silent swell—Heav'n glows above,
And their pure hearts, to transport given,
Swell like the wave, and glow like heav'n !
But oh ! too soon that dream is past—
* * * *
But minutes speed—night gems the skies—

4. ['Tis sweet to think]
The heart, like a tendril, accustomed to cling,
Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone,
But will lean to the nearest and loveliest thing
It can twine in itself, and make closely its own.
* * * *
Love's wing and the peacock's are nearly alike,
They are both of them bright, but they're changeable too.

5. [*Love's young dream.*]
* * * *
On memory's waste.
'Twas odour fled
As soon as shed;
'Twas morning's winged dream;
'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream!

6. For thy locks of raven-hue,
Flowers with hoar-frost pearly,
Crocus-cups of gold and blue,
Snowdrops drooping early,
With mezereon-sprigs combine:
Rise, my love, my Valentine.

7. Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of Love is high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
On a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
To faint in his light and to die.

4, 5. *Irish Melodies.* 6. Montgomery, *The Valentine Wreath.* 7. Tennyson, *From 'Maud.'*

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate;
The red rose cries, 'She is near, she is near;'
And the white rose weeps, 'She is late;'
The larkspur listens, 'I hear, I hear;'
And the lily whispers, 'I wait.'

She is coming, my own, my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

8. 'Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height:
What pleasure lives in height (the Shepherd sang),
In height and cold, the splendour of the hills?
But cease to move so near the Heavens, and cease
To glide a sunbeam by the blasted Pine,
To sit a star upon the sparkling spire;
And come, for Love is of the valley, come,
For Love is of the valley, come thou down
And find him; by the happy threshold, he,
Or hand in hand with Plenty in the maize,
Or red with spirted purple of the vats,
Or fox-like in the vine; nor cares to walk
With Death and Morning on the silver horns,
Nor wilt thou snare him in the white ravine,
Nor find him dropt upon the firths of ice,
That huddling slant in furrow-cloven falls
To roll the torrent out of dusky doors:
But follow; let the torrent dance thee down,
To find him in the valley; let the wild
Lean-headed eagles yelp alone, and leave
The monstrous ledges there to slope, and spill
Their thousand wreaths of dangling water-smoke,
That like a broken purpose waste in air:
So waste not thou, but come, for all the vales
Await thee; azure pillars of the hearth
Arise to thee; the children call, and I
Thy shepherd pipe, and sweet is every sound,
Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet;

8. Tennyson, *From 'The Princess.'*

Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees.'

WAVERING LOVE.—

8. This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched [cut] in ice, which, with an hour's heat,
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.

9. Even as the changeful moon across the sky
Moves on inconstant—now in brightness shining,—
Now clouded—now towards the hills declining—
Now lifts its face, and now its horn on high:
So falsely midst the gods—so treach'rously
Doth love deceive, and laugh at mortal men—

1. The forest trees now put their foliage on,
The almond its new flower begins to wear;
This genial sun could animate a stone,
When all is joyous—why do we despair?

VOICE.—

2. ——— your tongue's sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when haw-thorn buds appear.

3. [His voice in thine reflected]
Like echo, sending back sweet music, fraught
With twice th' aërial sweetness it had brought!

RETREAT.

4. ——— Ah, for some retreat
Deep in yonder shining Orient, where my life began to beat;

* * *

Or to burst all links of habit—there to wander far away,
On from island unto island at the gateways of the day.

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies,
Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots of Paradise.

Never comes the trader, never floats an European flag,
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, swings the trailer from the crag;

8. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* 9. Bowring's *Cheskian Anthology*, Bohemia. 1. Oxenford's *French Songs* (*Emile Varin*). 2. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* 3. *Lalla Rookh.* 4. Tennyson's *Locksley Hall.*

Droops the heavy blossom'd bower, hangs the heavy fruited tree—

* * *

——— Forward, forward let us range.
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change.

* * *

Comes a vapour from the margin, blackening over heath and holt,
Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast a thunderbolt.
Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or hail, or fire or snow;
For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward, and I go.

FAIRY FEAST.—

5. A little mushroom table spread;
After short prayers, they set on bread,
A moon-parch'd grain of purest wheat,
With some small glittering grit, to eat
His choicest bits with; then in a trice
They make a feast less great than nice.
But, all this while his eye is serv'd,
We must not think his ear is starv'd;
But that there was in place, to stir
His spleen, the chirring grasshopper,
The merry cricket, puling fly,
The piping gnat, for minstrelsy;
And now we must imagine first
The elves present, to quench his thirst
A pure seed-pearl of infant dew,
Brought and besweeten'd in a blue
And pregnant violet; which done,
His kitling eyes begin to run
Quite through the table, where he spies
The horns of papery butterflies,
Of which he eats; and tastes a little
Of what we call the cuckoo's spittle:
A little furze-ball pudding stands
By, yet not blessed by his hands,
That was too coarse; but then forthwith
He ventures boldly on the pith
Of sugar'd rush, and eats the sag
And well-bestrutted bee's sweet bag;
Gladding his palate with some store
Of emmet's eggs; what would he more,

5. Herrick's *Oberon's Feast.*

But beards of mice, a newt's stew'd thigh,
A bloated earwig, and a fly;
With the red-capp'd worm, that is shut
Within the concave of a nut,
Brown as a tooth; a little moth,
Late fatten'd in a piece of cloth;
With wither'd cherries; mandrake's ears;
Moles' eyes; to these, the slain stag's tears;
The unctuous dewlaps of a snail;
The broke heart of a nightingale
O'ercome in music; with a wine
Ne'er ravish'd from the flattering vine,
But gently press'd from the soft side
Of the most sweet and dainty bride,
Brought in a dainty daisy, which
He fully quaffs up to bewitch
His blood to height? This done commended
Grace by the priest, the feast is ended.

WINE.—

6. Wine's the sun; the moon, sweet soul!
We will call the waning bowl:
Bring the sun, bring him soon,
To the bosom of the moon!

Dash us with this liquid fire,
It will thoughts divine inspire;
And, by nature taught to glow,
Let it like the waters flow.

7. Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour
When pleasure, like the midnight flow'r,*
That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
Begins to bloom for sons of night.

MARRIAGE.—

8. Roses, their sharp spines being gone,
Not royal in their smells alone,
But in their hue;
Maiden pinks, of odour faint,
Daisies smell-less, yet most quaint,
And sweet tyme true;

Primrose, first-born child of Ver,
Merry spring-time's harbinger,

6. S. Rousseau's *Persian Literature*. 7. *Irish Melodies*.
8. Beaumont and Fletcher, *Bridal Song*.

* Termed by Linnæus, *flores tristes*, melancholy flowers.

With her bells dim;
Oxlips in their cradles growing,
Marigolds on death-beds blowing,
Lark-heels trim;
All, dear Nature's children sweet,
Lie 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet,
Blessing their sense!
Not an angel of the air,
Bird melodious or bird fair,
Be absent hence!

The crow, the slanderous cuckoo, nor
The boding raven, nor chough hoar,
Nor chattering pie,
May on our bridehouse perch or sing,
Or with them any discord bring,
But from it fly!

CALM.—

9. Calm as a frozen lake when ruthless winds
Blow fiercely, agitating earth and sky,
The mother now remained;———

FRIENDSHIP.—

1. Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-lived phœnix in her blood;
Make glad and sorrow seasons, as thou fleet'st,
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world, and all her fading sweets;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime;
O carve not with thy hours my friend's high brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in thy course untainted do allow,
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,
My friend shall in my verse ever live young.

2. ———— this pray'r shall be mine:
That the sunshine of love may illumine our youth,
And the moonlight of friendship console our decline.

GRIEF.—

3. Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind,
Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

9. *The Excursion.* 1. Shakspeare's *Sonnets.* 2. *Irish Melodies.* 3. Goldsmith's *Traveller.*

4. As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,
So the cheek may be ting'd with a warm sunny smile,
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.
* * * *
Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay,
Like a dead, leafless branch in the summer's bright ray;
The beams of the warm sun play round it in vain,
It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again.

5. ——— this soft warm heart
Be left more desolate, more dreary cold
Than a forsaken bird's nest filled with snow
'Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine—

REST.—

6. Soften'd he sunk upon a couch, and gave
His soul up to sweet thoughts, like wave on wave
Succeeding in smooth seas, when storms are laid.

SLEEP.—

7. O magic sleep! O comfortable bird,
That broodest o'er the troubled sea of the mind
Till it is hush'd and smooth! O unconfined
Restraint! imprison'd liberty! great key
To golden palaces, strange minstrelsy,
Fountains grotesque, new trees, bespangled caves,
Echoing grottoes, full of tumbling waves
And moonlight; ay, to all the mazy world
Of silvery enchantment!———

8. 1. When restless on my bed I lie,
Still courting sleep, which still will fly,
Then shall reflection's brighter power
Illume the lone and midnight hour.

2. If hush'd the breeze, and calm the tide,
Soft will the stream of memory glide,
And all the past, a gentle train,
Waked by remembrance, live again.
* * * *

5. If loud the wind, the tempest high,
And darkness wraps the sullen sky,
I muse on life's tempestuous sea,
And sigh, O Lord, to come to Thee.

4. *Irish Melodies.* 5. Wordsworth's *Poems.* 6. *Lalla Rookh.* 7. Keats' *Endymion*, B. i. 8. Noel, *Night.*

9. Waken, drowsy slumberer, waken!
Over gorse, green broom, and braken,
From her sieve of silken blue,
Dawning sifts her silver dew,
Hangs the emerald on the willow,
Lights her lamp below the billow,
Bends the briar and branchy braken—
Waken drowsy slumber, waken!

Round and round from glen and grove,
Pour a thousand hymns of love;
Harps the rail amid the clover,
O'er the moor-fern whews the plover,
Bat has hid and heath-cock crow'd,
Courser neigh'd and cattle low'd,
Kid and lamb the lair forsaken—
Waken, drowsy slumberer, waken!

METAPHYSICAL.

SOUL.—

1. Set where the upper streams of Simois flow
Was the Palladium, high 'mid rock and wood;
* * * *
* * * *

So, in lovely moonlight, lives the soul,
Mountains surround it, and sweet virgin air;
Cold plashing, past it, crystal waters roll;
We visit it by moments, ah! too rare.

2. (*Callicles says*);
As the sky-brightening south wind clears the day,
And makes the mass'd clouds roll;
The music of the lyre blows away
The clouds that wrap the soul.

3. (*Empedocles, after a long silence, breaks forth*).
Oh that I could glow like this mountain!
Oh that my heart bounded with the swell of the sea!
Oh that my soul were full of light as the stars!
Oh that it brooded over the world like the air!

NATURE.—

4. Like us, the lightning fires
Love to have scope and play;
The stream, like us, desires
An unimpeded way;
Like us, the Libyan wind delights to roam at large.

9. Hogg's *Morning Song to the Shepherd.* 1 M. Arnold's New Poems, *Palladium.* 2, 3. Ibid., *Empedocles on Etna.* 4. Ibid., *Callicles' Song.*

Streams will not curb their pride
The just man not to entomb,
Nor lightnings go aside
To leave his virtues room ;
Nor is that wind less rough which blows a good man's barge ;

Nature, with equal mind,
Sees all her sons at play ;
Sees man controul the wind,
The wind sweep man away :
Allows the proudly-riding and the founder'd bark.

MIND.—

1. The beings of the mind are not of clay ;
Essentially immortal, they create
And multiply in us a brighter ray
And more beloved existence :———

2. The everlasting universe of things
Flows through the mind, and rolls its rapid waves,
Now dark—now glittering—now reflecting gloom—
Now lending splendour, where from secret springs
The source of human thought its tribute brings
Of waters,—with a sound but half its own,
Such as a feeble brook will oft assume
In the wild woods, among the mountains lone,
Where waterfalls around it leap for ever,
Where woods and winds contend, and a vast river
Over its rocks ceaselessly bursts and raves.

APATHY.—

3. Many awake, are fast asleep, like the statue, with eyes open.

FANCY.—

4. When young-eyed Spring profusely throws
From her green lap the pink and rose,
When the soft turtle of the dale
To Summer tells her tender tale ;
When Autumn cooling caverns seeks,
And stains with wine his jolly cheeks ;
When Winter, like poor pilgrim old,
Shakes his silver beard with cold ;
At every season let my ear
Thy solemn whispers, Fancy, hear.
* * * *

1. Byron's *Childe Harold*, c. iv. 5. 2. Shelley's *Mont Blanc*. 3. Raverty's *Afghan Poetry*. 4. Dr. Warton's *Ode to Fancy*.

With native beauties win applause
Beyond cold critics' studied laws;
O let each Muse's fame increase,
O bid Britannia rival Greece.

5. At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth;
* * *
And the enjoying of the Spring
Fades as does its blossoming:
Autumn's red-lipp'd fruitage too
Blushing through the mist and dew,
Cloys with tasting: * * *
Fancy, high-commission'd:—send her!
She has vassals to attend her;
She will bring, in spite of frost,
Beauties that the earth hath lost;
* * *
Sweet birds antheming the morn:
* * *
—— the early April lark,
Or the rooks, with busy caw,
* * *
The daisy and the marigold;
White plumed lilies, and the first
Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst;
Shaded hyacinth, alway
Sapphire queen of the mid-May:
And every leaf and every flower
Pearled with the self-same shower.
* * *
Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see
Hatching in the hawthorn-tree,
* * *
—Let the winged Fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home.

MUSING.—

6. To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
* * * *
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unroll'd.

7. Oh Thou, who plumed with strong desire
Wouldst float above the earth, beware!

5. Keats, *Fancy*. 6. *Childe Harold*, c. ii. 25. 7. Shelley, *The Two Spirits*.

A Shadow tracks thy flight of fire—
Night is coming!

Bright are the regions of the air,
And among the winds and beams
It were delight to wander there—
Night is coming!

MEMORY.—

8. There's a bower of Roses by Bendemeer's stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long;
In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream,
To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.
That bower and its music I never forget,
But oft when alone, in the bloom of the year,
I think—is the nightingale singing there yet?
Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer?

No, the roses soon wither'd that hung o'er the wave,
And some blossoms were gather'd while freshly they shone,
And a dew was distill'd from their flowers, that gave
All the fragrance of Summer, when Summer was gone:
Thus Memory draws from delight, ere it dies,
An essence that breathes of it many a year;
Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes,
Is that bower on the banks of the calm Bendemeer!

9. —— spite of comorant devouring Time,

10. Time but the impression deeper makes
As streams their channels deeper wear.

LITERARY.

THE POET.—

1. Like the flies, every worthless creature buzzeth about him,
When sugar-lipped Hamid reciteth his sweet strains.

2. Thou hast composed thy Gazel, and strung thy pearls —come, sing them sweetly, O Hafiz!
For, Heaven has sprinkled over thy poetry the clearness and beauty of the Pleiades.

3. Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes
From whence 'tis nourished: The fire i' the flint

8. Moore, *Lalla Rookh*. 9. *Love's Labour Lost*. 10. Burns, *To Mary in Heaven*. 1. Raverty's *Afghan Poetry*. 2. S. Rousseau's *Persian Literature*. 3. *Timon of Athens*.

Shows not, 'till it be struck; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and like a current flies
Each bound it chases.———
* * * *
[No hindrance to the design] in the course I hold;
But flies an eagle's flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no track behind.

4. Cameleons feed on light and air:
Poets' food is love and fame:
If in this wide world of care
Poets could but find the same
With as little toil as they,
Would they ever change their hue
As the light cameleons do,
Suiting it to every ray
Twenty times a day?
* * * *

5. — The Poets, in their elegies and songs
Lamenting the departed, call the groves,
They call upon the hills and streams to mourn,
And senseless rocks; nor idly; for they speak,
In these their invocations, with a voice
Obedient to the strong creative power
Of human passion.———

6. Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart:
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea;
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic and free.

7. And the Poet, faithful and far-seeing,
Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part
Of the self-same universal being,
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

8. Harp of the North, farewell! The hills grow dark.
On purple peaks a deeper shade descending;
In twilight copse the glow-worm lights her spark,
The deer, half-seen, are to the covert wending.
Resume thy wizard elm! the fountain lending,
And the wild breeze, thy wilder minstrelsy:
Thy numbers sweet with nature's vespers blending,
With distant echo from the fold and lea,
And herd-boy's evening pipe, and hum of housing bee.

4. Shelley, *An Exhortation*. 5. *The Excursion*. 6. Ibid., *Milton*. 7. H. W. Longfellow, *Flowers*. 8. Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, c. vi.

WORDS.—

9. Words are but flowers, the blossoms of a day,
Their worth must vanish, and their grace decay.

ROMANCE.—

I.

1. When the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free
In the silken sail of infancy,
The tide of time flowed back with me,
The forward-flowing tide of time;
And many a sheeny summer-morn,
Adown the Tigris I was borne,
By Bagdat's shrines of fretted gold,
High-walled gardens green and old;
* * *

II.

Anight my shallop, rustling through
The low and bloomed foliage, drove
The fragrant, glistening deeps, and clove
The citron-shadows in the blue:
By garden porches on the brim,
* * *

III.

* * *
———— where all
The sloping of the moon-lit sward
Was damask-work, and deep inlay
Of braided blooms unmown, which crept
Adown to where the waters slept.
* * *

IV.

A motion from the river won
Ridged the smooth level, bearing on
My shallop through the star-strown calm,
Until another night in night
I entered, from the clear light,
Imbowered vaults of pillared palm,
Imprisoning sweets, which, as they clomb
Heavenward, were stayed beneath the dome
Of hollow boughs.——
* * *

9. Bagot's *Horace's Art of Poetry.* 1. Tennyson's *Recollections of the Arabian Nights.*

V.

Still onward ; and the clear canal
Is rounded to as clear a lake.
From the green rivage many a fall
Of diamond rillets musical,
Through little crystal arches low,
Down from the central fountain flow,
Fallen silver-chiming, seemed to shake
The sparkling flints ————

VI.

* * * *

VII.

Far off, and where the lemon-grove
In closest coverture upsprung,
The living airs of middle night
Died round the bulbul as he sung;
Not he : but something which possessed
The darkness of the world, delight,
Life, anguish, death, immortal love,
Ceasing not, mingled, unrepressed.

INDIAN LEGENDS.—

2. —— legends and traditions,
With the odours of the forest,
With the dew and damp of meadows,
With the curling smoke of wigwams,
With the rushing of great rivers,
* * *

(*Answer*)

'From the forests of the prairies,
From the great lakes of the Northland,
From the land of the Ojibways,
From the land of the Dacotahs,
From the mountains, moors, and fenlands,
Where the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
Feeds among the reeds and rushes.
* * *
In the green and silent valley,
By the pleasant water-courses,
* * *
—— beyond them stood the forest,
Stood the groves of singing pine-trees,
Green in Summer, white in Winter,
Ever sighing, ever singing.
* * *

2. H. W. Longfellow, *The Song of Hiawatha*.

Ye who love the haunts of Nature,
Love the sunshine of the meadow,
Love the shadow of the forest,
Love the wind among the branches,
And the rain-shower and the snow-storm,
And the rushing of great rivers
Through the palisades of pine trees,
And the thunder in the mountains,
Whose innumerable echoes
Flap like eagles in their eyries ;—
Listen———————

Religious and Moral.

Divine Love.—

1. My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. (10.)

   For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone ;

   The flowers appear on the earth ; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land ;

   The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away. (13.)

2. All thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces, whereby they have made thee glad.

3. What matter, though thy countenance is hidden by thy curls ?
   The water of immortality itself is, in total darkness, concealed.
   From thy curls, thy ruby lips, and thy face, are produced
   The night, the glow of sunset, and the dawn of day.

4. Her eyes are lotuses, and the pupils, they are black bees ;
   And their gaze, like the gazelle's, is free and unrestrained.
   Her eye-brows are bows, and her eyelashes, the arrows ;
   And to launch upon her lover, she hath raised them.

1. The Song of Solomon, c. ii. 2. Psalm xlv. 8. 3, 4. Raverty's *Afghan Poetry*.

THE CREATOR'S POWER.—

5. The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue etherial sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim :
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wonderous tale,
And, nightly, to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth :
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ?
What though nor real voice nor sound,
Amid their radiant orbs be found !
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
For ever singing as they shine,
'The hand that made us is Divine !'

MERCY.—

6. For as the heaven is high above the earth, so is his mercy towards them that fear him. (11.)

As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us. (12.)

7. As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth, even for evermore.

THE WISE.—

8. The truly wise man practises humility,
The bough full of fruit, place its head upon the earth.

9. Empty yet and green, that corn-ear tosses high its lofty brow ;
See it ripe and full and golden, bend in meek submission now.

5. A. Marvell's *Hymn ; From Addison's Spectator*, No. 465. 6. Psalm ciii. 7. Psalm cxxv. 2. 8. Rousseau's *Persian Literature*. Sandee's *Book of Advice*. 9. Bowring's *Magyar Poems*, (*F. Verseghi.*)

Such is boyhood in its folly—shallow, proud, and insolent;
Such is manhood in its wisdom—modest, and in calmness bent.

SELF-EVIDENT.—

1. Doth the wild ass bray when he hath grass? or loweth the ox over his fodder? (5.)

Can that which is unsavory be eaten without salt? or is there any taste in the white of an egg? (6.)

* * * *

Is my strength the strength of stones? or is my flesh of brass?

* * * * (12.)

DECEITFUL.—

2. My brethren have dealt deceitfully as a brook, and as the stream of brooks they pass away; (15.)

Which are blackish by reason of the ice, and wherein the snow is hid. (16.)

CARNAL HEART.—

3. And my black hair hath turned silvery, but my heart not the least white.

TIME.—

4. The heavens on high perpetually do move;
By minutes meal the hour doth steal away;
By hours the days, by days the months remove,
And then by months the years as fast decay;
Yea, Virgil's verse and Tully's truth do say,
That time flieth, and never claps her wings;
But rides on clouds, and forward still she flings.

5. Time by moments steals away,
First the hour, and then the day;
Small the daily loss appears,
Yet it soon amounts to years:
Thus another year is flown,
And is now no more our own,
(Though it brought or promised good,)
Than the years before the flood.

6. Unfathomable Sea! whose waves are years,
Ocean of Time, whose waters of deep woe
Are brackish with the salt of human tears!
Thou shoreless flood, which in thy ebb and flow

1, 2. *Job* vi. 3. Raverty's *Afghan Poems*. 4. Gascoigne's *Swiftness of Time*. 5. Newton's *Retrospect of the Year*. 6. Shelley, *Time*.

Claspest the limits of mortality!
And sick of prey, yet howling on for more,
Vomitest thy wrecks on its inhospitable shore;
Treacherous in calm, and terrible in storm,
Who shall put forth on thee,
Unfathomable Sea?

JOY.—

7. Oh! the joy of such hearts, like the light of the poles,
Is a flash amid darkness, too brilliant to stay.

FRIENDSHIP.—

8. Then let it console thee, if Love should not stay,
That friendship our last happy moments shall crown,
Like the shadows of morning Love lessens away,
While friendship, like those of the closing day,
Will linger and lengthen as life's sun goes down.

PEACE.—

9. When groves by moonlight silence keep,
And winds the vexed waves release,
And fields are hush'd, and cities sleep:
—Lord, is not that the hour of peace?

When infancy at evening tries,
By turns, to climb each parent's knees,
And gazing meets their raptured eyes:
—Lord, is not that the hour of peace?

In golden pomp, when autumn smiles,
And hill and dale, its rich increase,
By man's full barns exulting piles;
—Lord, is not that the hour of peace?

HOPE.—

1. In the hour of adversity be not without hope;
For crystal rain falls from black clouds.

2. Hope smiles on the infant's dawn of day:
To boyhood she opens her liveliest page;
Gilds the visions of youth with her magic ray,
Nor is buried at length in the grave of age;
For there when our weary career we close,
Still Hope is the plant from the tomb that grows.

7. Moore's *Irish Melodies*, *The Prince's Day*. 8. Ibid., *Oh yes, when the Bloom*. 9. Gisborne, *The hour of Peace*. 1. S. Rousseau's *Flowers of Persian Literature*. 2. Schiller, *Hope*, (*Translated by Lord Derby*.)

DECISION.—

3. There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

INSENSIBILITY.—

4. In a drear-nighted December
Too happy, happy Tree
Thy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity:
The north cannot undo them
With a sleety whistle through them,
Nor frozen thawings glue them
From budding at the prime.

In a drear-nighted December
Too happy, happy Brook
Thy bubblings ne'er remember
Apollo's summer look;
But with a sweet forgetting
They stay their crystal fretting,
Never, never petting
About the frozen time.

5. [*Azim's false views*]
Of men to gods exalted and refin'd;———
False views, like that horizon's fair deceit,
Where earth and heav'n but *seem*, alas, to meet!——

HUMBLE.—

6. The meek and humble, like the oyster, have the pearl acquired;
But nought of pearl's merchandize, beareth the caravan of the waves.

COMPASSION.—

7. Thou hast no compassion for my disorder:
My companion should be afflicted with the same malady,
That I might sit all day repeating my tale to him;
For two pieces of wood burn together with a brighter flame.

3. *Julius Cæsar*, Act iv. sc. 3. 4. Keats, *Happy Insensibility*. 5. *Lalla Rookh*. 6. Raverty's *Afghan Poems*. 7. S. Rousseau's *Persian Literature*.

PROMISES.—

8. Speaking, without acting, is mere trouble and vexation:
The kernel of desire, by this absurdity, cannot be obtained.

DESIRES.—

9. The pearl of our yearnings lieth immersed in ocean's depths;
And after it, the divers plunge continually, into its dark abyss.

1. Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

OBSCURITY.—

2. Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

THE GAY.—

3. Hence, loathèd Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn.
* * * *
Find some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;
There, under ebon shades, and low-browed rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
* * * *
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying,
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
* * * *
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
* * * *

8, 9. Raverty's *Afghan Poetry*. 1, 2. Gray's *Elegy*. 3. Milton's *L'Allegro*.

And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin;
* * *
——— rouse the slumbering Morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
* * *
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Robed in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight,
* * *
Under the hawthorn in the dale,
* * *
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide:
Towers ————————
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
* * *
———————— two agèd oaks,
* * *
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequered shade;
* * *
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the livelong daylight fail:
* * *
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.
* * *
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.

THE PENSIVE.

3. Hence, vain deluding Joys,
The brood of Folly————————
* * *
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sunbeams;

3, Milton's *Il Penseroso*.

Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.

* * * *

Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
———————— in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,

* * * *

———————— I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
———————— led astray
Through the heavens' wide pathless way;
———————— as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.

* * *

Over some wide-watered shore,

* * *

Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,

* * *

Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,

* * *

Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,

* * *

———————— in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And, when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
To archèd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,

* * *

——— in close covert by some brook,

* * *

Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep ;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings, in airy stream
Of lively portraiture displayed,
Softly in my eyelids laid.

DISSOLUTION.—

4. As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away: so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more.

5. The things of earth are like a river ;—
A summer river,—swiftly dry ;
The things above endure for ever,
Their ocean is—immensity.
There streams of joy which ne'er shall be
Exhausted, roll eternally,
And thither let our spirits flee.

6. How little do we know that which we are !
How less what we may be ! The eternal surge
Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar
Our bubbles ; as the old burst, new emerge,
Lashed from the foam of ages, while the graves
Of empires heave but like some passing waves.

7. Poor wand'rers of a stormy day !
From wave to wave we're driven,
And Fancy's flash, and Reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way—

8. We are as clouds that veil the midnight moon :
How restlessly they speed, and gleam, and quiver,
Streaking the darkness radiantly !—yet soon
Night closes round, and they are lost for ever.
* * * *
Man's yesterday may ne'er be like his morrow ;
Nought may endure but Mutability.

9. When the lamp is shattered
The light in the dust lies dead—
When the cloud is scattered,
The rainbow's glory is shed.

4. Job vii. 9. 5. Bowring's *Poetry of Spain*. 6. Byron, *Human Life*. 7. Moore's *Sacred Songs*. 8. Shelley, *Mutability*. 9. Ibid., *Lines*.

When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remembered not;
When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

FUTURITY, &c.—

10. There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

1. The stream, that hath left the sluice, floweth not back again.
The hour, which hath passed away, returneth to us no more!
For time is, alas! like unto the dead in the sepulchre's niche;
And no one hath brought, by weeping, the dead to life again.

BREVITY.—

2. Who can place any dependence upon this fleeting breath?
It is impossible to confine the wind with the strongest chain!

DECAY.—

3. Doth the flower always bloom? Nothing can exist for ever!

4. The human frame as rapidly decayeth,
As the tulips, in the autumn, wither away.

THE IMPOSSIBLE.—

5. When the rain drops fall from the sky upon the earth,
They cannot again ascend unto the heavens whence they came.
Imagine not, that those tears which the eye sheddeth,
Shall e'er again return to the eyes they flowed from.

10. Watts, *Death in Prospect of Heaven.* 1 to 5. Raverty's *Afghan Poetry.*

CHANGE.—

6*. In the same manner as the sun's shadow shifteth,
So likewise there is nowhere permanence in this world.

7*. The friendship of this world's friend is false and hollow.
From the tulips thou seekest permanence, unavailingly.

8. The world, verily, is like a running stream,
Upon which no impression can remain.

ILLUSION.—

9. Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view ;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies—

EVANESCENCE.—

1. ————our days upon earth are a shadow. 9.
* * * *

Can the rush grow up without mire ? can the flag grow without water ? 11.

Whilst it is yet in his greenness, and not cut down, it withereth before any other herb. 12.

[*Applied to the hypocrite, and those who forget God.*]
——whose trust shall be a spider's web. 13, 14.

2. (*Man.*) He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down : he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.

3. (*The wicked hypocrite.*) He shall fly away as a dream, and shall not be found : yea, he shall be chased away as a vision of the night.

4. I am forgotten as a dead man out of mind : I am like a broken vessel.

5. As smoke is driven away, so drive them away : as wax melteth before the fire, so let the wicked perish at the presence of God.

6. For he remembered that they were but flesh ; a wind that passeth away, and cometh not again.

7. My days are like a shadow that declineth ; and I am withered like grass.

6*, 7*, 8. Raverty's *Afghan Poetry*. 9. Goldsmith, *The Traveller*. 1. Job viii. 2. Job xiv. 2. 3. Job xx. 8. 4. Psalm xxxi. 12. 5. Ps. lxviii. 2. 6. Ps. lxxviii. 39. 7. Ps. cii. 11.

8. As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. 15.

For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more. 16.

9. Man is like to vanity: his days are as a shadow that passeth away.

1. Or e'er some thousand years have past? and that
Is, to eternity compared, a space,
Briefer than is the twinkling of an eye
To the heaven's slowest orb.——

2. 'Say, why across thy visage beam'd, but now,
The lightning of a smile!' ———
* * *
'Perchance——
Thou marvel'st at my smiling.'——

3. For not on downy plumes, nor under shade
Of canopy reposing, fame is won,
Without which whosoe'er consumes his days,
Leaveth such vestige of himself on earth,
As smoke in air or foam upon the wave.

4. How shall I define what thing I am?
* * *
Sometimes a mote in the disc of the sun;
At others, a ripple on the water's surface.

5. Like the dry leaf that autumn's breath
Sweeps from the tree,—the mourning tree:
So swiftly and so certainly
Our days are blown about by death.

6. ——For aught that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth.
* * * *
Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness, did lay siege to it;
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as a dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold!

8. Psalm ciii. 9. Ps. cxliv. 4. 1. Cary's *Dante* (*Purgatory*), c. xi. 2. Ibid., c. xxi. 3. Ibid. (*Hell*), c. xxiv. 4. Raverty's *Afghan Poetry*. 5. Bowring's *Poetry of Spain*. 6. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act i. sc. 1.

The jaws of darkness do devour it up :
So quick bright things come to confusion.

7. Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are ;
Or like the fresh Spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew ;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood :
Even such is man whose borrow'd light
Is straight call'd in, and paid to-night.

The wind blows out, the bubble dies ;
The spring entomb'd in autumn lies ;
The dew dries up, the star is shot :
The flight is past—the man forgot.

8. Let's take the instant by the forward top :
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them :——

9. Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen the broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state ;
But transient is the smile of fate !
A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.

10. [*Daffodils*]
We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a Spring ;
As quick a growth to meet decay
As you, or anything.
We die,
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the Summer's rain ;
Or as the pearls of Morning's dew
Ne'er to be found again.

1. As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure :

7. Dr. H. King, *Sic Vita*. 8. *All's well that ends well*, Act v. sc. 3. 9. Dyer's *Grongar Hill*. 10. Herrick, *To Daffodils*. 1. Burns' *Tam o' Shanter*.

* * *

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed !
Or like the snowfall in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever ;*
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place ;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm.
Nae man can tether time or tide.

2. Ah ! not in vain we silver rills
From mossy fountains flow :
Who brawling down the vocal hills,
Leave mortals as we go.

Pictur'd in us, may mortals see,
In our incessant strife,
The toils of drear obscurity,
The toils of mortal life.

Fast, fast we run, ne'er to return,
Like time that ever flies ;
Thy fate with us, O man ! then mourn,
And mourning be thou wise.

Thro' fretting on our course we gain,
Like poor contentious pride,
Yet all our toil is not in vain,
We swell the river's tide.

From us, lone trav'llers of the dale,
O be it understood,
Now e'en the lowliest in life's vale
May aid the common good.

3. The day retires———————
* * * *
The stars awake in heaven's abyss of blue ;
* * * *
Even as a sand in the majestic sea,
A diamond-atom on a hill of snow,
A spark amidst a Hecla's majesty,
An unseen mote where maddened whirlwinds blow,
Am I midst scenes like these—the mighty thought
O'erwhelms me—I am nought, or less than nought.

2. Bidlake, *Inscription on a Rill.* 3. Bowring's *Russian Poets* (*Lomonossov*).

* See Chapter ii. page 42 ; these two lines misquoted by S. T. Coleridge.

4. The pale, the cold, and the moony smile
Which the meteor beam of a starless night
Sheds on a lonely sea-girt isle,
Ere the dawning of morn's undoubted light,
Is the flame of life so fickle and wan
That flits round our steps till their strength is gone.

5. Swift as the arrow cuts its way,
Through the soft-yielding air;
Or as the sun's more subtle ray,
Or lightning's sudden glare;
Or as an eagle to the prey,
Or shuttle through the loom,—
So haste our fleeting lives away,
So pass we to the tomb.

Like airy bubbles, lo! we rise,
And dance upon life's stream;
Till soon the air that caused, destroys
Th' attenuated frame.
Down the swift stream we glide apace,
And carry death within;
Then break, and scarcely leave a trace,
To show that we have been.

6. Like as the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower in May,
Or like the morning of the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had—
E'en such is man; whose thread is spun
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.
The rose withers; * *
* * * *

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that's new begun,
Or like the bird that's here to day,
Or like the pearlèd dew of May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan—
E'en such is man; who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life, and death.

4. Shelley, *On Death*. 5. Clarke, *The Brevity of Life*.
6. S. Wastell, *Man's Mortality*.

DEPARTED.—

7. He is gone to the mountain
  He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
  When our need was the sorest.
The fount reappearing
  From the raindrops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
  To Duncan no morrow!
  * * *
The autumn winds rushing
  Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing
  When blighting was nearest.

Like the dew on the mountain,
  Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
  Thou art gone, and for ever!

8. ———————— The tenor
Which my life holds, he readily may conceive
Whoe'er hath stood to watch a mountain brook
In some still passage of its course, and seen,
Within the depths of its capacious breast,
Inverted trees, and rocks, and azure sky;
And, on its glassy surface, specks of foam,
And conglobated bubbles undissolved,
Numerous as stars; that, by their onward lapse,
Betray to sight the motion of the stream,
Else imperceptible. Meanwhile, is heard
Perchance a roar or murmur; and the sound
Though soothing, and the little floating isles
Though beautiful, are both by Nature charged
With the same pensive office; and make known
Through what perplexing labyrinths, abrupt
Precipitous, and untoward straits,
The earth-born wanderer hath passed; and quickly,
That respite o'er, like traverses and toils
Must be again encountered.—Such a stream
Is human Life.

9. See how, beneath the moonbeam's smile,
  Yon little billow heaves its breast,
And foams and sparkles for awhile,
  And murmuring then subsides to rest.

7. Scott, *Coronach*. 8. Wordsworth, *The Excursion*.
9. Moore, *A Reflection at Sea*.

The man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on Time's eventful sea;
And, having swell'd a moment there,
Thus melts into eternity!

Political.

War.—

1. Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies; her hedges even-pleached,
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs: her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,
Doth root upon; while that the coulter rusts,
That should deracinate such savag'ry:
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness; and nothing teems,
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility.
And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness.

2. On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

* * * *

And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rush'd the steed, to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of Heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

1. *King Henry V.*, Act v. sc. 2. 2. Campbell's *Hohenlinden.*

TREACHERY.—

3. When ivy twines around a tree,
And o'er the boughs hangs verdantly,
Or on the bark, however rough,
It seems indeed polite enough;
And (judging from external things)
We deem it there in *friendship* clings;
But where our weak and mortal eyes
Attain not—hidden treachery lies:
'Tis there it brings decay unseen,
While all without seems bright and green;
So that the tree which flourish'd fair,
Before its time grows old and bare;
Then, like a barren log of wood,
It stands in lifeless solitude,
For treachery drags it to its doom,
Which gives but blight—yet promised bloom.

We have arranged the foregoing specimens under the heads of—Universe Physical, Social, Metaphysical, Literary, Religious, Moral, and Political. Of these the subject that offers most material is the *Universe;* next the *Social* portion; and third, the *Religious* and *Moral.* But of these not the greatest subjects are the most in demand, on the contrary it may surprise many to find that from a given class of poets their topics are the beautiful in preference to the sublime, and that the small and evanescent in Nature excites almost more exquisite attention than matter of real magnitude. For example, it is not a little remarkable that most poets, with varying success speak of breath, air, mist, smoke, spark, flash, bubbles, dew, drop, snow, and other equally weak, feeble, transient, natural objects and appearances As:—

3. Bowring's *Batavian Anthology*: Dutch Poets (Jacob Cats).

A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.

or 'melted'—

As breath into the wind.

or—

——like the snowfall in the river,
A moment white—then lost for ever.

or—

At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth.

In our next division of specimens we shall bring our selections to a close, taking a view of the Negative and non-natural side of the subject of Nature-Study.

Chapter X.

On Negative views of Nature ; contra-natural and fabulous creatures ; poetical mysticism ; Nature as a standard of taste and criticism ; *In Memoriam ;* Nature and Art ; illustrative poetical specimens of the negative employment of Nature ; remarks on the application of the term *negative ;* when misused ; its various employment ; Nature-Study still requisite.

Having presented a series of examples derived from various poetical sources, arranged under distinctive heads, we have now only to consider Negative views of Nature. Under this designation we do not include the monstrous fabulous creations due to even a classical age, such as the sphinx, phœnix, pegasus, hydras, dragons, salamanders, unicorns, and other fictions of the imagination.

By the negative employment of Nature we principally understand the viewing of objects in some extreme and apparently perverted aspect, expressed in such phrases as binding the winds, counting the sands, raising monuments of snow, or the like. It may likewise include deceptive appearances in Nature, as when Wordsworth notices the frequent deceitfulness of morning and evening appearances of fine weather, the smoothest seas proving faithless, the sheltering oak drawing down lightning,—but, appealing to the Saviour, he adds :

Thy smile is sure, thy plighted word
No change can falsify.

Another form is observable in advice, &c., given ironically; as in Solomon's concessions to the libertine, and similar instances.

This department of Nature-Study gives rise to apostrophe, hyperbole, vision, fable, and proverbs; and it especially aids satire, irony, sarcasm, burlesque, and bombast.

The pre-eminent advantage of Nature-Study consists in its being the only unerring guide man possesses to aid his judgment, and to form his taste. It is also a powerful instrument in the government of criticism on such works of art as mainly depend on Nature's influences of whatever kind or quality.

For example, when the poet assumes the super-natural, and consequently the mysterious, in his language, figures, and sentiments, we ask for authority from Nature. The reply may be, Is not Nature all mystery? The ready answer is, Yes? but the difference between mysteries in Nature and mysteries in poetry is simply that, in the first we have facts without words, in the last we have words without facts. The passion of love or of grief may well excuse some few lines of exaggeration in any poem, but cannot justify an entire book of non-naturalistic composition. Had Petrarch sung thus of the Laura he has immortalized, his sonnets would have been long since forgotten. We may rest satisfied with following Nature, until all its available sources are exhausted. What are griffins, dragons, and salamanders but hideous abortions, incongruous

compounds of existing animal creation, forming a mass of night-mare associations? Is there anything about such fabulous creatures that has not its features in animals, birds, or fishes? But it is supposed that although fancy may fail to mould something in clay worthy of being considered supernatural, it can at least reach beyond the present, during the *furor poeticus*, and draw fire and spiritual influences from another world.

These observations are offered as a prelude and an apology for differing from many who approve of the semi-spiritual and wholly sentimental style of Mr. Tennyson's *In Memoriam.* If it be only an experiment, it is an unhappy one, coming from such an authority, who cannot be considered otherwise than as teaching, while at the same time gratifying his readers through the medium of his highly tuneful muse. What then, for example, we would ask, may be the meaning of No. CXXIII., commencing :—

> That which we dare invoke to bless ;
> Our dearest faith ; our ghastliest doubt ;
> He, They, One, All ; within, without ;
> The Power in darkness whom we guess ;
>
> I found Him not in world or sun,
> Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye ;
> Nor thro' the questions men may try,
> The petty cobwebs we have spun.

Four other verses follow in the same strain, remotely, uncertainly, and mistily suggesting something or other which the reader may, if so disposed, believe to be highly significant, and incapable of expression in any other than such incomprehensible phraseology. But as it may be considered unjust to a poet to give so short an

extract, we shall quote entire No. CXVIII., as being a complete and shorter, if not more intelligible piece.

I trust I have not wasted breath ;
  I think we are not wholly brain,
  Magnetic mockeries ; not in vain,
Like Paul with beasts, I fought with Death ;

Not only cunning casts in clay :
  Let Science prove we are, and then
  What matters Science unto men,
At least to me ? I would not say,

Let him, the wiser man who springs
  Hereafter, up from childhood shape
  His action like the greater ape,
But I was born to other things.

In these lines allusion is made to science without science being brought forward, unless it be such as Lord Monboddo propounded ; and these verses are altogether displeasing from their apparently concealing some grand conception not to be caught by any neophyte before undergoing some mysterious ordeal or other. Either Homer, Shakspeare, Milton, Burns, and Wordsworth are not poets, or the foregoing is so mystical and contra-natural as not to belong to a high order of poetry ;* but if it is simply an experimental effort, it certainly exhibits a striking contrast to the results of correct Nature-Study. Talleyrand expressed his belief that language was given to man to enable him to conceal his thoughts, a strategical maxim, however, which cannot be too fastidiously shunned by the poet. Feeble as all man's attempts must necessarily be to reflect Nature in works of Art, no art fails so hopelessly

* See Rev. C. Kingsley's views, quoted chap. i. p. 31.

as that fostered by assuming something of the claim to the afflatus of a true necromancy. Now he who copies from Nature must be true to Nature; but the pretender to the preternatural revels only in day and night dreams, and has but to give the rein to his imagination and fancy to produce a variety of sombre, sunny, and brilliant effects 'signifying nothing.' Even with the best models before them, poets, like painters, may often fail in distinctness of outline and expression. It is well known that no works were more pleasing to the engraver to copy than those of Turner, whose blending of colours, clouds, and figures was often marvellously suggestive of anything but what was actually intended by that wonderful master of light and shade. It is said that on one occasion the painter demanded to know why one of his figures had been engraved with wings. The only explanation that could be given was the very natural one that 'It looked so.' To which the artist replied, 'Then let it remain,' although he had not himself intended to depict an angel! Let it not be argued, however, that the more mist, the more majesty, sublimity, and grandeur. True, Nature has its mists, and we may occasionally see the horizon bound by an almost Alpine barrier—but one of clouds; and dry valleys may appear like lakes, and trees seem to be growing independently of the earth. If we admire such deceptions we may trace in a damp, cracked, plastered wall, the most fantastic landscapes; we may fancy among the glowing coals in the fire, strange faces and figures; and on recovering from blindness 'see men as trees

walking.' And just as our 'eyes are made the fools of the other senses,' so may our reason be subjected to the illusions of the charmer who attunes his muse to sing in an uncouth strain. But with *Nature* for their guide neither poets nor their readers can possibly go far astray.

It is said that Aristotle attributes to Pericles, employing the figure in his Funeral Oration, when making a comparison of the loss occasioned by the war, to the act of him who should *take the Spring out of the year*. We believe that such a figurative mode of expression has never been examined in the light we are about to adopt; its bearing in Nature-Study, as we shall consider it, is evidently enhanced when we discover its importance even when the object is only to reverse, as it were, the proper and rational use of information resulting from such a study. Yet we shall find that the most telling, lively, and piquant figures, and indeed their very extension, depends on an enlarged knowledge of facts in Nature. Such figures of speech are highly attractive from their novelty, and render conspicuous and important what might otherwise fall coldly and listlessly on the ear.

APOSTROPHE.

TO DEATH.—

1. ——Oh amiable, lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
Arise from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones:
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows;
And ring these fingers with thy household worms;

1. *King John*, Act iii. sc. 4.

And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
And be a carrion monster like thyself:
Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st,
And buss thee as thy wife! Misery's love,
O, come to me!

SATIRE.

BOOK-WORM.—

2. Come hither, boy, we'll hunt to-day
The book-worm, ravening beast of prey,
* * * *
Through all the fields of wit he flies;
Dreadful his head with clustering eyes,
With horns without, and tusks within,
And scales to serve him for a skin.
Observe him nearly, lest he climb
To wound the bards of ancient time,
* * * *
See where his teeth a passage eat;
* * * *
From leaf to leaf, from song to song,
He draws the tadpole form along;
* * * *
Insatiate brute, whose teeth abuse
The sweetest servants of the Muse!

BRUTE-NATURE.—

3. Brutes find out where their talents lie:
A bear will not attempt to fly;
A founder'd horse will oft debate
Before he tries a five-barr'd gate;
A dog by instinct turns aside,
Who sees the ditch too deep and wide.
But man we find the only creature,
Who, led by Folly, combats Nature.

PREY, VERMIN.—

3*. A prince, the moment he is crown'd,
Inherits every virtue round,
* * * *
But once you fix him in a tomb,
His virtues fade, his vices bloom;
* * * *
Hobbes clearly proves that every creature
Lives in a state of war by nature.

2. T. Parnell, *The Book-worm*. 3. J. Swift, *On Poetry A Rhapsody*, 1733. 3*. Ibid.

The greater for the smallest watch,
But meddle seldom with their match.
A whale of moderate size will draw
A shoal of herrings down his maw;
A fox with geese his belly crams;
A wolf destroys a thousand lambs:
But search among the rhyming race,
The brave are worried by the base.
* * * *
The vermin only tease and pinch
Their foes superior by an inch.
So, naturalists observe, a flea
Hath smaller fleas that on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em,
And so proceed *ad infinitum*.
* * * *
From Flecknoe down to Howard's time,
How few have reach'd the low sublime!
* * * *
In bulk there are not more degrees,
From elephants to mites in cheese,
Than what a curious eye may trace
In creatures of the rhyming race.
* * * *
For though, in nature, depth and height
Are equally held infinite;
In poetry, the height we know;
'Tis only infinite below.

A CRITIC.—

4. Honey from silkworms who can gather,
Or silk from the yellow bee?
The grass may grow in winter weather
As soon as hate in me.

CRITICS.—

5. ——'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.
Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel graced these ribalds,
From slashing *Bentley* down to peddling *Tibbalds:*
Each wight who reads not, and but scans and spells,
Each word-catcher that lives on syllables,
Even such small critics some regard may claim,
Preserved in *Milton's* or in *Shakspeare's* name.
Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how they POSSIBLY got there.

4. Shelley, *Lines to a Critic.* 5. Pope's *Satires.*

DULNESS.—

5*. See now, what Dulness and her sons admire!
* * * *

Thence a new world, to nature's laws unknown,
Breaks out refulgent, with a heaven its own:
Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
And other planets circle other suns.
The forests dance, the rivers upward rise,
Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies;
And last, to give the whole creation grace,
Lo! one vast egg produces human race.
* * * *

Immortal Rich!* how calm he sits at ease,
'Mid snows of paper, and fierce hail of pease;
And, proud his mistress' order to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm. B. iii.
* * * *

Now flamed the dog-star's unpropitious ray,
Smote every brain, and wither'd every bay;
Sick was the sun, the owl forsook his bower,
The moon-struck prophet felt the madding hour;
Then rose the seed of Chaos, and of Night,
To blot out order, and extinguish light,
Of dull and venal a new world to mould,
And bring Saturnian days of lead and gold.
* * * *

Now to pure space lifts her ecstatic stare,
Now running round the circle, finds it square. B. iv.

THE STOICS.—

6. Beat out their brains in fight and study,
To prove that virtue is a body;
That bonum is an animal,
Made good with stout polemic brawl. 20.

WOMAN.—

7. Could we with ink the ocean fill,
Were earth of parchment made;
Were every single stick a quill,
Each man a scribe by trade;
To write the tricks of half the sex,
Would drink that ocean dry.
Gallants, beware, look sharp, take care;
The blind eat many a fly.

5*. *Dunciad.* 6. *Hudibras*, Part II. canto ii. 7. Anon. *A satire in imitation of Guarini.*

* John Rich, manager of Covent Garden Theatre.

ROBBERY.—

8. —— Take wealth and lives together;
Do villany, do, since you profess to do't,
Like workmen: I'll example you with thievery.
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun;
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears; the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement: each thing's a thief,
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft.——

HYPERBOLE.

ARMY.—

9. As swarms of bees, that pour in ceaseless stream
From out the crevice of some hollow rock,
Now clustering, and anon 'mid vernal flowers,
Some here, some there, in busy numbers fly;
* * * *
Great was the din; and as the mighty mass
Sat down, the solid earth beneath them groaned.

10. [*Agamemnon—commands the Greeks to war.*]
As when a wasting fire, on mountain tops,
Hath seized the blazing woods, afar is seen
The glaring light; so, as they moved, to Heaven
Flashed the bright glitter of their burnished arms.
As various tribes of winged fowl, or geese,
Or cranes, or long-necked swans, on Asian mead,
Besides Cäyster's stream, now here, now there,
Disporting, ply their wings; then settle down
With clamorous noise, that all the mead resounds:
So to Scamander's plain, from tents and ships,
Poured forth the countless tribes; the firm earth groaned
Beneath the tramp of steeds and armèd men.
Upon Scamander's flowery mead they stood,
Unnumbered as the vernal leaves and flowers.
Or as the multitudinous swarms of flies,
That round the cattle-sheds in spring-tide pour.

8. *Timon of Athens*, Act iv. sc. 3. 9, 10. Lord Derby's Homer.

LOVE.—

FIRST PART.

1. Over the mountains,
And under the waves,
Over the fountains
And under the graves,
Under floods which are deepest,
Which do Neptune obey,
Over rocks which are steepest,
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
For the glow-worm to lie,
Where there is no place
For the receipt of a fly,
Where the gnat dares not venture,
Lest herself fast she lay,
But if Love come he will enter,
And find out the way.

* * * *

SECOND PART.

If the earth should part him,
He would gallop it o'er;
If the seas should o'erthwart him,
He would swim to the shore.
Should his love become a swallow,
Through the air to stray,
Love will lend wings to follow,
And will find out the way.

There is no striving
To cross his intent,
There is no contriving
His plots to prevent;
But if once the message greet him,
That his true love doth stay,
If death should come and meet him,
Love will find out the way.

MERMAID.—

2. ——Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;

1. Bell's Early Ballads: *Truth's Integrity*. 2. *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.
* * * *
That very time I saw, (but thou could'st not,)
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all-arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throned by the west;
* * * *
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,—
Before, milk-white; now purple with love's wound,—
And maidens call it, love-in-idleness.

OCEAN GRAVE.—

3. Full fathoms five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls, that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring their knell:
Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.

CÆSAR.—

4. *Cassius.* Why, man, he [Cæsar] doth bestride the narrow world,
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.

BLOOD.—

5. Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous sea incarnadine,
Making the green—one red. Act ii. sc. 2.

6. *Lady M.* Here's the smell of blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh! Act iv. sc. 1.

DISCORD.—

7. —— Nay, had I the power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth. Act iv. sc. 3.

3. *Tempest*, Act 1, sc. 2. 4. *Julius Cæsar*, Act i. sc. 2. 5, 6, 7. *Macbeth.*

A Mob.—

8. ————. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Act i. sc. 1.

Submission.—

9. ————. My mother bows;
As if Olympus to a mole-hill should
In supplication nod: ———— Act v. sc. 3.

Triumph.—

1. Why, hark you;
The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance.—— Act v. sc. 4.

Orpheus.—

2. For Orpheus' lute was strung with poet's sinews;
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.

3. Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing.
To his music, plants and flowers
Ever spring: as sun, and showers
There had made a lasting spring.
Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by. Act iii. sc. 1.

Speed.—

4. O! for a horse with wings!——
(Milford-Haven)——Why not I
Glide thither in a day? Act iii. sc. 2.

Love's wishes.—

5. If I had an hundred hearts
Never should one stray from thee,
If I had an hundred hearts
Every one should feel thy darts.
Oh, my dearest, &c.

8, 9, 1. *Coriolanus.* 2. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iii. sc. 2. 3. *King Henry VIII.* 4. *Cymbeline.* 5. Oxenford's *French Songs; The Abbé de Lattaignant's Wishes.*

If an hundred eyes were mine,
Thee alone those eyes would see;
If an hundred eyes were mine
Every one on thee would shine.
Oh, my dearest, &c.

If an hundred tongues I had,
They should speak of nought but thee;
If an hundred tongues I had,
All should talk of thee, like mad.
Oh, my dearest, &c.

* * * *

If five hundred souls you were
You for her should rivals be,
If five hundred souls you were
All should love this beauty rare.
Oh, my dearest, &c.

Had you reach'd your hundredth year—
Young with her would Nestor be,—
Had you reach'd your hundredth year
Spring through her would re-appear.
Oh, my dearest, &c.

Bombast and Irony.

The Morn.—

6. The sun had long since, in the lap
Of Thetis, taken out his nap,
And, like a lobster boil'd, the morn
From black to red began to turn.

Nature Inverted.—

7. Figures ill pair'd, and similes unlike.

* * * *

How Time himself stands still at her [Dulness'] command,
Realms shift their place, and ocean turns to land,
Here gay description Ægypt glads with showers,
Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flowers;
Glittering with ice here hoary hills are seen,
There painted valleys of eternal green,
In cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.—B. I.

* * * *

And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.
A poet's form she placed before their eyes,
And bade the nimblest racer seize the prize;

6. *Hudibras*, P. ii. c. 2. 7. *The Dunciad*.

* * * *

She form'd this image of well-bodied air;
With pert flat eyes she window'd well his head;
A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead.
[*Curl runs swift*]
As when a dab-chick waddles through the copse
On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops.—B. II.

* * * *

Thus he, for them a ray of reason stole,
Half through the solid darkness of his soul;

* * * *

Thence a new world, to nature's laws unknown,
Breaks out refulgent, with a heaven its own:

* * * *

And other planets circle other suns.
The forests dance, the rivers upwards rise,
Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies;
And last, to give the whole creation grace,
Lo! one vast egg produces human race.—B. III.

The foregoing alludes to certain dramas of which Dr. Faustus was the subject.

Proverbs.

Dreams.—

1. Whoso regardeth dreams is like him that catcheth at a shadow, and followeth after the wind.

Greek Proverbs.—

2. He ploughs the air.
He washes the Ethiopian.
He measures a twig.
He demands tribute of the dead.
He holds the serpent by the tail.
He takes the bull by the horns.
He makes clothes for fishes.
He catches the wind with a net.
He changes a fly into an elephant.
He takes the spring from the year.
He is making ropes of sand.
He is ploughing a rock.
He is sowing in the sand.
He takes oil to extinguish fire.
He chastises the dead.

1. *Ecclesiasticus* xxxiv. 2.

He seeks water in the sea.
He puts a rope to the eye of a needle.
He draws water with a sieve.
He gives straw to his dog, and bones to his ass.
He numbers the waves.
He paves the meadow.
He paints the dead.
He seeks wool on an ass.
He digs the well at the river.
He roasts snow in a furnace.
He is building a bridge over the sea.

PERSIAN PROVERBS.—

3. He gives water from the ocean. (From an abundant source—not his own).
He holds the wind in his hand. (Can retain nothing.)
The sun cannot be hid with clay. (Something self-evident.)
You cannot make a hole in the sky. (Impossibilities).
A painting on water. (Labour in vain, transitory).
He binds the water with thread. (Labour in vain, transitory.)
To pound water in a mortar. (Labour in vain, transitory).
Should even the water of life fall from the clouds, you would never get fruit from the willow.
He hides fire with straw.
Fire in winter is better than the damask rose.
He wants an eagle's tear. (Something difficult or impossible.)
If you sow thorns you cannot cut out jasmine.
If you stare at the sun it will hurt your eyes and not the sun.
The breath of a gnat will not put out the sun.

HINDOOSTANEE.—

4. The river flowing upwards. (Any improbability).

NIGHT.—

5. (*Malcolm says,*) The night is long that never finds the day.

3, 4. T. Roebuck's *Collection of Proverbs*, 1824.
5. *Macbeth.*

Rabelais describing what he saw concerning Queen Whim's officers, states that :—

A great number made blackamoors white,
Others ploughed the land with foxes.
Others extracted water out of pumice-stone.
Others sheared asses, and thus got long wool.
Others pitched nets to catch the wind ; and
Others cut fire into stakes with a knife, and drew water with a fish-net.

Swift, following the example set by his great prototype, gives us an account in his *Gulliver's Travels* of the grand Academy of Lagado. Of one man he saw there he assures us :—

He had been eight years upon a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers.

Another was at work to calcine ice into gunpowder, and had a treatise concerning the malleability of fire.

Another was substituting spiders for silkworms ; and so in like manner equally vain were the schemes of others all equally deluded.

FABLE, ETC.

FOREST AND FLOODS.—

6. He answered me, and said, I went into a forest into a plain, and the trees took counsel, (13.)
And said, Come, let us go and make war against the sea, that it may depart away before us, and that we may make us more woods. (14.)
The floods of the sea in like manner took counsel, and said, Come, let us go up and subdue the woods of the plain, that there also we may make us another country. (15.)
The thought of the wood was in vain, for the fire came and consumed it. (16.)
The thought of the floods of the sea came likewise to nought, for the sand stood up and stopped them. (17.)

THE ALMIGHTY.—

7. ——— O Lord thou bearest rule, of every wood of the earth, and of all the trees thereof, thou hast chosen thee one only vine : (23.)

6. 2 *Esdras* iv. 7. Ibid. v.

And of all lands of the whole world thou hast chosen thee one pit: and of all the flowers there of one lily: (24.)

And of all the depths of the sea thou hast filled thee one river: ——— (25.)

And of all the fowls that are created thou hast named thee one dove: and of all the cattle that are made thou hast provided thee one sheep. (26.)

* * * *

And he said unto me, Number me all things that are not yet come, gather me together the drops that are scattered abroad, make me the flowers green again that are withered. (36.)

Open me the places that are closed, and bring me forth the winds that in them are shut up, shew me the image of a voice: and then I will declare to thee the thing thou labourest to know. (37.)

FLINT AND STEEL.—

8. Cruelly bent, it chanced the Flint
Ill-treated the Steel one day;
And wounding, gave it many a dint,
To draw its sparks away.

When laid aside, this angry cried
To that, 'What would your value be
Without my help?' the Flint replied,
'As much as yours, sir, but for me.'

This lesson I write, my friends to incite;
Their talents, however great,
That they must study with them unite,
To duly cultivate.

The Flint gives light with help of the Steel,
And study alone will talent reveal;
For neither suffice if found apart,
Whatever the talent or the art.

TYPICAL, ETC.

THE UNIVERSE.—

9. Canst thou bind together the brilliant Pleiades?
Or canst thou loose the bands of Orion?
Canst thou bring the stars of the Zodiac in their season?

8. J. Kennedy's *Poets of Spain: Tomas de Iriarti, The Flint and Steel.* 9. *Herder's History of Hebrew Poetry: Job* xxviii.

And lead forth the Bear with her young ?
Knowest thou the laws of the heavens above ?
Or hast thou given a decree to the earth beneath ?
Canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds,
And enter into them clothed with floods ?
Canst thou send the lightnings that they shall go,
And say to thee, 'Here are we' ?
Who gave understanding to the flying clouds ?
Or intelligence to the meteors of the air ?
Who by his wisdom hath numbered the drops of rain ?
Hath sent down the gentle showers from heaven,
And watered the dust, that it might unite,
And the clods of the earth cleave together ?

THE ALMIGHTY.—

1. Wilt thou find out the wisdom of Eloah ?
Wilt thou fathom the perfection of Shaddai ?
It is high as heaven, what wilt thou do ?
Deeper than the abyss, what dost thou know ?
Its measure is longer than the earth,
And broader than the sea.

GOLDEN AGE.—

2. The wolf shall dwell with the lamb,
The leopard shall lie down with the kid,
The calf, the young lion, and the fatling together,
And a little child shall lead them.
The cow and the bear shall feed quietly ;
Their young ones shall lie down together,
And the lion shall eat straw like the ox.
The suckling shall play on the hole of the asp.
The weaned child on the cockatrice's den ;
There shall be none to hurt nor destroy
In all my holy mountain,
For the earth is full of the knowledge of Jehovah,
As the waters cover the sea.

WISDOM'S GLORY.—

3. I was exalted like a cedar in Libanus, and as a cypress tree upon the mountains of Hermon. (13.)

I was exalted like a palm tree in En-gaddi, and as a rose plant in Jericho ; as a fair olive tree in a pleasant field, and grew up as a plane tree by the water. (14.)

1. *Herder's History of Hebrew Poetry ; Job* xi. 7-9.
2. Ibid., Isaiah xi. 6. 3. Ecclesiasticus xxiv.

I gave a sweet smell like cinnamon and aspalathus, and I yielded a pleasant odour like the best myrrh, as galbanum, and onyx, and sweet storax, and as the fume of frankincense in the tabernacle. (15.)

As the turpentine tree I stretched out my branches, and my branches are the branches of honour and grace. (16.)

[*Wisdom's fruit.*]

As the vine brought I forth pleasant savour, and my flowers are the fruit of honour and riches. (17.)

THE UNSEARCHABLE.—

4. Weigh me the fire; or canst thou find
A way to measure out the wind;
Distinguish all those floods that are
Mixt in that watery theatre;
And taste thou them as saltless there
As in their channel first they were;
Tell me the people that do keep
Within the kingdoms of the deep;
Or fetch me back that cloud again,
Beshivered into seeds of rain;
Tell me the motes, dust, sands, and spears
Of corn when summer shakes his ears;
Show me that world of stars, and whence
They noiseless spill their influence;
This if thou canst, then show me Him
That rides the glorious Cherubim.

INTERCOURSE.—

5. Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl,
So well converse, nor with the ox the ape;
Worse then can man with beast, and least of all.

SEASONABLE.—

6. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection!—
* * * *
This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick,
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

4. Herrick, *God unsearchable*. 5. *Paradise Lost*. 6. *Merchant of Venice*, Act v. sc. 1.

MIND.—

7. For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich ;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful ?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye ?

8. Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased ;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow ;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain ;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart ? A. v. s. 3.

SELF-DECEPTION.—

9. All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
[*He further advises :*]
Suppose the singing birds, musicians ;
The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence strew'd,
The flowers, fair ladies ;—————— A. i. s. 3.

CONTRASTS.—

1. The sparrow is no swallow, the gad-fly is no bee,
The crowfoot is no rose, and no grape the gooseberry ;
No brass is gold, no bran as honey-comb is sweet,
And summer when it comes the thrush is pleased to greet ;
The ducats of the rich, however bright and many,
Need never blush to own the poor man's single penny.

BELIEF.—

2. Although the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,
The withering fig-tree droop and die,
The field elude the tiller's toil ;
The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race,—
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.

7. *Taming of the Shrew*, A. iv. s. 3. 8. *Macbeth*. 9. *King Richard II.* 1. Bowring's *Magyar Poems ; Hungarian Popular Song, The Difference*. 2. C. Wesley, *Unbelief Repelled*.

NON-NATURAL.—

8. Which state were drearier of a dreary twain—
Eternal sunshine or eternal rain?

9. When the waters take to running up-hill,
Then will they prosper that sit still.

1. Why do not birds and fishes rise from earth?
And man and trees from water take their birth?
Why do not herds and flocks drop down from air?
Wild creatures and untam'd spring everywhere?
The same tree would not rise from the same root,
The cherry would not blush in the same fruit;
Nought fixt and constant be, but every year
Whole Nature change, and all things all things bear.
* * * *
Besides, why is ripe corn in summer found?
Why not bald winter with fresh roses crown'd?
Why not his cups o'erflow with new press'd wine,
But sweaty autumn only treads the Vine?
* * * *
Besides, no need of time for things to grow,
For that would be a measure e'en too slow;
But in one instant, if from nought began,
A shrub might be a tree, a boy a man.

2. The winter bears no buds,
The summer yields no ice:
The fire which young hearts floods
The old man feels not twice.

3. ——— else had the spring
Perpetual smil'd on earth with verdant flow'rs,
Equal in days and nights, except in those
Beyond the polar circles; to them day
Had unbenighted shone, while the low sun
* * * *
Had rounded still th' horizon, and not known
Or east or west, which had forbid the snow
From cold Estotiland, and south so far
Beneath Magellan. ———

4. *Iago.* But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at: I am not what I am. A. i. s. 1.

Oth. No, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. * * * * O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear! A. iv. s. 1.

8, 9. Thompson's *Sales Attici*, Euripides. 1. Creech's *Lucretius*, *B. I.* 2. W. R. Alger's *Eastern Poetry*. 3. *Paradise Lost.* 4. *Othello.*

5. O man! whose weakness dare rebel
Against the Almighty's strength, draw nigh
And listen. ———
* * *
Go! hook the huge leviathan
* * *
A millstone is his heart—his row
Of teeth like sickles, threat'ning still;
Who shall attack him ———
* * *
His eyes with burning fury roll,
As in a forge the scarlet coal.

6. And shall we own such judgments? no—as soon
Seek roses in December—ice in June.

THE IMPOSSIBLE.—

7. Who can number the sand of the sea, and the drops of rain, and the days of eternity?

8. Who seeks to rival Pindar's fame
With waxen wings, Iulus flies;
To give, like Icarus, a name
To seas, where quenched his folly lies.

9. The wise man will not roam afar
For what at home his finding naught can hinder:
He will not try to pluck a star
To kindle with its light a piece of tinder.

1. ——— in vain would you seek from a garden of willows
To collect fruit as beneath them you roam.

2. It is the senselessness of fools, in opposition to wisdom,
That, in the heat of summer, raiseth a tower of snow.

3. I asked Philosophy how I should
Have of her the thing I would;
She answered me when I was able,
To make the water malleable,
Or else the way if I could find,
To measure out a yard of wind:

5. Bowring's *Russian Poets*, *Lomonossov's Ode*. 6. *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. 7. *Ecclesiasticus* i. 2. 8. Lord Derby's *Translation of Horace*, *Od.*, iv. 2. 9. W. R. Alger's *Eastern Poetry*. 1. Ibid. 2. Raverty's *Afghan Poetry*. 3. Ashmole's *Theatricum Chemicum*, 1652.

Then shalt thou have thine own desire,
When thou canst weigh an ounce of fire:
Unless that thou canst do these three,
Content thyself, thou get'st not me.

4. The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his saving power remains:
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns.

5. [*Biron.*]
Why should I joy in an abortive birth?
At Christmas I no more desire a rose,
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows;
But like of each thing, that in season grows.

6. [*Hermia.*] ———I will believe as soon,
This whole earth may be bored; and that the moon
May through the centre creep, and so displease
Her brother's noon-tide with the Antipodes. A. iii. s. 2.

7. To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess. A. iv. s. 2.

8. [*Duke of York.*] ———, and take from Time
His charters and his customary rights;
Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day.

9. Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes
Is numbering sands and drinking oceans dry.

1. Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat? A. i. s. 3.

2. By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon;
Or to dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks.

5. *Love's Labour Lost.* 6. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* 7. *King John*, Act. iv. sc. 9. 8. *King Richard II.* 9. Ibid. 1. Ibid. 2. *King Henry IV. 1st Part.* A. i. s. 3.

3. (*Aaron says*)—
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.

4. —— And thou all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!

5. Go, wondrous creature! mount where science guides,
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides;
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old Time, and regulate the sun;

Love, &c.—

6. Like winter rose, and summer ice,
Her joys are still untimely;
Before her hope, behind remorse,
Fair first, in fine unseemly.

Plough not the seas, sow not the sands,
Leave off your idle pain;
Seek other mistress for your minds,
Love's service is in vain.

7. First shall the heavens want starry light,
The seas be robbed of their waves,
The day want sun, and sun want bright,
The night want shade, ————
The April flowers, and leaves, and tree,
Before I false my faith to thee.

First shall the top of highest hill
By humble plains be overpry'd,
* * * *
And fish forsake the water glide,
And Iris lose her colour'd weed,
Before I false thee at thy need.
* * * *
First Time shall stay his stayless race,
And Winter bless his brows with corn,
And Snow bemoisten July's face,
And Winter spring, and Summer mourn,
Before my pen, ————
Cease to recite thy sacred name.

8. *Maia.* If all the pleasures were distill'd
Of every flower in every field,

3. *Titus Andronicus.* 4. *King Lear.* 5. Pope's *Essay on Man.* 6. R. Southwell, *Love's servile Lot.* 7. Dr. T. Lodge, *Rosander's Sonetto.* 8. Ben Jonson, *From The Penates.*

And all that Hybla's hives do yield,
Were into one broad mazer fill'd;
If, thereto, were added all the gums,
And spice that from Panchaia comes,
The odour that Hydaspes lends,
Or Phœnix proves before she ends;
If all the air my Flora drew,
Or spirit that Zephyre ever blew;
Were put therein; and all the dew
That every rosy morning knew;
Yet all diffused upon this bower,
To make one sweet detaining hour,
Were much too little ————————

9. Fond that I am to ask! whoe'er
Did yet see thought? or silence hear?
Safe from the search of human eye
These arrows (as their ways are) fly:
The flights of angels part
Not air with so much art;
And snows on streams, we may
Say, louder fall than they.

1. They meet with but unwholesome springs,
And summers which infectious are,
They hear but when the mermaid sings,
And only see the falling star,
Who ever dare
Affirm no woman chaste and fair.

2. Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words. sc. 7.

3. Whan cockle-shells turn siller bells,
And mussels grow on every tree,
Whan frost and snaw sall warm us aw,
Then sall my love prove true to me.

4. And I will luve thee still, my dear,
* * * *
Till a' the seas gang dry, my Dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;

9. W. Cartwright, *Love's Darts.* 1. W. Habington's *Poem.* 2. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii. 3. Burns, *Lady Bothwell's Lament.* 4. Ibid., *A red, red Rose.*

5. The blude-red rose at Yule may blaw,
The simmer lilies bloom in snaw,
The frost may freeze the deepest sea;
But an auld man shall never daunton [subdue] me.

6. Bind the sea to slumber stilly,
Bind the odour of the lily,
Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver,
Then bind love to last for ever!
* * * *
Can you keep the bee from ranging,
Or the ring-dove's neck from changing?
No! nor fettered Love from dying
In the knot there's no untying.

7. A weary lot is thine, fair maid,
A weary lot is thine!
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid
And press the rue for wine.
* * * *
The morn is merry June, I trow,
The rose is budding fain;
But she shall bloom in winter snow
Ere we two meet again.

We have thus before us a variety of poetical specimens headed Apostrophe, Satire, Hyperbole, Bombast, Didactic, Proverbial, Fable, and Typical. The poet's references to Nature in these examples are rather for contrast than for any descriptive purpose; his form of expression is therefore generally as curt as any proverbial saying. Mere negation would not come within the scope of our present criticism, as when Mrs. Hemans describes *The Palm Tree* as an exotic, thus:—

It waved not through an eastern sky, * * *
It was not fanned by southern breeze, * * *
Nor did its graceful shadows sleep
O'er stream of Afric, lone and deep;

all which is merely allusive to its exiled state, and throughout entirely natural.

5. Burns, *The blude-red Rose*. 6. T. Campbell, *Song*. 7. Sir W. Scott, *The Rover*.

Sometimes we find poets using negative examples from Nature in a comparative sense, as in *Paradise Lost*, in allusion to 'smiles' :—

> ——— this sweet intercourse
> Of looks and smiles; for smiles from reason flow,
> To brutes deny'd, ——

Here, as in similar instances, we have no more than the plain statement of some undeniable fact, unconnected with any such suggestion as would occur were we to say: 'When brutes shall smile,' &c., thus entirely altering the mode of applying some obvious fact derived from Nature.

There are frequent examples among our older poets which it were hypercritical to notice had they not been adopted as authority for extending such fanciful *improvements* on Nature. Shakspeare says :—

> Sweet are the uses of adversity,
> Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
> Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.

Thomas Gray, in *The Progress of Poesy*, pleasingly enough deludes us with :—

> A thousand rills their mazy progress take:
> The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
> Drink life and fragrance as they flow.

And so likewise in Thomson's *Seasons*, describing *Spring*, the poet says :—

> ——— the landscape laughs around.

Even Wordsworth expresses himself in a way that demands a pause for reflection when, in his *Intimations of Immortality* he suggests that :—

> Custom hangs upon us, with a weight
> Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life.

We almost unconsciously exclaim, 'Heavy as frost'!

A modern writer, treating on Oriental poetry, alludes to certain characteristic specimens as—'sparkling with splendour of imaginative genius, and as odorous with the fragrance of exquisite sensibility as though they had been strained through starry strata and the musky loam of Paradise.' The *straining* here is most unquestionable, though not precisely of the quality premeditated; but we take serious objection to the filtering through 'loam' or slime, however 'musky,' and have no faith in 'starry strata.'

Some poems are throughout so purely fanciful that forms of treatment, otherwise objectionable, are unhesitatingly accepted by every cultivated mind as peculiarly judicious, tasteful, and beautiful. For we must all admit that there is much in every art which is ornamental without being strictly adherent to Nature. But there is a grand medium even in the use of ornament, well expressed in the one word — Chaste. There may be much difficulty in uniting the chaste with the ornamental appertaining to Nature, but therein lies its very excellency when attained. Indeed there is but one step from the gracefully ornamental to the absurdly grotesque.

When the non-natural is adopted in any piece employing imagination and fancy, there should readily appear to be at least an approximate connection. Whatever we find non-natural in Shelley's *Sensitive Plant* (p. 148, 4,) is not

repellant to our common understandings, and we are pleased with fanciful resemblances, and cherish them as visions of fairy-land.

We accept without restraint the idea of the flowers—

> Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
> Till they die of their own dear loveliness.

Nor have we occasion to feel grave doubts about the hyacinth—

> Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
> Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
> It was felt like an odour within the sense ;

Nor to question respecting the rose whether—

> The soul of her beauty and love lay bare.

The following example, however, from Tennyson's *Adelaine* is far from being in accordance with this view of the use of the non-natural even in the lightest forms of poetry:—

> Hast thou heard the butterflies
> What they say betwixt their wings ? (p. 292, 8.)

This is neither tradition, fable, natural history, nor ever so remotely conceivable; it is a fiction without the slightest foundation; it is fantastical from its being without even a shadow of possibility, and therefore partakes of the character of a merely forced conceit, than which nothing is more to be avoided in the exercise of imagination and fancy.

Poets find negative views of Nature to be available in a variety of compositions, as already noticed, but particularly in Satire, Hyperbole, and Bombast. It was, therefore, much employed

by such poets as Shakspeare, Swift, Pope, Butler, and Byron; and by Rabelais, and other satirists among the moderns. It also enters into numerous proverbs, fables, and parables, both sacred and profane.

In the typical employment of the negative or non-natural strain, the sacred Scriptures afford some remarkable examples from the poetry of the Hebrews; and it was impossible but that such noble effusions should find many imitators in modern songs, psalms, and hymns. But our own great dramatist excels in many adaptations of this style, appearing equally successful in each; as in *The Tempest*:—

> The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
> And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a rack* behind: ———

Our arrangement of poetical specimens employing what we term *The impossible*, appears to offer a strange subject for Nature-Study; yet we find that much skill and management is required to produce any similar novelty that shall not verge on sheer bombastic composition. We are introduced to counting drops of rain, plucking down a star, drinking the ocean dry, and the like. But the same tone and style run throughout the numerous subjects associated under the general division of Negative and Non-natural

* According to Lord Bacon: 'The winds which move the clouds above,' are designated *the rack*.

views of Nature; where Nature in all its integrity has to be carefully and faithfully studied, to be, as here shown, inverted and misconstrued for the purpose of producing intensified effect on a reader's mind.

Chapter XI.

Miscellaneous observations; peculiar applications of Nature; assimilating literary labours with external appearances in Nature; religious appropriations of Nature; the unlovely or ugly; amusing use of platitudes; truth and fiction in serious compositions; climate and taste; concluding remarks.

A few miscellaneous observations may be very usefully thrown together in reference to matters that could not properly have been included in the preceding classification.

In early poetry we sometimes meet with allusions to Nature differing widely from modern taste, and which are yet not too remotely connected to attract our attention. The examples we now present are from the *Metrical Hymns and Homilies of Ephraem Syrus*, selected and translated from the original Syriac by the Rev. Henry Burgess, 1853. The only piece we can quote from is a homily entitled *The Mystery of the Trinity*, its analogies in Nature, and their explicableness.

> Who hath ever accustomed
> His mouth to the burning flame?
> Or his palate to fiery heat
> Which never hath been tasted?

Or,—

> The sun passeth through a transparent vase
> Into the midst of the water in it,
> And generates in the cold element
> The warmth of fire;
> * * * *

—— the ray is not drowned,
Neither is the water divided ;

Or,—

Gold is a single substance,
A flower is threefold ;
Stone is a single substance,
But fire is threefold ;
For flame, and heat, and light
Are mingled in it.

Or,—

The clouds are more exalted
Than the vapours beneath them,
The heavens than both of them,
And the heaven of heavens is still higher.
The low mountains
Of this creation are high
To the dwellers in the dust beneath them.

Different to any other use of Nature than the methods already discussed is that of taking some broad feature of actual Nature, or its appearances or phenomena, to illustrate some mode of human action. As when a poet finds in open Nature such features as accord with some peculiarities in his literary labours. Thus Drayton invokes the Muse that :—

These things so in my song, I naturally may show ;
Now as the mountain high ; then as the valley low ;
Some easy passage raptured to translate,
My sole delight.——————

Referring to Allan Ramsay's Epistles, 1728, there is one, remarks Campbell, addressed to the poet Somerville. Professing to write from Nature more than Art, he compares the rude style which he loved and practised, to a neglected orchard, which to him he confesses to be :—

—————— a Paradise,
Compared to prime cut plats and nice,

Where Nature has to Art resigned,
And all looks stiff, mean, and confined.*

In like manner, Taylor, in his *Notes from Books*, remarking on Wordsworth's style, says that he does not claim for *The Excursion*—

A mantling and sparkling of poetic effervescence in every page and line. In a poem upon so large a scale (he considers) every genuine poet is aware that some parts should be bordering upon prose, some absolutely prosaic. That is, rise and fall, ebb and flow, light and shade,—moorland and meadow and garden ground,—will be measured out in due proportion by the author of a great poem.

Strange liberties are taken by well-meaning writers who attempt the spiritualizing of Nature. A quaint and elaborate instance will be found in *The Spiritual Use of an Orchard, or Garden of Fruit Trees*, by Ralph Austen, 1657, reprinted 1847. At page 249, we read:—

The 50th observation in Nature. Some wild and ungrafted trees bear fruits very like to those that are ingrafted in shape and colour, so that men often mistake the one for the other.

This shadows out to us this proposition, that the works of formal hypocrites are (in many things) very like the works of true Christians.

In the last chapter of his work, entitled *Soul in Nature*, H. C. Oersted considers 'The unbeautiful in Nature,' concluding with the observation, 'If he has comprehended the case correctly, then Ugliness, as likewise, *in a certain sense*, Evil, becomes a finite condition; on the other hand, that which is essentially Beautiful is Eternal.'

Admitting the 'essentially beautiful' in Nature, what, we would ask, is the 'essentially' ugly? To call the smallest of the Almighty's

* See page 136.

works either deformed or ugly is strong language, embodying a sentiment from which we must entirely dissent.

If we admit the term 'ugly' as relating to whatever does not attain to our own standard of the Beautiful, then, indeed, it has its use in a confined circle of virtuosi. But in a world-wide sense it is inappropriate. The students of Nature and of science acknowledge no such phrase. They find that not mankind alone, but all animate and inanimate creation is 'fearfully and wonderfully made.'

By *ugliness* we can only mean whatever is disagreeable and repulsive from its want of conformity to our individual tastes, the result of education and early association. Had we never seen a creature without arms or hands we might have considered birds as ugly monsters; or in like manner had we never seen one without legs, arms, hands, or feet, we might have thought fish frightfully ugly; whereas, having been accustomed to see such creatures, we should now consider any reversing of these conditions as furnishing examples of a *lusus naturæ*. It is a vulgar notion that, having fixed our own estimate of the sublime and beautiful, we may assign to certain objects in Nature the position of being low and degraded, and to other objects the distinctive character of being supremely *ugly*. Those who adopt this opinion, do not reflect that their assumed standard would require readjusting under every changing clime, because, so to speak, it would be the arbitrary standard of fashion and not the reliable standard of truth,

—that is, of truth to Nature, which satisfies now, as it has from the Creation, people of all countries and every clime. It may be difficult to conceive the abstract idea of beauty in Nature, from its antagonism to our early acquired tastes; but speaking of Nature simply as the work of Almighty power, we must conclude that, the least of God's creatures far excels in perfection, beauty of design, and adaptation of parts to particular ends, the most exquisite productions of Art.

The imperfection of Art is, so to speak, self-confessed in the fact that it is obliged to select from Nature for painting the most pleasing scenery; for sculpture the most perfect figures, with graceful grouping of them; for music the most harmonious sounds; and for poetry a variety of expression by which to describe and to paint in words that which affords delight whether in human or in external nature. And Art asserts as the privilege of Art, to declare that it only seeks and employs the Beautiful in Nature, and that all else is inappropriate, rude, ugly, or abhorrent. That which may be inappropriate, because unbeautiful, in Art, is not, therefore, to be degraded and reckoned ugly in Nature, else in the Antediluvian World Nature's entire system was one of animal ugliness.

The impress of mind on poetical conceptions and compositions is in nothing more remarkable than in their evident climatic features. There are characteristic differences between the poetical productions of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, a nationality quite as obvious as the

respective dialects; in like manner we find distinctive features in French, German, Russian, and Oriental poetry; solemn, grave, or gay, and embodying sentiments and metaphors, the result of popular feeling, national institutions, and peculiarities of climate.

The next poetical specimen which we shall give is amusing from its very platitudes, as offered in a humorous song by Armand Charlemagne,* with well-sustained gravity:—

Brothers, 'tis a happy age,
This good age in which we live;
* * *
Bolder than Philoxenus,
Down the veil of truth I tear;
* * *
Friends, my revelations hear.

Light sometimes from candles comes;
Water serves our thirst to slake;
Nipping cold our fingers numbs;
* * *

Grapes are gathered in September;
June is mostly very hot;
* * *

Nought more cold than ice we know;
* * *
Human pleasures come and go,
Mortals all must feel Time's sickle.
Not the Danube is the Oise;
Neither is the day the night;
* * *

* * *
If in summer you fell trees,
Ev'ry one can pick up leaves.
* * *
Crabs advance by going back.

* See *The Illustrated Book of French Songs*, translated by J. Oxenford, 8vo, 1855.

* * *

In your garden rhubarb plant,
And you'll find no turnips come.

* * *

* * *

From the head the feet are far,
On the neck the former stands.

* * *

* * *

Heavy rain will make us wet;

* * *

Flints composed of stones are found;
Woods of trees are sometimes full;
Streams with fish will oft abound
Frogs are seen in many a pool.
At a rustle will the hare
Start, as 'twere a mighty shock;
Moved by every breath of air
Is the fickle weathercock.

Learning is not common sense;
Wisdom is a prize I hold;

* *

Every chatterbox may find
Deaf men are not wearied soon;
'Tis peculiar to the blind
That they cannot see at noon.

* * *

How far the license traditionally accorded to poetical writers may be safely carried in serious pieces, is open to discussion. Thomson in his *Seasons* cannot claim the same extent of licence which in the *Castle of Indolence* is in keeping with the nature of the poem. Therefore, although it may appear to be hypercritical to object to the subjoined passage, compensated as it is by its beautiful conception and execution, we may remark that without even the support of the authority of fabulous histories, he attributes the beauty of the diamond and other gems to the sun's influence, thus:—

The unfruitful rock itself, impregned by thee
In dark retirement forms the lucid stone.
The lively Diamond drinks thy purest rays.
* * * *
At thee the Ruby lights its deepening glow.
* * * *
From thee the Sapphire, solid ether, takes
Its hue cerulean. ———
The purple-streaming Amethyst is thine.
With thy own smile the yellow Topaz burns ;
Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,
When first she gives it to the southern gale,
Than the green Emerald shows.
Thick through the whitening Opal plays thy beams.

The only apology for such plausible, but unsupported interpretations of Nature, is their decided originality, their daring, and their presenting sufficient analogy not to offend our common sense, or even our cultivated comprehension of the world around us, with its varied products and appearances.

Every country gives evidence in its poetry of some distinguishing feature. For example, no English, French, or German poet would venture to adopt the language of one of the most popular songs of the Persian Turks, translated as follows :—

One cannot gather pomegranates under the walls of a fortress ; not everybody is bold enough to speak to that beauty, so much like a green-headed duck. . . .*

We shall not pursue these investigations farther, but proceed, in another chapter, to take a retrospective view of what has been advanced, and to lay down the principle on which the facts brought to light by the poetical examples we have adduced are based, and show how the same

* *Specimens of the Popular Poetry of Persia.* By Alex. Chodzko. 8vo. 1842.

principle may be worked out and extended to a degree not previously contemplated. We trust it will be no occasion of disappointment to find that the method, with its systematic appointment, is not one dependent on natural philosophy: is not, in short, scientific; but appeals directly to the common sense of every citizen of the world who has attained an average amount of educational advantages.

Chapter XII.

Æsthetics must afford rules of Art; Nature unerring, creative, and perfect; Art imperfect; Nature a mystery; Beauty a trait of Nature; Nature as studied for Poetry; retrospect of preceding observations; mysticism censured; purely Descriptive Poetry; Science antagonistic to Poetry; Dramatic Poetry. Nature simple in Description and etherealized through Imagination and Fancy; Generalization and Particularization illustrated; Nature in reference to human passions, sentiments, and other associations; Shakspeare an eminent instance; a Common-place Book suggested; subjects for it. Concluding remarks.

We have now, as succinctly as possible, to adduce from this large digest of poetical materials some practical method of Nature-Study. It belongs to Æsthetics to lay down rules of Art, and the arts of Poetry and Eloquence cannot be better served than by even the most humble contribution to a system that aids, however imperfectly, to interpret, as it were, the apocalypse of Nature: of—

> Unerring Nature! still divinely bright,
> One clear, unchanged, and universal light,
> Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
> At once the source, and end, and test, of Art.

While Nature is creative and perfect, Art is, on the contrary, constructive and imperfect; the one is independent, and consequently original; the other dependent, a copyist and compounder of portions of Nature's products.

From first to last Nature is one grand mystery;

and in a large and literal sense is indestructible, because at best we can but change and vary external forms and appearances. The sublimities of Nature consist in a multitudinous association of beauties.

In treating of Beauty we feel alive to the limits of human language, for there is a *beauty* which is wholly of Nature; and another which is wholly of Art; and both essentially different; hence we have Nature-beauty and Art-beauty independent the one of the other.

Mankind at large admire the beauties of creation; but nationalities of taste render it impossible to fix a universal standard of beauty in art in all its departments.

There is a transition state in Nature leading to decay and ruin, but on a very small scale, being, as compared to the vast universe, less than 'the dust in the balance.' This may be considered by many to mitigate against Nature being considered as wholly and unexceptionally Beautiful. Fortunately it makes very little difference whether we accept or reject the principle that Nature is its own standard of Beauty, a position due to its perfection, fitness, and marvellous completeness in its smallest equally with its most stupendous proportions; with such scrutineers it is, in Thomson's words:—

> As if upon a full-proportioned dome,
> On swelling columns heaved, the pride of art,
> A critic fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads
> An inch around, with blind presumption bold,
> Shall dare to tax the structure of the whole!

We have already sufficiently pointed out that there is a wide difference between the study of

Nature pursued for the purposes of Science, as compared with the requirements of such a study in Poetry. Coleridge has well observed that—'Poetry is not the proper antithesis to prose, but to science. Poetry is opposed to science, and prose to metre. The proper and immediate object of science is the acquirement, or communication of truth: the proper and immediate object of poetry is the communication of immediate pleasure.'*

We have shown how remarkably Language, whether real or as expressed in prose compositions, is indebted to Nature; and we find the same thought, occurring in ancient and modern proverbs and all descriptions of poetry. Humboldt† has very happily noticed that the earnest and solemn thoughts awakened in us by a communication with Nature intuitively arise from a presentiment of the order and harmony pervading the whole universe, and from the contrast we draw between the narrow limits of our own experience and the image of infinity revealed on every side, whether we look upwards to the starry vault of heaven, scan the far-stretching plain before us, or seek to trace the dim horizon across the vast expanse of ocean.

And he farther remarks: All that the senses can but imperfectly comprehend, all that is most awful in romantic scenes of Nature, may become a source of enjoyment to man, by opening a wide field to the creative powers of his imagination.

* See *The Literary Remains of S. T. Coleridge*, 2 vols. 8vo. 1836.

† Cosmos, 1st vol. 12mo. 1849.

Impressions change with the varying movements of the mind, and we are led by a happy illusion to believe that we receive (direct and intuitively) from the external world that with which *we have ourselves invested it.*

Perhaps the poet will have no greater difficulty to contend with than the laying aside of such impressions, in studying Nature by any system (methodized or not) other than a simple and thorough acquaintance with Nature in its varying aspects, characters, and material substances; as matters of fact and reality, open to examination through the medium of intelligence and our several senses. By intelligence we mean common sense, which in every age acquires an improved tone with the spread of education and general civilization. Chaucer in the 14th century wrote for a public not so refined as that addressed by Spenser in the 16th century, and the public common sense was still more cultivated when addressed by Shakspeare in the 17th century. In like manner the 19th century has risen in the scale of intelligence to such a degree as to accept from the poet with understanding, utterances which might have been neither approved nor popular four or five centuries back. Any study of Nature, or any poetry claiming to be derived from Nature, yet attempting to anticipate the common intelligence of the age, will necessarily be a failure. Hence the pretended mysticism of all writers, past or present, is unnatural, false, and untenable; and as such has never obtained any hold on the public mind.

Our 3rd and 4th chapters are sufficiently ex-

planatory of the extent to which the matters they refer to are indebted to Nature, to excuse any necessity for farther remarks. So far as they immediately affect poetry and eloquence, they may be useful in leading to the production of appropriate and forcible epithets, on which subject Jermyn's treatise might be advantageously consulted. He gives examples which seldom occupy more than a line, or couplet, closely printed; yet under the word 'Cloud,' 11 pages are occupied with suitable quotations; in like manner 'Smile' has 9 pages; 'Moon' above 8 pages; 'Hill' 7; 'Kiss' above 6; and 'Oak' 6 pages; besides which are poetical epithets applying to Beard, Eagle, Gold, Ivy, Lightning, Nightingale, Rill, Tiger, Violet, Xanthus, Yell, and Zephyr.*

In Nature-Study the poet's true province strictly begins with Descriptive Poetry, proceeding thence to Human Nature, and the Moral, Religious, Didactic, or Social and Political, employing in all a greater or less degree of Imagination and Fancy, proportioned to the requirements of the subject, and the genius and taste of the poet or orator to trace for our delight, or instruction, or both, in happy conjunction—

> Those lineaments of beauty which delight
> The Mind Supreme.

If we consider purely Descriptive Poetry, it cannot be too true to Nature in its word-painting; as exact a reflex as possible of the very objects and scenes depicted. The effect on the hearer's

* See *Book of English Epithets*, literal and figurative. By James Jermyn. Royal 8vo. 1849.

or reader's mind should be that of an instantaneous conception of the characteristics described; and if referring to any familiar or known subject, it should bring vividly to mind not only the obvious, but the overlooked facts and beauties that had escaped less observant minds. With the wide world of Nature before him the poet must not only select, copy, and faithfully portray what he sees under chosen and favourable aspects, but he must suggest the sensations it is calculated to foster in other breasts than his own. One poet may see gloom, and misery, and portents in all around him, because his mental constitution is so jaundiced as to view everything through a discoloured and disordered medium. Lord Byron was incapable of taking a generous view of Human Nature; and Dr. Newman sympathizes only with the unreal, as in his 'Dream of Gerontius.' Burns and Scott treat of Nature with hearty hilarity; while Wordsworth regarded Nature as a divinity with whom he would fain communicate, imbuing his very poetry with a philosophical pantheism. Mere description of external Nature, will, as a general rule, form but an inconsiderable portion of any large work; but when it can be judiciously applied, the higher the tone, the more graphic the outline, the brighter the colouring, and the more striking the general conception of the entire picture, the greater will be the charm. Such illustrative sketches afford relief and variety as well as add beauty and vigour to any composition, however grave or gay may be the subject. The 5th and 6th chapters, relating to descriptive poetry, show

in the examples furnished, that *generalization* prevails throughout to an extent that leaves much to the reader's imagination to amplify or diminish. A reader deficient in imagination will therefore often prefer a writer who thinks for him. Mr. Dickens thinks for his readers to the extent of giving the pattern of a neck-handkerchief, every article of apparel, and furniture, and every feature and action of his life-like characters. If after viewing some interesting scene for the first time, the observer were to close his eyes, and dictate his impressions, he might give a good general description of such a scene, but how much would he leave out ! Descriptive poetry, like paintings, will always have the impress of the artist's peculiar handling of his subjects. And not only so, but one poet soars among the stars, another traverses mountains and dreary scenes, while a third is all for flowers, or fields, or animal nature, with various degrees of excellence in each department. The poet can go little farther than to arrive at exactness of description, confining himself to what the eye observes ; and any colouring of imagination, or expression of sentiments in connection with inanimate Nature, must depend on his own intelligence. The student will have sufficient occupation for his talents for a long time, in attaining the ability to realize picturesqueness and truthfulness in depicting the objects and phenomena presented to his daily observation, whether heavenward he views the Celestial, or on earth that which is Terrestrial. But in no instance can Science assist him more than in affording him a good common education, suitable

to his condition in life and the age in which he lives, by which he will be enabled to speak correctly and reasonably about all matters on which he desires to treat. He has more to do with the exterior than the interior of matter; he does not profess to discuss natural facts with the minute scientific accuracy of a natural philosopher. A scientific poet would be as nearly as possible the very antipodes of what he should be. Examples, indeed, are not wanting of poets who stand isolated in our literature. But such examples mostly indicate rather what is to be avoided than what is to be imitated. Sylvester might be named for beauties as well as for bombast; Fletcher for his poetical anatomy of Man; and Darwin for his botanical exposition of the loves and properties of plants. The student's only safe plan is to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the modes of description and selections made by masters of the art, and then, without servilely copying them, to adopt somewhat of their system or method of depicting Nature, applying their process to scenes and objects that have come under his personal observation. Description has been so extensively cultivated in prose and poetry of late years that it does not afford much scope for novel or peculiar modes of treatment; and perhaps, nothing short of an intuitive feeling for, and love of Natural scenery, can assist the few simple suggestions already offered for practice.

Thus far we have considered description as affecting the outer world in its animate and inanimate conditions, but irrespective of the

human race. In the seventh chapter numerous examples are given from eminent poets, arranged under the heads of Physical, Metaphysical, Ethical, Theological, Social, and Political. The various modes here exhibited in treating of Man, his intellectual faculties, moral obligations, future destiny, social habits, and general government, complete and abundant as they may appear, afford but a glance at the study of Human Nature. Dramatists and other poets when engaged on this subject, find greater scope for the exercise of imagination and fancy than in any department we have previously noticed; and, as already remarked, it has engaged more attention than either the inanimate or the brute creation. The dramatist who would desire to succeed in every line, from Tragedy to Comedy, would have, in addition to natural ability for such employment, to possess a large and varied knowledge of his fellow creatures individually and collectively, historically and personally, and the more thorough his acquirements the greater would be the probability of his success. As, however, it would be impossible to enter on extraneous matters, we are compelled to limit our observations to the simple facts that present themselves for consideration to a writer thus inclined. His History will be limited to a period, and not entitle him to be an historian; in Metaphysics he may indulge with the ardour of a true philosopher; but beyond these studies, as a speciality, his general education, and his intercourse with society, may be considered as the sum of his mental requirements, so far as

his study of Nature is concerned, about which alone we are now treating. Whatever will assist the poet in particular or general descriptions of external Nature, will be equally serviceable to him; and last of all, having 'a sound mind in a healthy body,' he will find within himself a pretty good standard by which to award to his *dramatis personæ* a proper sphere for the display of their good or evil qualities, their wisdom or folly; and every possible phase of prudence or imprudence that marks the universal character of his fellow Man.

We have thus endeavoured to impress on the reader's mind that the Study of Nature as affecting figurative language, proverbial sayings, descriptive poetry applying to single objects, or extended scenery, and lastly Human Nature itself in all its complicated ramifications, is a series of word-painted pictures, so plainly, simply, and yet graphically and truthfully drawn that they inform and instruct all minds, but not all minds with equal intensity. We thence infer that it is hopeless to refine on this photographing process, considered in a literary point of view; and that no instruction can go beyond recommending the same course of delineation of the heavens, the earth, Man, and all animate creation, as that which has been found from the earliest to the present period of our history to subserve all the purposes of language in communicating our thoughts, impressions, and sentiments in reference to ourselves and the universe.

NATURE, treated as a dry matter of fact is, as

it were, only so much either of living or dead materials; but in Man there is a soul, a mind, intelligence, without which the grand features of universal creation would be to him a blank; and day or night almost a matter of indifference so long as he was housed, clothed, and fed. Savage tribes of the human race offer a near approach to this low scale of being. But in proportion to his mental condition, so does Man become more and more refined, and more sensible to the grandeur, order, and beauty of surrounding creation. And here, let it not be overlooked, that it is a peculiar evidence of the poetic temperament to possess in a larger degree than ordinary, that mental faculty distinguished as imagination and fancy, and to which he principally owes his pre-eminence in society. We sufficiently express its noble and distinguishing character under the somewhat objectionable term —inspiration, which conveys to ordinary minds the idea of supernatural interposition. Imagination and fancy are to poetry like those two great lights, the sun and the moon, to our universal parent—indispensable to its very existence. We have seen that there may be much good, plain descriptive poetry without much of the interposition of either; and poetry, when referring to Nature, is rarely spoken of otherwise than for any excellence it may possess in *description*. It never seems to have been ever so remotely suspected, hitherto, that imagination and fancy were capable of receiving any peculiar aid from the study of external Nature. Whenever a poem of an imaginative character is indebted to

Nature, then it is that the critic treats of Nature as communing with the poet, and the poet as looking into the very arcana of Nature, and expounding the marvels of its most secret recesses. This tone is never assumed in considering the most exquisite descriptive poem, there the poet is the mere painter; but let him throw into his subject the entrancing excellence of powerful imagination and glowing fancy, and immediately his work is no longer of this earth but *spiritual!* No view of this interesting subject can be more untenable, or more likely to discourage progress or improvement if believed in, and attempted to be followed.

To assist the imagination and fancy in operating on the results of Nature-Study we must first amass and arrange as systematically as possible, the facts presented to our observation in the material world; and this leads us to refer to our allusions at page 83, on the importance of GENERALIZATION; to which we may add as a next process that of PARTICULARIZATION. To show that this investigation has no direct scientific bearing, we shall consider the universe under the four ancient elements:—

The EARTH may be considered a massy globe, constituted of mountains, rocks, hills, plains, prairies, deserts, valleys, shores, &c.; each of which again has its distinctive characters. Then come its living creatures—man, beasts, birds, reptiles, and insects; also trees, plants, vegetables, fungi, &c.

WATER may be noticed as next associated, consisting of the ocean, rivers, bays, and lakes; also rivulets, streams, brooks, pools, &c.; all supplied with salt, or fresh-water. And rain, dew, mist, vapour, springs, cascades, &c., with their living animal products of fish, &c., together with accompanying peculiar classes of vegetation.

AIR, as enveloping the whole, the firmament, with the sun, moon, stars, and entire planetary system, and its aurora borealis, rainbow, lightning, &c. Likewise considered as the supporter of animal and vegetable life. And—

FIRE, as evidenced by the sun's rays, volcanoes, friction of wood, and combustion of wood, oil, &c.; also phosphorences of the sea, fish, and the ignis fatuus.

Having thus obtained one form of synopsis capable of considerable extension and more precise arrangement, we may next turn to other particulars, and generalize on matters connected with the four elements. Thus:—

The EARTH'S objects are either animate or inanimate. First, Animal and Vegetable kingdoms; and second the Mineral kingdom. To which may be super-added the Air and the Water. These again branch out into subdivisions, affording, in Man—life, with locomotion, intellect and speech; and in animals also—life and locomotion, but with instinct only. Then fish and other creatures, living wholly or partly in water. And lastly, vegetable, or non-instinctive life, without locomotion, whether land or marine plants.

From the external we proceed to reflect on the earth's internal construction; its caverns and underground seas, its animated creatures and mineral products, its gems, its lava lakes, and central molten mass.

The arrangement and classification of such objects and phenomena as are ever present to our senses throughout Nature, may be safely left to ordinary skill and judgment, even while recommending as desirable, the observance of attention to Order, Genera, and Species. Scientific ex-

actness however, will, as we proceed, appear to be not necessarily called for in Nature-Study.

Having so far generalized on the subjects, Earth, Water, Air, and Fire, we may take singly any object or matter appertaining to them, and still farther generalize on all or any of such subjects. Thus:—

The Earth is present to our minds as a globe, and so far like the sun, moon, and stars. Hence we arrive at a general idea of rotundity in respect to each, and of their rolling in circuitous paths. And we farther arrive at ideas of Form or Figure, whether in planets, man, animal, vegetable, or mineral creation.

The planetary system leads us to reflect on Day and Night, and thence to observe a similar Duality throughout Nature, light and shade, heat and cold, male and female, love and hatred, good and evil, life and death.

We cannot consider the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms without being led to the observance of a wonderful Variety; animals and plants differing in forms, colours, and constitution; not one animal but many; nor yet the same clothing, matter, or configuration in them, or in any of Nature's multiform products.

As we proceed in thus generalizing, if we select the air, the sky, or water, and many other works of Nature, we are at once struck with a prevailing Simplicity, with attendant Beauty, and at the same time with remarkable Grandeur. Look where we will the observer of life sees Vitality on the land and in the waters: with

Vitality of a different order in all kinds of *vegetation.*

The Earth, and the firmament, and entire planetary system make known to us Power, and Motion, and Solitude, and Time.

In the study of objects of external Nature we deal generally with the ponderable; but there is another important class—the imponderable and immaterial, as:—time, space, light, shadow, colour, heat, cold, electricity, thunder, aurora borealis, sound, echo, rainbow, &c.

In Nature-Study we have also to consider certain states and conditions of matter, which frequently are the *unseen*, or certainly unobserved, characteristics in Nature, requiring a peculiarly constituted mental vision, aided by refinement of all our usual senses. It affords such utterances as:—

> In her hazel eyes her thoughts lay clear
> As pebbles in a brook.*

Or—

> The night in her silence,
> The stars in their calm.†

Although the foregoing arrangement of subjects taken direct from surrounding natural objects is to a certain extent arbitrary, we must not use the same licence or freedom in the style of our *language.* We may conduct our Nature-Study without the intervention of any technical jargon, but at the same time we must maintain precise limits to our expressions, when simply treating the study, as at present, in a grammar on

* Alexander Smith's Poems, 1853.

† Matthew Arnold's New Poems. *Empedocles on Etna.*

the subject. We have pronounced against mixing up any ideas of 'inspiration' with the course of our inquiry. We have spoken of 'beauty' as inevitable in all the Almighty's works from their very perfection, and from such decision there should be no dissent, to accommodate any conventionalities whatever. The reptile we should abhor in our private apartments, has its fitting place in creation; therefore, any part of creation, in relation to the universal system, is a marvel and mystery, and as such, beautiful beyond the power of art to imitate. It is not then that we require a reformed language in which to treat of Nature, but simply a right understanding of the limitation we put on our form of speech in expressing our views.

We may study Nature to enhance poetical effusions with figurative language, and pleasing scenes and objects; or may take the inverse course, and commencing with language seek in Nature for some apt illustration. Thus the Poet or Rhetorician, we will suppose, wishes to illustrate, by finding images or figures bearing comparison with—evanescence, decay, ignorance, greatness, insignificance, distance, &c. But in either way, the object of study must be individually understood, and the better informed the student is, the better will be the ultimate result whether in poetry or eloquence. In how many forms and after how many modes of application have poets tuned the lyre to sing of evanescence, of life, of pleasures, of time itself, as:—a breath, flash, spark, shadow, cloud, dew, wave, falling star, sun-beam, sound, ephemera, &c.? The

treatment of such subjects is pre-eminently within the province of all poets; it may be ours to suggest some undiscovered paths in their elysian fields! If we were to attempt seeking for scientific information in impassioned verse we should arrive at such interpretations as:—that water retains no impressions; that fish leave no track in it; that it is unsuitable for writing or painting; that snow melts in it; that pebbles thrown in cause circles on its surface; that it takes the form of the vase; that it ascends in vapour, descends in rain, or congeals to snow, or hail, or ice. And so we might proceed, but instead, shall make it evident that we see herein how completely different is the poet's study of Nature from that pursued by the scientific naturalist.

Particularization, or analysis of any subject appertaining to Nature, and forming any part or portion of the matters belonging to a generalized system, must follow in respect to each species of such generalization. As, however, it would be impossible within any reasonable limits to enlarge on each topic of such an investigation, we shall give only a few extended examples, as aids to the reader's judgment:—

Variety surrounds us in prolific profusion; the sun unlike the moon or the stars; animal life differing from vegetable life, and vitality in the air from that in the water. The skin of the human differing from that of the brute creation, and their covering again from that of birds, insects, reptiles, and fishes, and still greater in the vegetable world. Again, the hairy coats of animals varying in texture and colour, have no analogy to the varied plumage of birds, or the scales of fishes or reptiles. There is a singular prodigality in contexture, quality, and colour in each, and especially in leaves, blossoms, and flowers of trees, shrubs, and plants; and likewise of fruits and seeds.

Even mankind, in a savage or civilized state, differs in various countries, in stature, figure, physiognomy, complexion, habits, feelings, and sentiments. The earth's surface is varied with rocks, mountains, hills, dales, plains, prairies, steppes, deserts, and wild tracts of country, variegated with vegetation; and watered by many mingling sources, in endless variety of form and extent.

Man himself seeks to extend the bounds of this feature in Nature, through continual efforts at variety in artistic production, whether in his songs, music, games, hunting, warfare, buildings, clothing, laws, or whatever he undertakes.

Suppose all Nature were reduc'd
To singleness in all its parts;
A single tree, and single plant;
A single animal and bird;
One insect of the beetle tribe;
In water all the fish alike;
The scene around, a gray imprint;
How cheerless such a world would seem!

Remarks. Man can only employ natural objects, or facts relating to them that are within his own sphere of knowledge. An angel must be a winged human creature, and he cannot conceive of any other form as more beautiful. Although we consider transparency beautiful, we should dread the sight of a transparent human form, even without the wings. So long as our supernatural objects are sufficiently human, we imagine they must of necessity be beautiful and loveable. A griffin or a dragon, terrible as it is meant to be, such monsters are no more than clumsy compounds of existing features in natural objects, with no variety in them beyond what they owe to uncouth combinations of parts; and distortions in their production. Now in Nature there exists no creature living on the earth like a fish; or in the water any creature like man. There is no bird in Nature like any flying insect; or any quadruped that is like a tree or flower. Human ingenuity cannot compete in originality with Nature's amazing originality in its marvellous *Variety* of products, whether they be animate or inanimate.

To change from this topic we will offer a few observations on *Duality* in Nature. When for instance we particularize about 'light,' we have next to take into consideration its counterpart 'shade;' in the same way 'heat' would require

one mode of investigation, and 'cold' another; so likewise would any physical or metaphysical investigation. We shall find, for example, that:—

Light differs considerably according as it proceeds from the sun, which is most diffusive, or the borrowed light of the moon, or artificial light. But star-light, phosphorescence, the glow-worm, and red-hot substances, all glow too faint and glimmering to be light-giving bodies.

A strong light has a blinding effect, unless above or behind us. Artificial light intensifies surrounding darkness. All light is permanent in the sun, moon, and planets; all else evanescent, as lightning, conflagrations, a blaze, a flame, a spark, an ignis fatuus.

Light appears silvery, golden, red, or of other colours. Passing through leaves it appears green, through rain-drops or bubbles prismatic, as in the rainbow, whether in the firmament, or the mere spray of a cataract.

The sun's light casts very slight shadows, the full moon very dense shade. The stronger any artificial light, the darker and more defined do the shadows appear. All light projects the shadow beyond the object, thus we may see the shade of a cloud before observing its existence, and so—

Coming events cast their shadows before.

And such shadows will always be black conical beams; thus in Cary's translation of Dante's *Paradise*, c. xxx. we meet with—

> Noon's fervid hour, perchance six thousand miles
> From hence is distant; and the shadowy cone
> Almost to level on our earth declines;
> When———

In like manner Milton, in *Paradise Lost*, B. iv.—

> Now had night measur'd her shadowy cone
> Halfway up hill this vast sublunar vault.

Light may be seen without enlightening, as in the stars, remote fire, phosphorescence, &c. Light may eclipse light, as the sun the stars. Light passes through crystal, air, water and transparent matters. But the profound depths of the ocean are possibly a perpetual night. The slightest opaque body interrupts the passage of light.

Where there is light there is attendant shade; one represents day, the other night. The sun can only enlighten half the globe; the moon borrows its light from the sun;

the earth is luminous to other planets, thus opaque substances may reflect light and appear phosphorescent, and man, together with all created matter, may appear to other planets as being all equally bright and glowing.

Light travels, occupies time, and may yet be in its course to reach planets still unblest with light. We could not by any effort see the inhabitants of such spheres, much less the dark worlds they occupy; but they, although in darkness, could plainly see our system, and others, being luminous: thus we cannot see those who are in the deep recesses of a cavern, who may yet be able to perceive distinctly all at its entrance in the broad daylight.

Light has always attendant shade. Shadow is transparent, we see through a beam of dense shade; when falling on grass, or trees, or whatever is green, it seems to render the colour a darker green; and so in like manner of any other colour. But white becomes gray; and black remain unaffected—we cannot make black, blacker. No creature is so small as to cast no shadow on the globe.

Duality presents itself under different circumstances. The solar system being perpetual light cannot be imagined to be ever in shade or subject to the remotest appearance of night. Death presumes previous life in material matter, animal or vegetable; except mineral and certain elementary bodies which we only know as inert and formless, as a general rule, because some minerals and salts are crystalline, &c. Duality may or may not be negation, it may be mere difference, as male and female. There is no duality, however, in respect to 'time.'

Time comes stealing on by night and day. The true elements constituting material and gaseous matter are likewise without duality; and the astral system is equally independent of any such condition, so far as we have any power of knowing. It may now form an interesting variety in our examples to consider—

Mysteries in which Nature abounds, notwithstanding that

Nature's laboratory lies wide open to our severest scrutiny, and is lavish in exposing its treasures for our search and use. When we speak of any phenomenon in Nature as being a mystery we do but in other words acknowledge our own ignorance and insufficiency to account for the seed becoming a tree, the tree putting forth buds, leaves, and blossoms, and the blossoms becoming fruit suitable for oil, or wine, or food, or supplying seed from whence may spring other trees. We measure and count the stars ; we classify, describe, and anatomize animals and plants ; and reduce ponderable and aeriform matter to elementary forms, from which we can by combination, aided by Nature's own unerring laws, afford a synthetical proof of some previous analysis.

But man's ability, even here, does not go beyond that of the husbandman, who, having sown the seed, must leave the result of the harvest for Nature to mature.

Astronomy relates to one vast system of mysteries, and includes our own surprising earth, which to penetrate would show its diameter to be nearly 8000 miles, but which man has not penetrated above 3000 feet. Our satellite the moon, another mystery, receiving and giving light, with unchanging face. The surrounding vault of heaven, our very atmosphere, alike in all climates, and at all elevations, are marvels no less than all the sources of fresh, mineral, and salt waters. Equally or more surprising are the almost supernatural influences of electricity, as exhibited in the atmosphere, loadstone, fish, and galvanism.

But not only the universe at large and all animate and inanimate creation constituting our planet are a mystery to the human mind, Man to himself is his own greatest mystery. He learns something through the medium of anatomy, metaphysics, ethics, and theology, and branches out into many intellectual and physical pursuits, but he is still ever only the more disposed to search for the Supernatural; his only choice is between *that*, and Nature itself. He may often satisfy his individual mind with his combinations of the two different pursuits; but, should such system of purely human invention outlive one age, its fallacies will become apparent in some early succeeding age. It is not, at present, given to man to be prophetic, whatever may be his destiny in future ages.

Such subjects of investigation as, the constitution of our atmosphere, lightning, magnetism, common electricity, the nature of minerals, the composition of the diamond, the chemistry of

agriculture, anatomy, medicine, the circulation of the blood, with numerous others, were for a long period matters of superstition, doubt, and vulgar mystery. Superstitious opinions have fled, and mankind is open to accept a more refined order of mysteries, and all the more and better to reverence a divine origin, as their only source. Investigation into Nature, however minutely, accurately, and successfully pursued, instead of removing a single mystery leads only to the discovery of mystery within mystery. Nature is inscrutable, and so diversified and subtle that we may with increase of knowledge enlarge but can never hope to diminish the scale of its mysteries. The elements, or letters of its language are threefold more than any human language, and are capable of untold combinations passing through incredibly delicate yet sensibly distinctive characteristics.

The greatest and most interesting mystery is, that of life—animal life and vegetable life, together with the differences of their conditions. Indeed not a single subject can be tabulated for sketching its peculiar features, to which could not be appended a long list of its most prominent suggestions of Mystery. But how different is Mystery as found in Nature, compared with that false Mystery due to the creative ingenuity of man's intelligence, in his idols, and monsters, and fables. To be Mysterious as Nature is Mysterious, would indeed be a prime merit in Poetry and every Art!

Our inquiry into Mysteries in Nature seems rather to point to a warning of danger, than to

anything within man's feeble power of imitating; and yet it is of importance to the poet to learn all he can possibly acquire, whether as something occasionally to avoid, and at other times reverently to follow as a guide, if not to imitate. Perhaps the most useful synopsis of natural facts might be tabulated from subjects of a less complex character, such as have a comparatively limited range, as Vegetation, or some selected portion of such a topic. We will choose—

The Violet. In his *Book of English Epithets*, 1849, Jermyn has noticed among others the following epithets applied to this favourite flower by different poets:—

Azure	Fragrant	Sad
Bashful	Glowing	Sapphire
Black	Hedge-row	Shadowy
Blue	Humble	Shy
Blue-eyed	Impurpled	Snow-clad
—— mantled	Leaf-veiled	Sôft
—— veined	Lovesick	Solemn
Blushing	Lowly	Speckled
Breeze-scenting	Lurking	Thicket-loving
Creeping	Meek	Timid
Dainty	Modest	Tufted
Dark-eyed	Moist	Various
Deep-dyed	Moss-couched	Velvet
Dejected	Much-loved	Vernal
Drooping	Nodding	Virgin
Dusky	Odorous	Unsunned
Early	Pale	Way-side
Fair	Pensive	White
Folded	Purple	Woodland
Fountain	Sable	

These and far more might be selected to distinguish this peculiarly-favoured flower—

> Violets dim, sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes.

Or, as Bowring sings—

Sweet flower! Spring's earliest loveliest gem!
* * * *
——— well may Nature's Poet love thee!

There is, however, a wild violet, the Dog's violet, destitute of smell—

Thus Virtue's garb Hypocrisy may wear.

When we *generalize* we speak of flowers, when we *particularize* we treat of the rose, violet, lily, primrose, jasmine, &c. When 'Flowers' are the subject, we note many facts common to the violet or any other flower. We might particularly remark that it was common to all to be short-lived, varied in colour, form, and size, with or without odour, cultivated or wild, blooming in our own or a tropical climate; some the most common yet most pleasing; distinctions between flowers and blossoms, the latter producing fruits; and so forth. The vegetable kingdom would open out a still larger field, and we should observe generally particular kinds of vegetation, as: trees, shrubs, creepers, plants, vegetables, roots, &c. Then would follow particular kinds of trees, of shrubs, &c., with an enumeration of their seasons, characters, appearances, and other distinguishing circumstances.

The application of this simple preliminary process appears to be so obvious when once adverted to and succinctly pointed out as to require no more precise rules for its adoption than have already been offered. But one recommendation we must give, and that is, for every student of Nature to work out such processes as these for himself, and not to rest satisfied with the ready-written lessons of

others; for the very effort is in itself an absolute advantage, which no force of memory acted on by reading alone can adequately supply. Let him produce his own common-place book of observations, the fruit of various reading and observation, and he will soon accustom his mind to see farther into Nature than by larger draughts obtained at second-hand sources.

So far this process of Nature-Study may assist in suggesting judicious and forcible epithets, and bold, beautiful, and graphic descriptions of natural objects and scenery. But we must invert this order when applying our efforts in Nature-Study to assist our Imagination and Fancy. Then we no longer Generalize in respect to objects in Nature, but adopt the technology of Metaphysics, Ethics, Social life, and other matters, and from them proceed to seek in Nature for suitable illustrations to enforce our discourse, whatever that may be, whether in oratory, or in poetry, or general literature. On these topics abundant selections from eminent authorities can be referred to in the eighth chapter, of Meditative, and other pieces; and the ninth chapter, especially devoted to Imagination and Fancy. If we select 'Deity'—then the point is to seek out the sublimities of Nature and compress them in the language of *Apostrophe*. Much in the same way would it be were it the object of the poet to treat of 'the Soul.' If 'man, woman, parents, family, child, life, death,' &c., were the leading topics, then for each would be found some corresponding feature in Nature. Whatever interests man in his social condition

would in the same way find expression in some appropriate imagery suggested by apparently suitable natural objects or phenomena.

Many examples are afforded by proverbs, and by the language of the Scriptures of associations between our mental faculties and the material world, thus, in Job :—

1. The *wicked*—are as *stubble*. (page 227, 1.)
2. The *wicked* man [as the] unripe *grape*. (231, 3.)

In the Psalms :—

1. The *wicked* [are]—like *chaff*. (227, 2.)
2. The *godly* man—like a *tree* planted by the rivers of waters. (230, 9.)
3. The *righteous* shall flourish like the *palm*. (231, 2.)

Shakspeare's dramas abound in similar associations, for example :—

1. As small a drop of *pity* as a *wren's eye*. (p. 214, 4.)
2. *Knowledge* the *wing* wherewith we *fly* to heaven. (222, 4.)
3. ——————— *beauty* ——
   Whose action is no stronger than a *flower*. (226, 4.)
4. ——————— *mercy*——
   It droppeth as the gentle *rain* from heaven. (229, 8.)
5. *Glory* like a *circle in the water*. (229, 9.)
6. ——— my *hopes* lie *drowned*,
   ——— many fathoms deep. (229, 1.)
7. What's in a *name* ? That which we call a *rose*,
   By any other name, would smell as sweet. (232, 9.)
8. *Sorrow* breaks *seasons*, and reposing hours. (240, 7.)
9. ——— *chaste* as the *icicle*. (241, 3.)

Dante also, as rendered in Cary's translation, has :—

1. *Life* the *leaf* that bows its lithe top. (p. 216, 1.)
2. Whom *love* did melt, as *sun* the *mist*. (226, 6.)

Ben Jonson says, allusive to—

1. *Courtship*—
   Follow a *shadow*, it still flies you ;
   Seem to fly, it will pursue.

Milton reminds us that :—

1. *Fame* is no *plant* that grows on mortal soil. (p. 222, 5.)

Armstrong in *The Dispensary*, observes :—

1. What does not *fade ?*———
This *huge rotundity* where tread grows old ;
And all those *worlds* that roll around the sun,
The *sun* himself, shall die. (249, 6.)

Sir Walter Scott remarks :—

1. *Thoughts*———
Glance quick as *lightning* through the heart
(237, 3.)

And Moore :—

1. *Thoughts* come, as pure as *light*. (237, 5.)

Similar examples will be found interspersed throughout the selections already supplied, in which the foregoing can be referred to by the pages and numbers annexed to each. The well-read poet will not have failed to remark that, a large stock of such figurative language has accumulated without much variety being produced, beyond differences in application, so that some figure happening to become a favourite has often had the benefit of modifications in its employment beyond what has occurred with others of less note. This appears to the author to be so exactly and truly the case that he imagines were it possible to find such a case as that of a reader perusing a large collection of poetical works, to the exclusion of those of Shakspeare, he would on the *first* reading of the immortal dramatist be struck with a difference in this respect, for which he might not be able to account, except so far as to describe it as something singularly original in its effect; for he

wrote as never poet wrote before, so independent and yet so forcible in expressing all manner of feelings and sentiments. Now we believe that this peculiarity is in a great measure due to that poet's natural mental ability in first generalizing, and thence particularizing or analyzing each subject, specially and separately. He would thus have before him a train of thought leading to results, many of which would be novel. At all events, the construction of his language renders it probable that his mode of procedure was somewhat analogous to that suggested. Let the student of Nature, then, provided with a Common-place book, as recommended, record, not as Dr. Southey did, (see page 72), heterogeneous remarks on the sky, vegetation, animals, and birds, just as circumstances might draw attention to them; but endeavour, under different headings, to produce an exhaustive syllabus, or analysis of each proposed subject. For the present purpose he might begin by devoting one or more pages to :—Speed, Evanescense, Decay, Strength, Lasting, Perfection, Life, Death, Height, Depth, Figure, Weight, Growth (man, animal and vegetable), or the Senses, &c. Thus—

Speed, as observed in the heavenly system, is quite beyond human comprehension; on earth it is notable in great rivers and cataracts; in the progress of conflagrations, in light, lightning, and electricity. In the progress of wild animals, birds, fish, &c. But not so in the growth of any living thing. Time moves slow but sure, from infancy to manhood, from year to year, century to century.

Evanescence is suggested by the decline of day, the perishable nature of beauty, the shortness of life, the fleeting cloud, the morning dew, the early mist, the summer shower, the April sun, flash of light, insect life, the fading of flowers, &c.

Decay, as evinced in man, brutes, and vegetable creation; life resists decay, but it follows on the heels of death. It is a transitionary state, leading to other products and growths. It crumbles down rocks, attacks the feeble and the strong, and yet has its bounds.

Strength of material, of sense, of mind, or with the meaning of power to resist. Man may have the strength of a giant, in animals there is that of the elephant, in trees the oak, in metals iron, among stones flint. There is the strength of a number of men, or animals, even of rushes as a bundle of rushes. The power to hold together is exemplified by the law of gravity, cohesive affinity. Weakness may display strength to overcome obstacles, as the placid air roused to a hurricane; the ocean, in a storm; or a spark of fire blown to a considerable flame. The strongest wood is made up of silken fibres; the hardest marble of pearly and almost atomic grains.

Lasting, or undecaying, is seen in the sun, and all heavenly bodies, the air we breathe, the waters in and around the earth, and the earth itself. Transition or change there will be, but the aggregate of matter remains the same. Time is everlasting, so are day and night; so are light, heat, and electricity, as they only alter in degree or change their abode. The fire that destroys leaves imperishable ashes. Not an atom of matter is perishable, it only alters its atomic constitution.

Perfection as exemplified throughout the mighty and the minutest works of the Creator. Heavenly or mundane bodies all alike so complete and perfect that we are cognizant of no newly created or modified matter; no new matter or being brought into existence, although many animals and vegetables have evidently died out and been dispensed with. A microscopic eye realizes the wonders of a truly invisible world, the least as perfect in organization as the most powerful and vigorous within daily observation.

These examples, imperfect as they are, will suffice to show distinctly what is meant by our proposal to seek in Nature for illustrations of any subjects akin to those here outlined. In drawing up such summary observations, the circumstance of our making some exceptional observations is of less importance than to have collected the greatest possible connected variety,

briefly expressed. And if revised from time to time, that very exercise will prove of the utmost benefit to the careful student. Such sketches are not to be taken as confessions of faith, but as momentary impressions, set down for future government and hints. If while composing these analytical programmes on any subjects, some special application should suggest itself, it should be at once interlined or transferred as a marginal note; for such will certainly happen in the process of study we have indicated, a process which reading and experience will contribute to render of still greater importance.

As one result of a habit of this nature, ideas will occur apparently unsought for, or as some would prefer to say, from inspiration, but, as we believe, from the habitual practice of looking from poetry up to Nature as its undoubted fountain; and new ideas, when they arise, should be at once recorded under appropriate headings in the student's Common-place book.

Whether we examine Nature, commencing with Material Objects, or whether we examine it to find illustrations for Metaphysical, Physical, Moral, or Religious truths, and look from them to find in Nature apt associations with each, the result attained will be the same; that is, such an acquaintance with Nature as has never hitherto been obtained when the same object has been followed in a desultory way, with only occasional and remote favourable results. Whatever the world may appear to beings differently organized to ourselves, of this we feel certain, that in our present state of existence we can

only consistently view matter as material, and not as a spiritual essence. We are of the world, earthy, and to the earth man is destined to return; and the soul, spirit, or mind of man can no more commune with dead matter than with the dead bones of his fellow man. It is given to him, however, according to his genius and intellectual capacity, so to associate himself with the lifeless and living products of Nature, as to acquire an intense, an enthusiastic admiration of Nature in every possible phase of its character. But such association is akin, although of a higher and more estimable standard, to that of the antiquarian searching the ruins of Greece or Rome; or the Bibliomaniac among his black-letter tomes; or the Naturalist, or Geologist, or the Chemist, absorbed in the study of an insect, a petrification, or the composition of some natural substance. That mind may be said to act thus in giving as it were absolute spiritual existence to external Nature, is not to be perverted into a reality, sought for as a reality, and appealed to as a very deity. Whatever may be the mystery of Nature in this respect, it is not (at present at least) given to human intellect to penetrate; and meanwhile we must be content to follow our Nature-Study humbly, sincerely, faithfully, and energetically; and then most assuredly our labour will not be in vain.

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* Erroneously attributed to Shelley in the text.

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